June 12, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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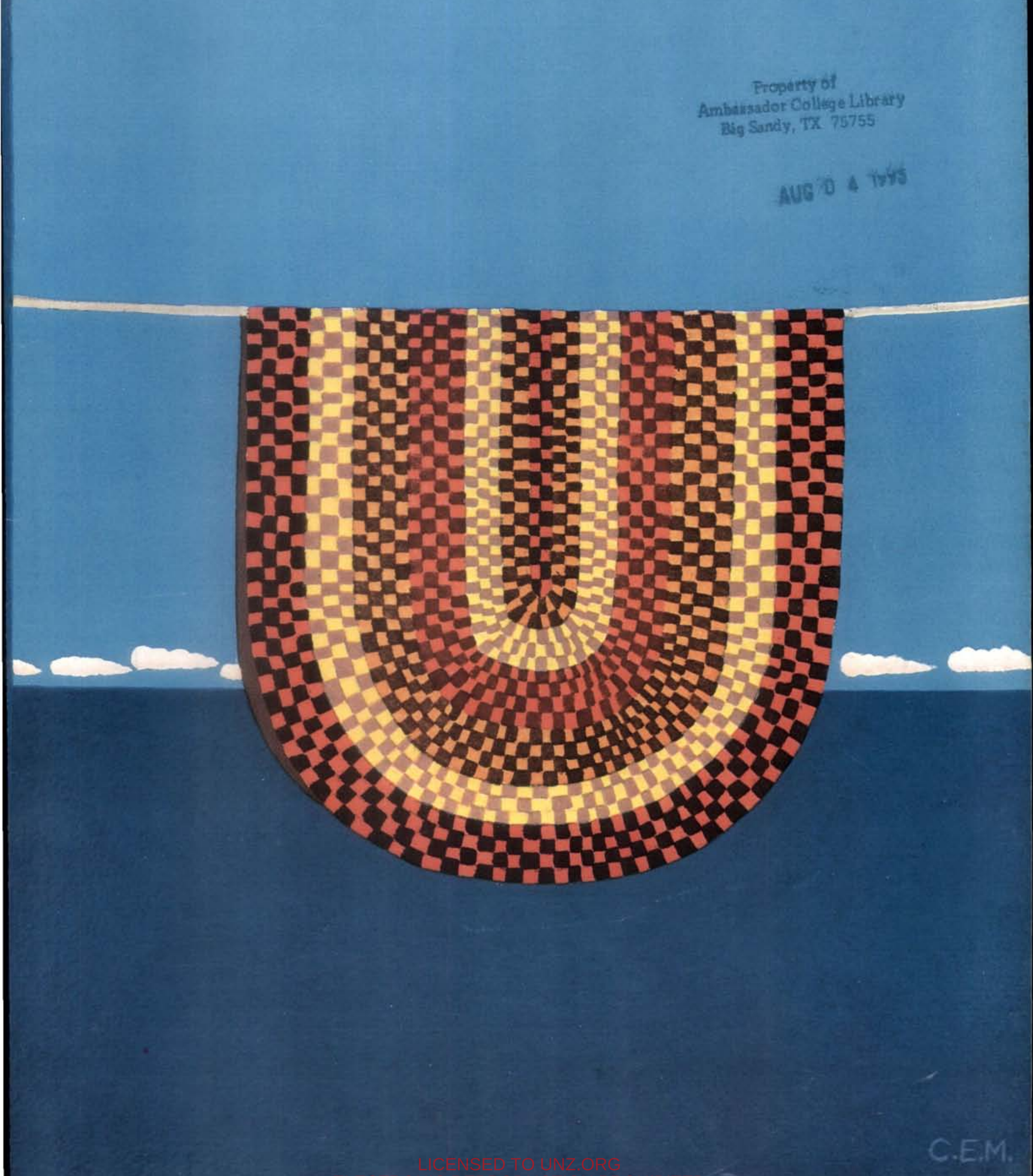

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This first play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Charlie Was Here . . . and Now He's Gone—A play by Dennis Turner. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dance wi' Me; or, The Fatal Twitch—A comedy by Gregory Antonacci. Preview Wednesday, June 9. Opens officially on Thursday, June 10, at 7:15. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Homecoming—A rather superficial production of Harold Pinter's acrid, enigmatic domestic comedy, but with a good performance by Danny Sewell. Also with Janice Rule, Tony Tanner, and Eric Berry. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. *Matinées Wednesdays and* Saturdays at 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A smarmy little English comedy, starring Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Lenny—An American "Orlando Furioso" about the life and death of the bedevilled comic Lenny Bruce. Tom O'Horgan is the director, and the brilliant star of the show is Cliff Gorman. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director of this highly satisfactory revival. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sophocles' **ANTIGONE:** A conscientious attempt to do justice to a very great play. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.). . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Friedrich Dürrenmatt's merry new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, a takeoff on Strindberg's "Dance of Death." (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. May close Saturday, June 19.)

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Ride a Black Horse—A rather feeble play about a black professor who is shattered when he is forced to become an intermediary between a civic committee on race relations and a group of black militants. With Graham Brown and David Downing. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10:30; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

Sleuth—Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter in Anthony Shaffer's intricate melodrama about one way of stamping out adultery in the English countryside. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Story Theatre Presentations—THE METAMORPHOSES: Some very good-looking and talented young people enacting some of the wittiest stories ever told. If that isn't a rarity, what is? Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **STORY THEATRE:** Paul Sills' happy animation of some fairly Grimm material. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Two by Ibsen—A DOLL'S HOUSE: A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Through Wednesday, June 16. . . . **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THE CONSERVATIVE" . . . . *Jose Yglesias* 32
"THE TRAIL HORSE" (POEM) . . . . *David Wagoner* 36
"PERPETUA" . . . . *Donald Barthelme* 40
"AN UPSTATE DIARY" (PART II) . . . . *Edmund Wilson* 43
THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 84
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 86
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 88
U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN AND ATCHISON, KAN. . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 90
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 96
THE ART WORLD . . . . *Harold Rosenberg* 101
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 106
BOOKS . . . . *George Steiner* 110
BRIEFLY NOTED 114

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'Ultima' II by Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 26.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with surefire jokes and the merest pinch of life. With Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.) . . . **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by Dom DeLuise, Cathryn Damon, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—A disappointing show, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by James Goldman. Alexis Smith is very good as an old Follies girl, and several of Mr. Sondheim's songs are delightful. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—Burt Shevelove's ingeniously tailored revival of a nineteen-twenties smash hit. Raoul Pène du Bois has provided sets and costumes that literally scintillate, and the splendid cast includes Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Helen Gallagher, and Bobby Van. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Luckily for real Rothschilds, this schmalzy account of their ancestors never rings true. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young; Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Moves on Tuesday, June 15, to the Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St., 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Danny Kaye in a dreary reënactment of the story of Noah. God promised Noah that the Flood would never happen again, and it would be wise to exact the same promise from Broadway. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A retelling of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **COMPANY:** Stephen Sondheim's brilliant, acerbic, funny, and sad study of urban loneliness. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** He put it back in his sidepocket and took from his waistcoatpocket a nickel tinderbox, sprang it open too, and, having lit his cigarette, held the flaming spunk towards Stephen in the shell of his hands. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Yes, of course, he said, as *they went on again.* Either you believe or you don't, isn't it? Personally I couldn't stomach that idea of a personal God. You don't stand for that, I suppose? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —You behold in me, Stephen said with grim displeasure, a horrible example of free thought. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **HAIR:** Lady Russell was most anxiously zealous on the subject, and gave it much serious consideration. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** She was a woman rather of sound than of quick abilities, whose difficulties in coming to any decision in this instance were great, from the opposition of two leading principles. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** She was of strict integrity herself, with a delicate sense of honour; but she was as desirous of saving Sir Walter's feelings as solicitous for the credit of the family, as aristocratic in her ideas of what was due to them, as anybody of sense and honesty could well be. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PURLIE:** An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." With Cleavon Little and Patti Jo. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. John Cunningham is John Adams and Howard Da Silva is Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

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BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 9, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 10, at 8: "Jewels.". . . ¶ Friday, June 11, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 2: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 13, at 1: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Sunday, June 13, at 7: "Harlequinade" and "Stars and Stripes." . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15, at 8: "Four Temperaments" and "The Goldberg Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 8: "Swan Lake" and "The Goldberg Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday, June 17, at 8: "PAMTGG" (première) and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "PAMTGG." "Concerto for Two Pianos," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 2: "Ballet Imperial," "Agon," and "La Sonnambula.". . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: "PAMTGG," "In the Night," and "Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comedian George Carlin and rockers Gun Hill Road share the stage through Monday, June 14. On Thursday, June 17, Tom Paxton will come in to sing folk songs of social significance. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Wednesday, June 16.

Barney Google's, 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—The past and the present sometimes seem remarkably congenial. On Monday, June 14, Woody Herman will turn up with his latest Herd—this one qualified as Young and consisting of nineteen pieces. They will play a session at ten and another at midnight. (No dancing to the Herd.) The rest of the week, people move to rock music in this barn of a place, where milling is part of the scheme of things. Dining.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A recent addition to the jazz-and-soul-food scene. This one provides music and meals in a softly lighted, often crowded setting. Guitarist Hal Waters plays each Tuesday and Wednesday. Thursday through Sunday, June 10-13, pianist and composer Bobby Timmons will be working with a bass player. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20, guitarist *Attila Zoller will perform with* a bassist. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and

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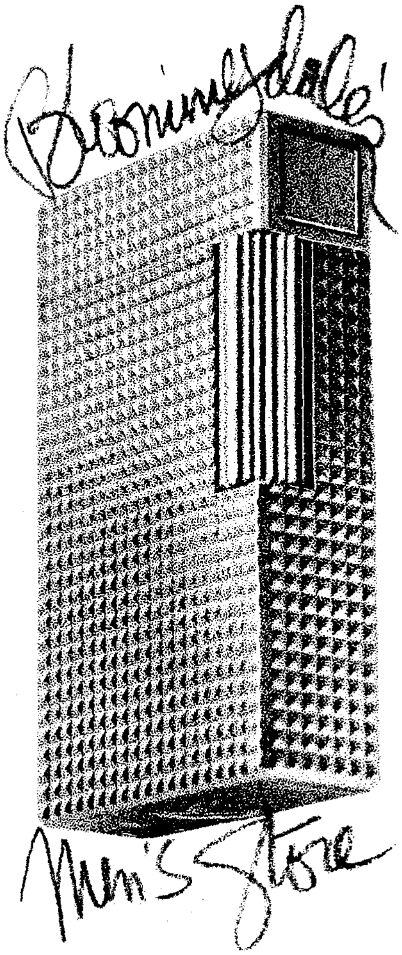

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

it runs from ten to two. On Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here, with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—On the sunny side of the street, which is distinctly *not* Tin Pan Alley. From eight until one, Sundays excepted, Susan Reed, sweet girl graduate of the long-ago Café Society Uptown, is once again singing folklore, and Sammy Price, on piano, is reliving the best days of boogie-woogie. Sundays, Mr. P. does a retake, seven to midnight. On Friday, June 11, Marian McPartland, who has never struck an atonal note in her life, brings in her keyboard and her new bass, Jay Leonhart, to succeed Miss R. A fully staffed kitchen, too.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The sound in this recently opened coffeehouse (known, in an earlier incarnation, as the Café au Go Go) ranges from jazz to rock and hits most of the stops in between. Wednesday through Friday, June 9-11, the bill will include Yvonne Elliman, whose voice is on "Jesus Christ Superstar," and singer-composer Mark Almond. Saturday through Monday, June 12-14, Miss Elliman will share the stage with blues (and non-blues) singer John Hammond, who did the soundtrack for "Little Big Man." On Wednesday, June 16, Seals & Crofts—one of whose instruments is a mandolin—will arrive, together with singer and songwriter Shawn Phillips. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—On dreary old Tenth, but near a crosstown bus, this spot offers music from the instrument it is named for, along with an attenuated version of soul food. Through Sunday, June 13, Joe Puma—who is not as well known as he should be—will be here with a bassist. On Wednesday, June 16, Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams will come in to play two guitars. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Tenor player Zoot Sims leads a smooth, generally inventive quartet that has Ross Tompkins on piano, Victor Sproles on bass, and Mousey Alexander on drums. Fridays through Sundays, blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. Light Italian dishes are served. Mondays, a seventeen-piece band led by trumpeter Clark Terry gets up on the bandstand, which has been enlarged for this purpose.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson knows where jazz piano began and how it grew, and this knowledge is implicit in his competent keyboard work. He plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. Fridays through Sundays, Dr. Lyn Christie is added on bass. On Mondays, another skilled pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. The bar is dark and the popcorn fresh.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—The old reliable, a haven for honest Dixieland. The musicians are Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Joe Muranyi, Jimmy McPartland, and Eddie Locke. Music from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—Power to the cats who run it, for they know what jazz is. The street is lonesome, and the interior design is rudimentary, but the music is often at a high level. Friday through Monday, June 11-14, the Quartet Noire will be on the stand. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, the Eddie Gale quartet will be on it. Sound from nine until closing. Soul food is available. N.B.: Jazz prerequisites should be completed before enrolling in this course.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—This gilded re-creation of *temps perdu* offers a banjo band, beer, and occasional old movies. Also plastic boaters and stuffed polar bears. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another synthetic museum piece, where banjos vibrate bravely and everybody is supposed to feel full of ginger. Garters are available, as are straw hats and peanuts. The three-man band makes whoopee from nine until three or four. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Pharoah Sanders is leading his quartet into various mystical realms, many of them stimulating. On Tuesday, June 15, Elvin Jones, a drumming phenomenon, will move in with a foursome. The atmosphere of this club is a bit *murky, and so are the environs, but if the* music beckons, you might as well enjoy it. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Ahmad Jamal's trio entertains until Tuesday, June 15, when saxophonist Lee Konitz will arrive with a quartet. On Mondays, the regulars rest, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Open only on Saturdays and Mondays, when Symphony Sid presents Latin jazz bands. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk—with a large supply of reed instruments and a group he calls the Vibration Society—is blowing up a storm or two in this old cellar, which has weathered many. Mondays are reserved for the block-busting and highly accomplished Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Stained glass, candles, and conviviality contrast with its location, which is not far from Desolation Row. The menu offers soul food. Thoughtful jazz on piano and bass from eight to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Mondays through Wednesdays, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Vigorous Dixieland is being produced here every Sunday from five-thirty to eleven by Balaban & Cats. On Sunday, June 13, trumpeter Max Kaminsky will sit in with the regulars. The rest of the week, a banjo entertains in this squarish establishment, where jollity is promoted by all sorts of predictable devices.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Dancing underneath the arches in a darkish, Moorish, upstairs room. Records turn from nine to three-thirty every night. At street level is a restaurant named Sam's.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The period commemorated was not a very successful one, but this place has done well. The décor can pass for elegant. People dance to 45s on a little floor from ten to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A quiet, polished restaurant that opens a part of its floor for dancing to records, on Saturdays only, from eleven until three or four. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those relentlessly hip clubs that yearn for the glow that café society once had. The interior architecture has an Anglo-Indian aspect. The menu is ample, except on Sundays, when only roast beef is served. Dancing to records. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Quasi-Cairo, with a Continental chef lurking somewhere behind the sphinxes. Dancing to a good assortment of records, which three times a night are interrupted by live performers: Through Saturday, June 12, a faintly Spanish outfit called the Zaras. Beginning Monday, June 14, Esther Marrow, Ellington alumna, who is one of the most promising young singers around. The dinner menu is substantial. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A soft-carpeted playpen that has a pair of restaurant floors, a brace of bars, and—midway between floors I and II—a dance floor on which people move to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Motor City motifs on the walls, and movement all over the place. Hang-loose clothing, youthful patrons, heavy music. Records alternate with Hellfire. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A discothèque that changes little over the years. It remains one of the most comfortable places around, with very danceable records and a sleek appearance, but these days it is open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Reserva-

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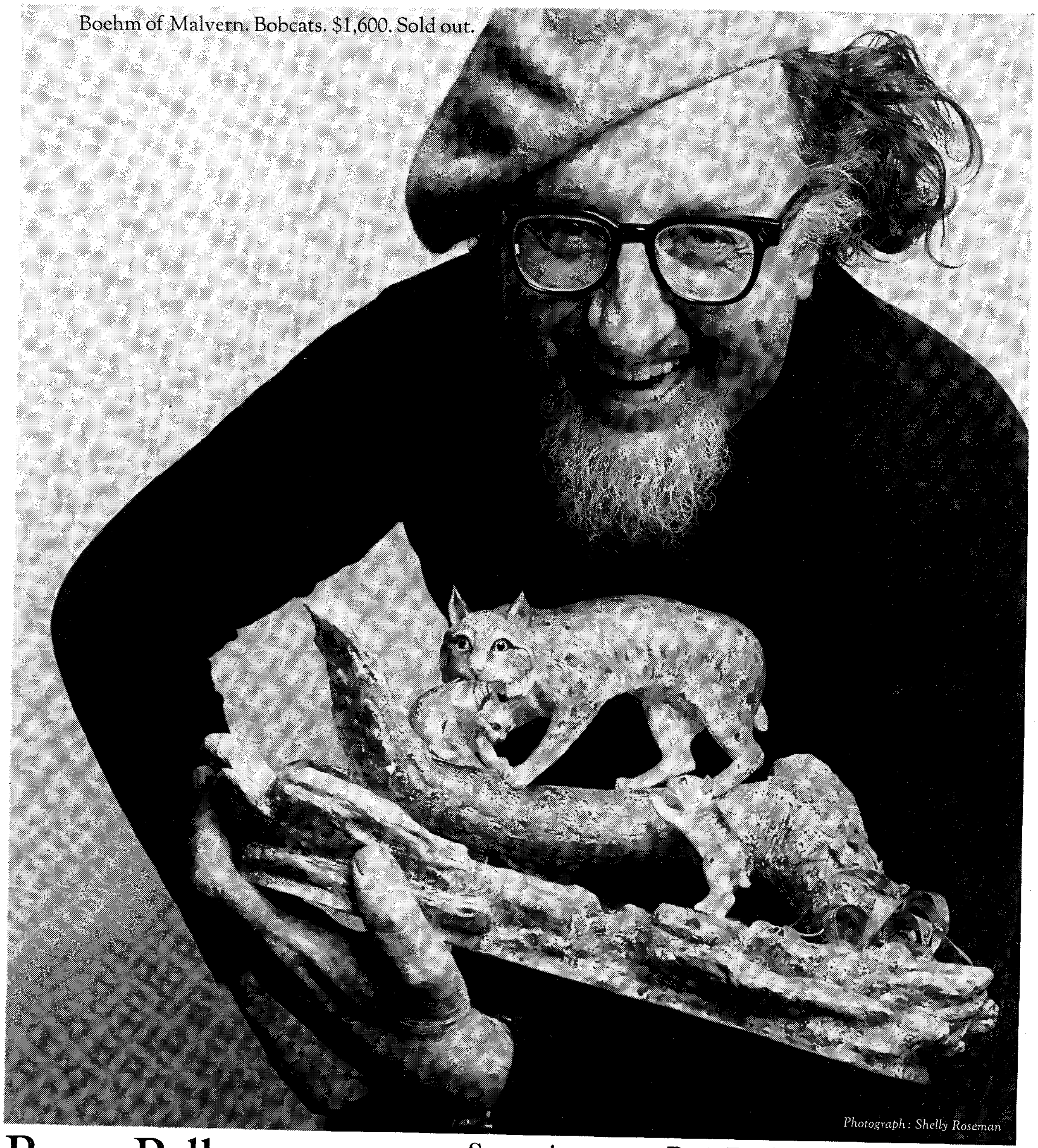

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tions—for what they're worth—are a good idea.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Alps are the Bavarian ones, and the aura is all *brauhaus.* Among the jolly *brau*-beaters is a set of *schuhplattler* dancers. Plenty of song, plenty of dance music for all hands. No activity on Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Like jazz, flamenco must function within strictly defined boundaries, but its true Spanish choreographers are always at work upon new variations of the constant love/death theme. So it is with La Zambra, the troupe now haunting the podium here. Armando Manzanero, the Mexican troubadour, who has his solo moments, departs on Wednesday, June 16, but La Zambra remains on duty. No nights off. . . . ¶ Down the hall is a minute theatre in the round assigned—between the hours of eight and four every night—to other flamencans.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Gladys Knight and the Pips, who cheerfully sing their (and your) heads off, move away on Wednesday, June 9, and next evening in comes Edwin Starr, one of the new Soul mates. It's easy to guess what *he* sings. . . . ¶ From the main-floor bar, the planes to Vegas still take off at frequent intervals, bringing back one lounge act after another.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT:** The kings and queens are in their *countinghouse eating bread and honey—the* bread Parisian, the honey Phil Wayne's great and ingenious little band, which is Debussy with a beat. Other sets of musicians help it keep going until two; after that, the music is all tape-measured. The one disappointment is that this woodland is closed down Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ Dancing every night in the mannerly **CAFÉ,** as well as (Tuesdays through Saturdays) Viennese *nachtmusik* by Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, who have the proper Imperial touch.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Saturday, June 12, ends the season in the **PERSIAN ROOM,** where Doc Severinsen, his jazz band, and his astounding wardrobe are on display during dinner and supper. Burt Farber's exuberant orchestra and Mark Monte's crew, the old family retainers, will sign off the same night. . . . ¶ The **EDWARDIAN ROOM** undulates gently to Sandu Marcu's fiddle, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** fiddle from four-thirty to six-thirty every afternoon and from nine to one every evening but Sunday. Gunnar Hansen, peer of this realm, does the Wednesday-through-Saturday night shift.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Frankie Avalon, top dog on this top deck, stops chanting his Pied Piper ditties on Saturday, June 12; Monday, June 14, brings on Myron Cohen, who was superbly exploring a certain treasure trove of anecdote long before Stephen Birmingham got around to it. A small revue of sorts arrives with Mr. Cohen. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Life here is lively and long: buffet dinner, plus piano, from five-thirty until nine every night in the **OAK ROOM;** dinner and supper in both **LA BOITE** (likewise garnished with piano) and the **MAISONETTE** (a dance band); last of all, a late-evening session in the **ST. REGIS ROOM** by the guitar duo of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli. The St. Regis Room is closed on Sundays, La Boite and the Maisonette on Sundays and Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

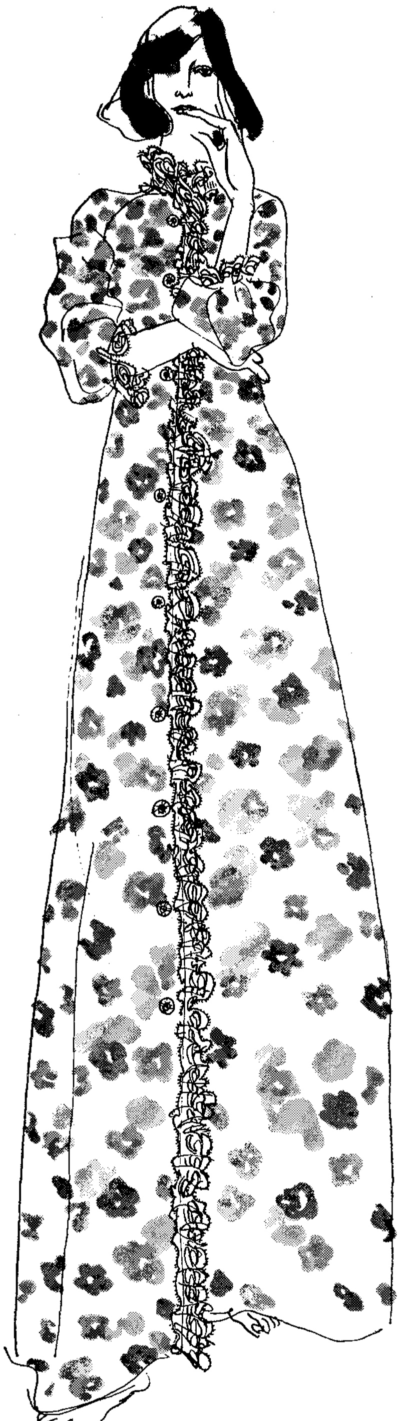
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Bobby Short, Orpheus of the Overworld, arrives around ten with his playmates, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, to perform his lays of modern Rome, Paris, London, the Riviera, and New York. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers, epitome of the Angry Young Woman, blows her top (and sometimes everyone's mind) in conversation pieces sprinkled with occasional notes of cheer. Music, too. Miss Rivers vacates the premises on Saturday, June 12; on Monday, June 14, Irwin Corey, quite another sort of chatterbox, takes over. Never before nine-thirty, or on Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A Mermaid Tavern redivivus, and anything can happen. The best of it usually happens when the owner of the tavern—Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace—takes the stand. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Architects, take note of the new Greek Revival; dieticians and choreographers, take note, too. Athenian musicians, Athenian singers, and explosive ambience as high as an elephant's eye. Until all hours, but no Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Revival, and in the same sunlit manner, with another coruscating troupe of musicians (they begin at eight-thirty) and singers. The staff itself precipitates and participates in the choreography, which is all very Attic folk-dance. Again, until all hours, though not on Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): *Another* Greek revivalist meeting, not as elaborate, but conducted under the same sunny skies. A most vigorous threesome goes zing! on the podium, even though there is no choreography. Nobody thinks of going home early. Sundays are a minus quantity. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Way Down East on the Mediterranean, and full of merry (and musical) kibbutzniks, the leader of which is Avram Grobard. The music is sort of Oriental bop, especially when George Mgrdichian sits in on oud. Real home cooking, often Israeli, and dancing, sometimes real home. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Hark, what are the wild sound waves saying? Well, it's "Hello, Young Lovers" and such from Leyna Gabriele, prop., and her troupe, and it's anything between the Seine and the Bosporus from her fiddlers three. Dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who was designed by Lautrec to be a Parisian soubrette, sings her flashing-eyes songs mostly from the top of her piano in her tiny parlor—not so tiny that it does not have a dance floor, which is in session as early as eight. She sings at dinner during the week, and at dinner and supper Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): A modern decorator has passed an ancient miracle, and here we are in the court of a Moroccan nobleman. Over there, after ten, sits a pianist; over here is the maître d., ready to provide couscous; Rudolph Valentino will be in at any moment. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): One must balance one's diet between the caloric values of *fettuccine* and the impassioned Italianate arias of every waiter, busboy, and barkeep. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). From nine-thirty until three Tuesday through Saturday every week, there is piano by Bubber Johnson, an old hand at barside music. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): If pub-crawling is the exercise the doctor ordered, this oddball salon might as well be included. Dan Ruskin, the one-time pianist of Chucks' Composite, is on duty from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's concept of Imperial Rome is Mod on the surface, but the city planners in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one. No nights off. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Fit for a king, but a tight fit, what with all the moats and drawbridges and ancient weaponry. George Cardini, peripatetic fiddler, and Herman Arminski, romantic pianist, are on hand Tuesday through Saturday every week. Another pianist fills in on Monday, nothing doing on Sunday. The refectory



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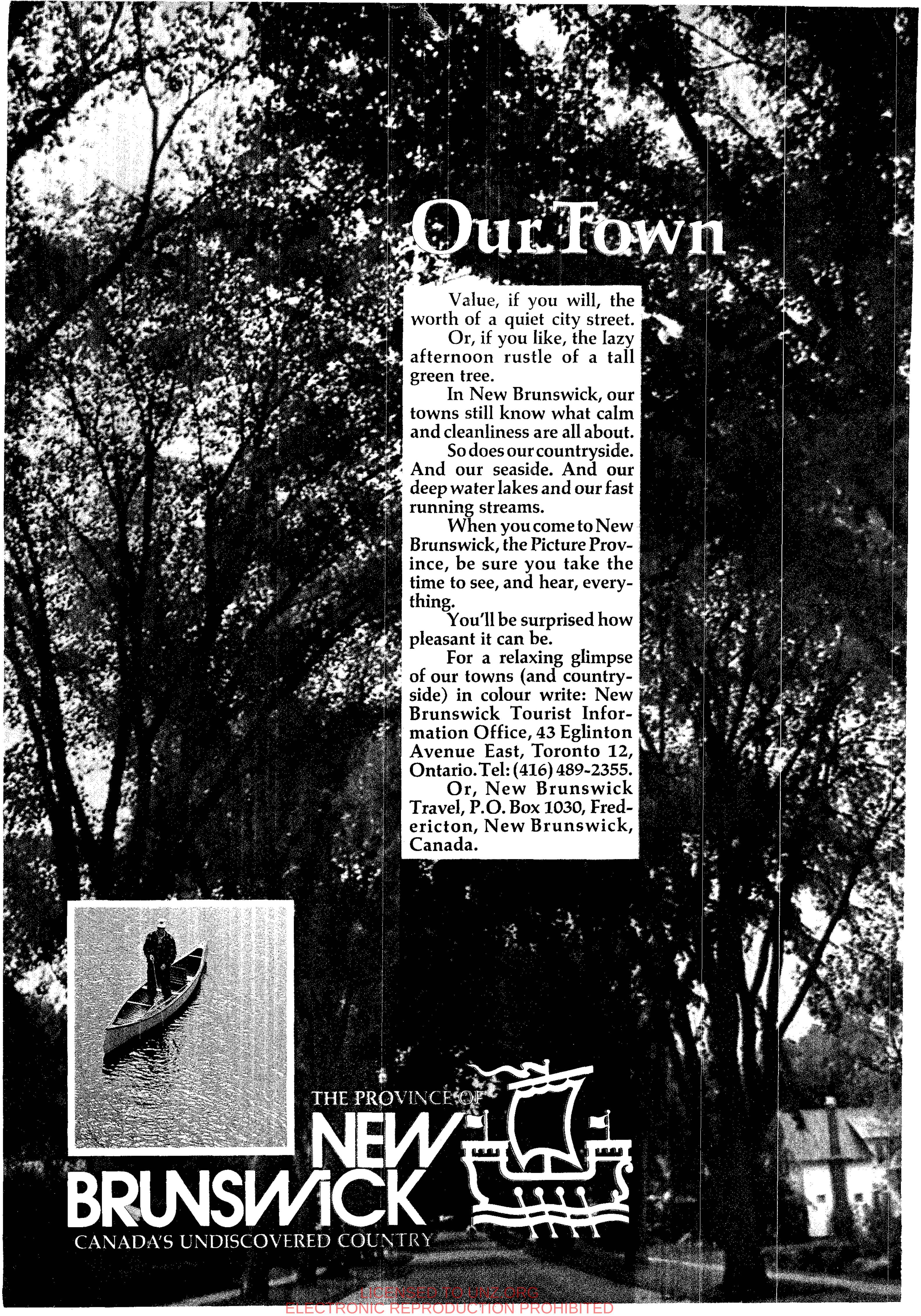

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is calm; the bar can be boisterous. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): In the old watering place, Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Tony Gorody, the old Havana night-clubber, and his piano are in evidence from six to one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Tuesdays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a town house can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Fever, a celebrated Ringmaster (from the Viennese Ring, naturally), does hierarchical piano (and occasionally non-hierarchical words) from eight-thirty until one-thirty. No sound on Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Five-thirty to eleven-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays; dining until ten. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. Six to one, for him, every evening but Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Friends, Romans, and countrymen out for a night on the town and the Via Veneto. An instrumental and vocal crew provides music in quantity. Closed Sundays. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (265-2201): Up one flight in an old family manse, a handful of characters in search of an audience set forth, on a tiny stage, their carefully curtailed synopsis of "The Boys from Syracuse," that well-remembered Rodgers and Hart musical, and set it forth with drive, dint, and delight. At seven-thirty and nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, plus an eleven-thirty extra Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A clinging vine on the wall that rises from First Avenue. It is, furthermore, a vine that offers Bacchian accompaniment to its dinner and supper guests, and piano accompaniment, too, by Dan Edwards, who is in service from eight to one during the week, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Not beyond the recall of Mary McCarty are the bantering words and music with which such revues as "Small Wonder" were endowed in the golden days of Broadway, the scene of her childhood, and here she is again, letter-perfect, on the top floor of this duplex. Ten-thirty is her starting time. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Heads, horses, and figures in bronze and terra cotta by a veteran New York sculptor known for his work in plaster; through Saturday, June 19. (Zabriskie, 690 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOANNIS AVRAMIDIS—The first one-man show in New York of figurative sculptures, many of them large, and working drawings by a Russian who studied in Vienna; through Saturday, June 12. (Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

LEE BONTECOU—Sculptures, drawings, and lithographs by this prominent constructionist; through Saturday, June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

CLARENCE CARTER—Paintings by an American identified during the past thirty years with Magic Realism and Surrealism; through Saturday, June 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MOSHE ELZAAR CASTEL—Relief paintings by an Israeli artist who uses calligraphy to represent impressions of the Middle East; through Saturday, June 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS COUTURE—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century French artist who taught many Americans; through June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANET CULBERTSON AND MAL LUBER—Silverpoint drawings of a nostalgic Midwest by the former and paintings of machines, real and imaginary, by the latter; through July 2. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935) **AND ERNEST LAWSON** (1873-1939)—Paintings by these American Impressionists; through Friday, June 11. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

JOHN HELD, JR. (1889-1958)—Golf in the twenties as seen in watercolors by the hip-flask generation cartoonist; through Saturday, June 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

ALFRED LESLIE—Eleven drawings of the female figure; through Saturday, June 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstract paintings in rich color; through June 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Welded and painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; through Saturday, June 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIÒ POMODORO—Sculptures by a Milanese contemporary; through Saturday, June 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

VICTOR VASARELY—A hundred and twenty graphics covering the past two decades; starting Friday, June 11. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through June 26. It is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

DAVID WEINRIB—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through Friday, June 18. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturdays.)

ISAAC WITKIN—Sculptures, including three large works in raw steel for outdoors; through Tuesday, June 15. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO,** 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **LA BOETIE,** 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **BYKERT,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by seven artists, including Benglis, LeWitt, Marden, and Ryman; through June 22. (Closed Mondays.). . . **COOPER,** 100 Prince St.: A changing selection of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Forakis, Ginnever, Grosvenor, Quaytman, and Van Buren; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **DE NAGY,** 29 W. 57th St.: Stanley Boxer, David Budd, Robert Goodnough, and Jacqueline Gourevitch are four of the gallery artists represented in a showing of paintings; through July 15. (Closed Mondays.). . . **DINTENFASS,** 18 E. 67th St.: Eight oils by leading twentieth-century Americans, also drawings by gallery artists; through June 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.). . . **DWAN,** 29 W. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, who include Andre, De Maria, Flavin, and Smithson; through June 25. (Closed Mondays.). . . **FEIGEN,** 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by six younger artists; through June 30. . . . **FRENCH & CO.,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings by about thirty-five contemporary Americans—de Kooning, di Suvero, Goodnough, Gottlieb, Guston, Johns, Lieberman, Newman, and Oldenburg, for example; through June 23. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists and by some out-of-towners not shown previously; through June 30. . . . **HUTCHINSON,** 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists—Katzen, Meadmore, Rich, Tobias, and others; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **KENNEDY,** 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Remington,

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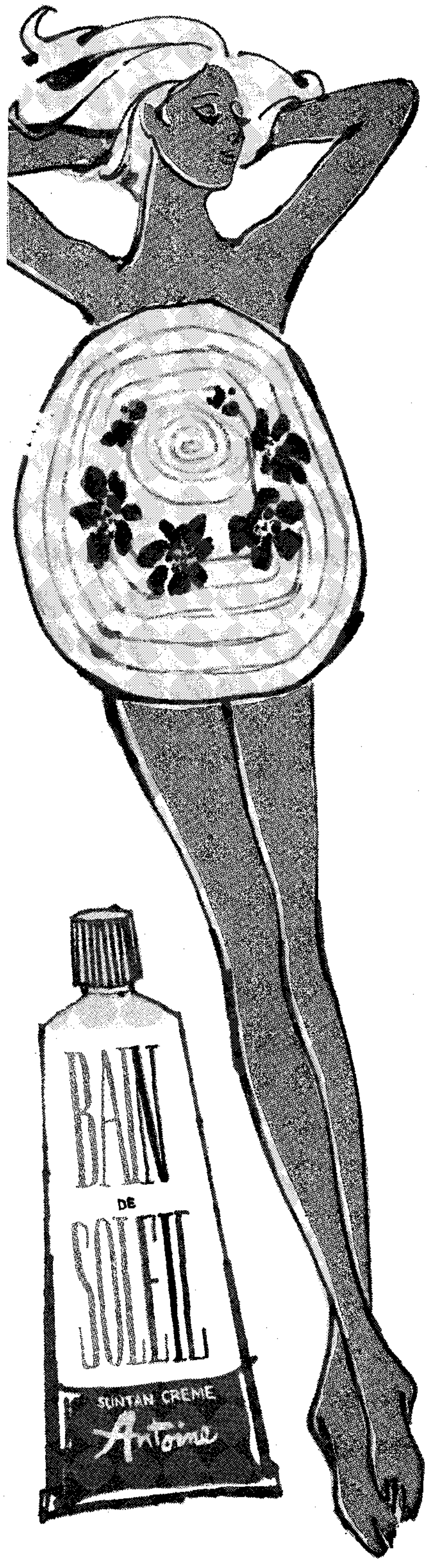

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Russell, and other artists of the West; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by eight artists never before shown at this gallery; starting Thursday, June 10.... **LEWISON,** 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century and early-twentieth-century Americans; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.)... **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures exhibited by gallery artists during the past season; through Aug. 27. (Closed Saturdays.)... **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by about forty young artists; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **PALEY & LOWE,** 59 Wooster St.: Five artists; through June 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG,** 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionists—Beckmann, Jawlensky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schlemmer, and the like; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: A gallery group of painters and sculptors, among whom are Brandt, Cavallon, Ferren, John Little, Mehring, Crovello, and Kipp; through Saturday, June 19. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Velázquez, "Juan de Pareja," is now being shown.... ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; through Sept. 26.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings and sculptures from the Museum's collection by the "second generation" Abstract Expressionists Joan Mitchell, Larry Rivers, Grace Hartigan, Helen Frankenthaler, Alfred Leslie, John Chamberlain, Robert Mallary, Raymond Parker, and Richard Stankiewicz; through July 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A chronological survey of twentieth-century art taken from the Museum's collection; starting Friday, June 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol, displayed against a wallpaper-like pattern of gentle cow heads; through June 20. A complement to this show is his show at the Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.... ¶ Fifty-four etchings and lithographs by Wayne Thiebaud on his favorite themes of cakes, pies, and other food displays, plus flowers, landscapes, and animals; starting Friday, June 11.... ¶ Recent acquisitions of work by sixty-six artists, as well as thirty-eight paintings by young Americans done between 1969 and 1971, grouped under the classification of "Lyrical Abstraction;" through July 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, to name several; through Sept. 12.... ¶ "Russian Art of the Revolution," consisting of sixty-five paintings, drawings, prints, constructions, and costume and stage designs by such artists as Kandinsky, Chagall, Larionov, and Malevich; starting Tuesday, June 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new

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Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century to post-World War II. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elliott C. Carter, Ben Weber, and Loren Eiseley. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Gwathmey, de Rivera, and others. Through June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. . . . ¶ Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . . ¶ Sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final special non-subscription performances at the **opera house**—Wednesday evening, June 9: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 10: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Ludovic Spiess, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Ruggero Raimondi, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 12: "Rigoletto," with Gabriella Tucci, Batyah Godfrey, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Díaz, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 12: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.) . . . **concert productions outdoors** (In the event of threatening weather, call 472-1003 for news)—**central park's sheep meadow:** Tuesday, June 15, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Frederica von Stade, Jean Kraft, Richard Tucker, and Matteo Manuguerra. . . . **prospect park,** Brooklyn: Wednesday, June 16, at 8:30 (rain date, June 17), "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Forst, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Giorgio Tozzi, William Walker, and Russell Christopher. . . . **botanical garden's daffodil hill,** Bronx: Friday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Cavelleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Joann Grillo, Jean Kraft, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Matteo Manuguerra. . . . **crocheron park,** Bayside: Saturday, June 19, at 8:30 (rain date, June 20), "Faust," with Raina Kabaivanska, Judith Forst, Batyah Godfrey, John Alexander, Justino Díaz, William Walker, and Russell Christopher.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the season—"Promenade Romantique" on Wednesday, June 9, at 8:30 (with Maralin Niska, soprano); and "June Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, at 8:30 (all with Patricia Brooks, soprano).

Smith-Princeton Chamber Chorus—Iva Dee Hiatt and Walter Nollner directing. (St. James' Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. Wednesday, June 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Alice Tully Hall Sampler—Final performances of a two-week series of chamber-music, vocal, and other programs—Thursday, June 10: A Metropolitan Opera Studio program of vocal chamber music, sung by Karen Altman, soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12: Bert Lucarelli, oboe, plus a film about him. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 13: A program of Russian music performed by Raina Kabaivanska, soprano, and the Gramercy String Quartet. . . . ¶ Monday, June 14: Judith Alstadter, piano; Charles Forbes, cello; and Stanley Ritchie, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 17: Ignace Strasfogel conducting a chamber orchestra, with Joy Clements, soprano, and George Shirley and Leo Goeke, tenors. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19: "New York, New York—A Poetic Tribute," a program of readings by Aline MacMahon, Stephen Elliott, and Paul Shyre. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20: A program called "Vienna to Broadway," presented by the Metropolitan Opera Studio. (Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

The Byrds and McKendree Spring—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday, June 9, at 8 and 11:30.

Elton John—With Dee Murray & Nigel Olsson. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8 and at midnight.)

Joe Newman's Quintet—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, June 11, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Bloodrock, Glass Harp, and Alice Cooper—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Tom Jones—With Pat Henry, the Blossoms, and the Jeff Sturges Universe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 12, at 8.)

Howard McGhee Sextet—With Joe Carroll. (Jazz Center. Sunday, June 13, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

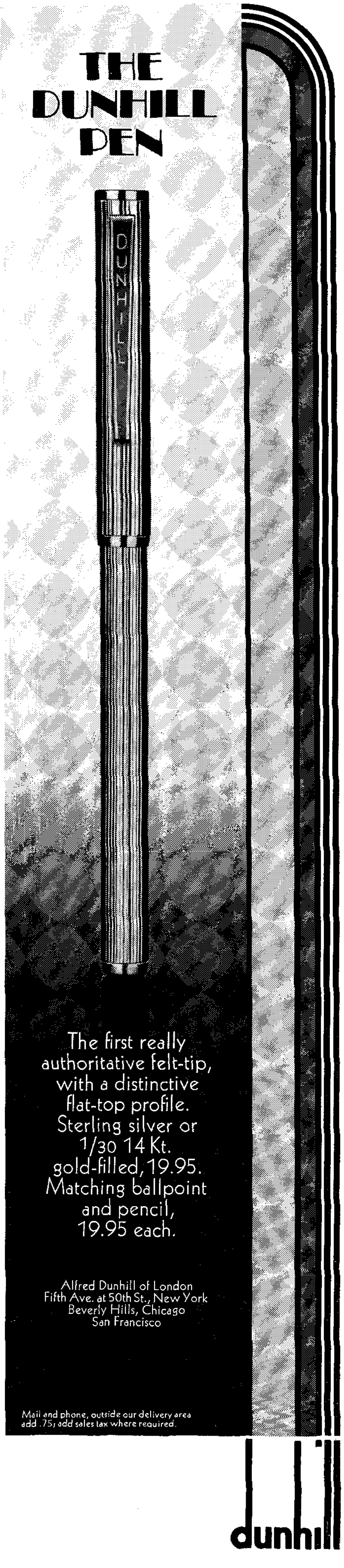
Big Band Festival—Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Lee Castle and the Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, Buddy DeFranco and the Glenn Miller Orchestra, Vaughn Monroe, Helen Forrest, Bob Eberly, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, June 16, at 7:30.)

B. B. King, Moby Grape, and Grootna—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Butterfield Blues Band, Albert King, and J. F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt—Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, June 19, at 7 and 10:30.

IN THE COUNTRY

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Special pre-season performances—Sunday, June 13, at 2:



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Peter Nero's trio. . . . ¶ Friday, June 18, at 8: B. J. Thomas and the Patterns. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 19, at 8: The Johnny Cash Show. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, July 18—Saturday, June 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting performances of Monteverdi's "Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda" and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," with Maureen Forrester, contralto; Benita Valente, soprano; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; and Richard Stilwell, baritone. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 20, at 5:30: The Philidor Trio in a program of baroque music in the Italian style. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. San Diego, Wednesday, June 9, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 11, at 8:05; Saturday, June 12, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 13, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday and Tuesday, June 14-15, at 8:05, and Wednesday, June 16, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Philadelphia, Friday, June 18, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 19, at 2:15.

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 17-19.) . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 19; varsity race at 7:15.)

DOG SHOW—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 12.)

GOLF—United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich. Wednesday, June 9.) . . ¶ U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

HORSE SHOWS—Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 10-13.) . . ¶ Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. Thursday through Sunday, June 17-20.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 26. The Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 9; the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 12; the National Stallion (for colts and geldings), Wednesday, June 16; and the Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 19.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, Saturday, June 19.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is tentatively scheduled to adjourn on Friday, June 18), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

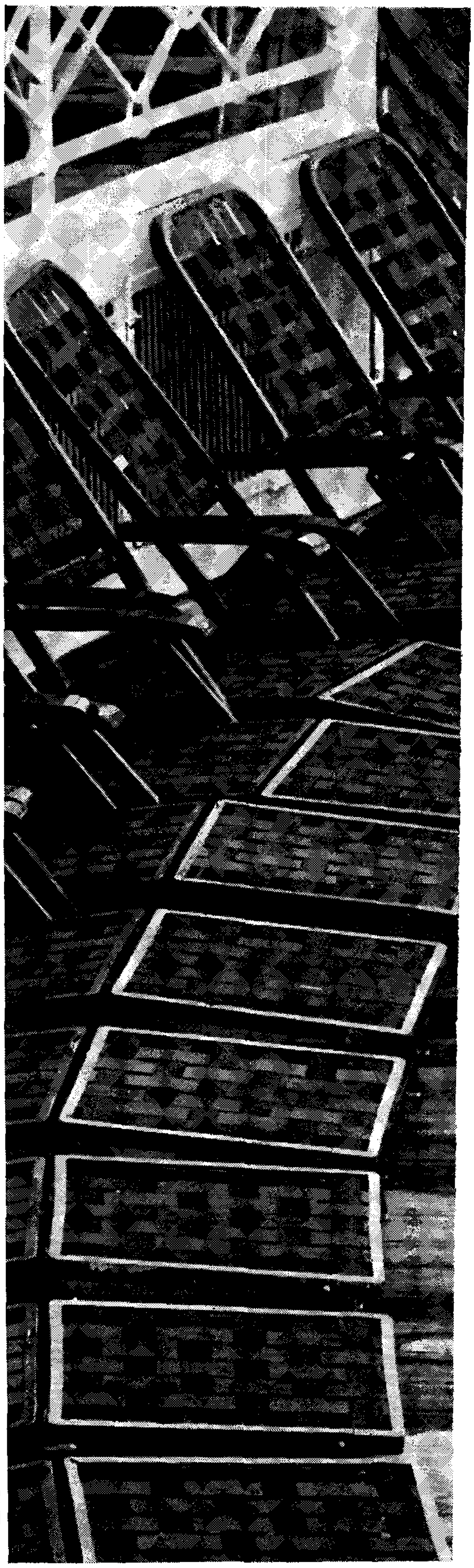
POETRY READINGS—In BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: Isabella Gardner, Jean Garrigue, Michael Goldman, and Arthur Gregor. (Wednesday, June 9, at 12:30.) . . ¶ Jackson MacLow, Rochelle Owens, Hugh Seidman, and Diane Wakoski. (Wednesday, June 16, at 12:30.) . . . CITY HALL PARK: John Hollander, Richard Howard, Howard Moss, and James Wright. (Thursday, June 10, at 12:30.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—The United States Army Field Band and the Soldiers' Chorus will give a concert on the Central Park Mall on Thursday, June 10, at 8. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7. . . . ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, June 11, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 15, at 2: American, English, and Continental silver; from the estate of Ailsa Mellon Bruce and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 16, at 2: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, June 11.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 9; Dartmouth, Saturday, June 12; Yale, Monday, June 14; and Harvard, Thursday, June 17.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Zander the Great" (1925), directed by George William Hill, with Marion Davies. . . . ¶ June 10 at 2: "The Haunted Strangler" (1958), directed by Robert Day, with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ June 10 at 5:30: "Corridors of Blood" (1963), directed by Robert Day, with Boris Karloff. . . . ¶ June 10 at 8: "Fiend Without a Face" (1958), directed by Arthur Crabtree, with Marshall Thompson. . . . ¶ June 11 at 2 and 5:30: "The Winner's Circle" (1950), in French, directed by René Wheeler, with Jean Cordier. . . . ¶ June 12 at 11:30: "The Kid" (1920), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Charlie Chaplin and Jackie Coogan. . . . ¶ June 12 at 3 and 5:30: "Little Caesar" (1930), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ June 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Dawn Patrol" (1930), directed by Howard Hawks, with Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ June 14 at 1: "Devil's Wheel" (1918), directed by Edward Le Saint, with Gladys Brockwell. . . . ¶ June 14 at 6 and June 15 at 2: "La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes" (1927), a French film, directed by Jean Renoir, no English titles; and "La Perle" (1929), a French film, directed by Henri d'Hursel. . . . ¶ June 15 at 5:30: "The Female of the Species" (1916), directed by Raymond B. West, with Dorothy Dalton. . . . ¶ June 16 at 2 and 5:30: "The Revolutionary" (1970), directed by Paul Williams, with Jon Voight. . . . ¶ June 17 at 2 and 5:30: "Out of It" (1967), directed by Paul Williams, with Barry Gordon and Jon Voight. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8: "Whoopee" (1930), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Eddie Cantor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 9: "Victim" (1961), directed by Basil Dearden, with Dirk Bogarde and Sylvia Syms. . . . ¶ June 10-11: "The Little Kidnappers" (1953), directed by Philip Leacock, with Duncan Macrae. . . . ¶ June 12-13: "Whistle Down the Wind" (1962), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Hayley Mills and Alan Bates. . . . ¶ June 16-17: "The Day the Earth Caught Fire" (1961), directed by Val Guest, with Edward Judd and Janet Munro. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 4 and Fridays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.



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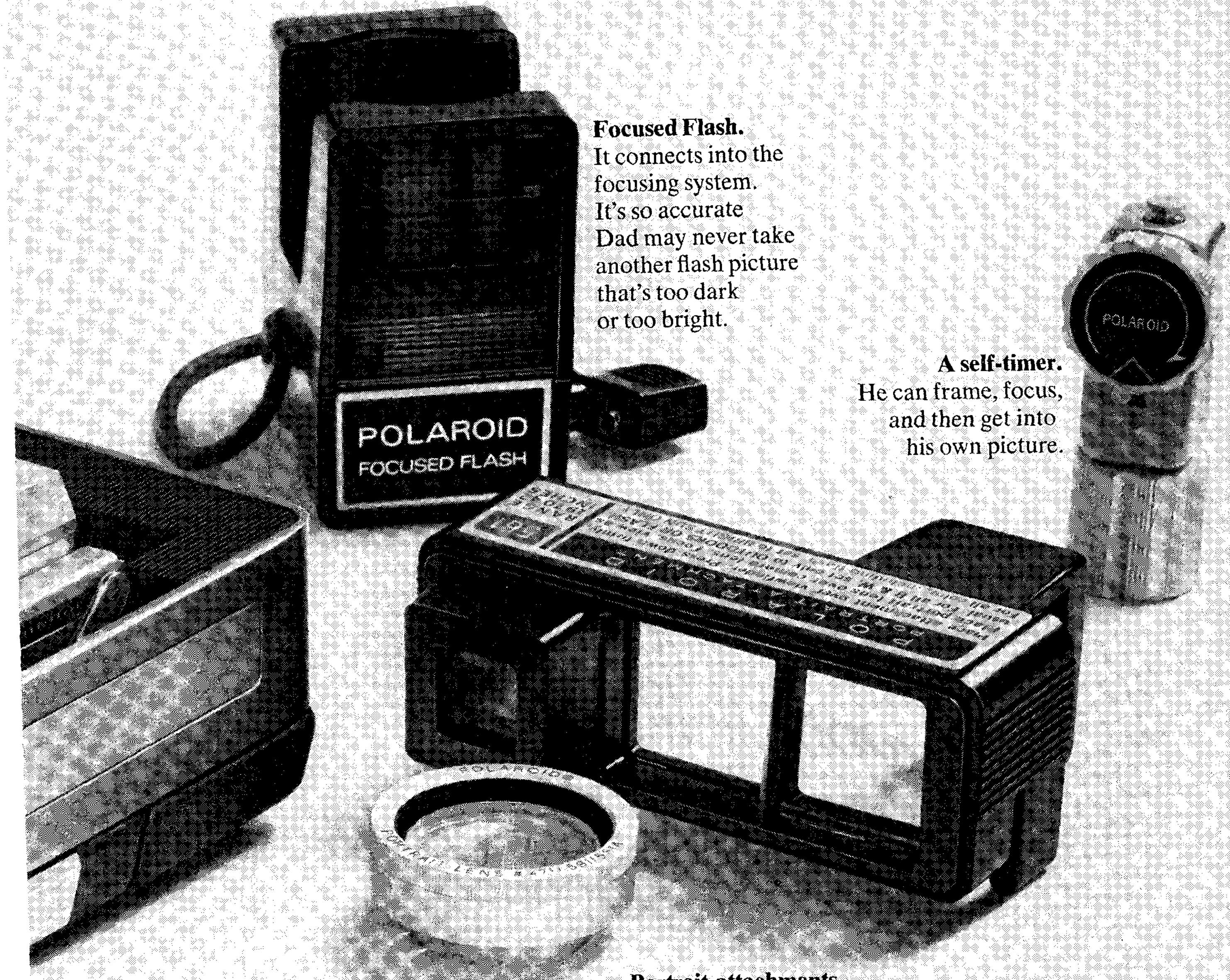

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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13	14	15	16	17		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 15: "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" and "Blow-Up."
From June 16: "Relations" and "The Minx."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"A New Leaf."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through June 15: "Run the Wild River."
From June 16: "Summertree."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Daughters of Darkness."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
June 9: "Accident."
June 10: "Trash."
June 11: "The Endless Summer."
June 12: "Elvira Madigan."
June 13: "The Two of Us."
June 14: "Morgan!"
From June 15, at 8: "Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?" (Opening night by invitation only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through June 15: "Villain."
From June 16: To be announced.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Deserter."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through June 12: "Gimme Shelter."
From June 13: "Unman, Wittering and Zigo."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"They Might Be Giants."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through June 12: "Love Story."
From June 13: "Drive, He Said."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse" and "My Night at Maud's."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Grissom Gang."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 15: "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" and "Blow-Up."
From June 16: "Gimme Shelter."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Little Big Man."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through June 16: "Big Jake."
From June 17: "The Anderson Tapes."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Dr. No" and "From Russia with Love."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
June 9: "Barbarella" and "King of Hearts."
June 10-16: "The People and Their Guns" and "The Wild Bunch."
From June 17: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 15: "A New Leaf."
From June 16: "Gimme Shelter."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Une Femme Douce."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Lawrence of Arabia."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 9: "Accattone!" and "The Hawks and the Sparrows."
June 10-12: "La Strada" and "The Threepenny Opera."
June 13-14: "Ikiru" and "The Lower Depths."
June 15-16: "The Drunken Angel" and "I Live in Fear."
From June 17: "Yojimbo" and "Throne of Blood."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 15: "The Deserter."
From June 16: "Waterloo."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
June 9: "Red Lion."
June 10-12: "Band of Assassins."
June 13: A program of Greek films.
June 14-15: "The Rickshaw Man."
From June 16: "The Revenge of Ukeno-Jo" and "Zatoichi."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Cop."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through June 15: "Citizen Kane."
From June 16: "Black Orpheus" and "Jules and Jim."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through June 13: "Claire's Knee" and "Bed and Board."
From June 14: "The Clowns."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 11: "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" and "Romance."
June 12-16: "Queen Christina" and "As You Desire Me."
From June 17: "The Conformist."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 15: "A Man Called Sledge" and "The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."
From June 16: "Support Your Local Gunfighter" and "The Secret of Santa Vittoria."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 16: "Beyond Control."
From June 17: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 15: "Husbands" and "Doctors' Wives."
From June 16: "The Night Visitor" and "The Twelve Chairs."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 9: "Hard to Handle" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."
June 10: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Beast with Five Fingers."
June 11: "The Beast with Five Fingers" and "The Thief of Bagdad."
June 12: "The Thief of Bagdad" and "Dr. Strangelove."
June 13: "Dr. Strangelove" and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."
June 14: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers."
June 15: "The Fearless Vampire Killers" and "Pretty Poison."
June 16: "Pretty Poison" and "Rosemary's Baby."
June 17: "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Cincinnati Kid."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 15: "A Drama of Jealousy" and "Alfie."
From June 16: "Waterloo."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
June 9: "Masculine Feminine" and "Band of Outsiders."
June 10: "Key Largo" and "All Through the Night."
June 11: "Testament of Orpheus" and "Ordet."
June 12: "Shame" and "A Married Woman."
June 13: "A Day at the Races" and "A Night at the Opera."
June 14: "The Shameless Old Lady" and "Stolen Kisses."
June 15: "Marius" and "Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne."
June 16: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Petrified Forest."
June 17: "David Copperfield" and "Min and Bill."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 15: "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" and "Blow-Up."
From June 16: "Gimme Shelter."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Elgin; June 9.)

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Sutton; June 9.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives a beautifully self-mocking performance as a solemnly promiscuous working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony; through June 15.)

All Through the Night (1942)—Humphrey Bogart in a story about a mobster who has turned to gambling to support his family and the gang. This is the effect of wartime rationing with a vengeance. The film is nothing much, but there are acerbic small appearances by Peter Lorre and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia; June 10.)

The Anderson Tapes—With Sean Connery and Dyan Cannon, directed by Sidney Lumet. (Orpheum; starting June 17.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic

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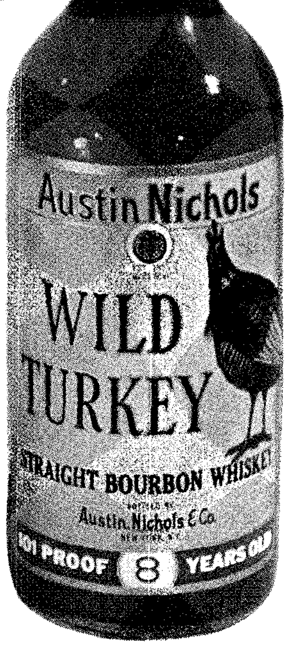
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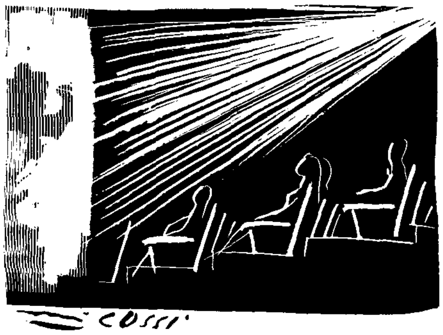

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problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Cinema I.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild.)

As You Desire Me (1932)—With Greta Garbo and Melvyn Douglas, directed by George Fitzmaurice. (Paramount; June 12-16.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

Band of Assassins (1970)—The familiar Mifune in a film by Tadashi Sawashima, pretty distinguished but pretty complicated in its swivels of plot about themes of factionalism and hero worship in 1863. Mifune is the leader of a band of "protectors;" the respect handed out to them lies in terror, but when a kindlier reign comes to power the king of the terrorists is still highly regarded, in a very Japanese fashion, for his loyalty to his beliefs. And then beheaded. The film is violent but also quirkily funny and subtle. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 10-12.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just as in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy. Perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia; June 9.)

Barbarella (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

The Beast with Five Fingers (1946)—Deadpan melodrama, pretty good, with Peter Lorre being chased by a severed but very living hand that plays the piano, gets out of a drawer, and refuses to be nailed down or locked in a safe. The hand (a left one) is a pianist's, and it performs Bach's Chaconne (for the left hand). Directed by Robert Florey. (New Yorker; June 10-11.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; through June 13.)

Beyond Control—A German film, arthritically dubbed into English, with William Berger and Anthony Baker, directed by Mr. Baker. Dire. (Regency; through June 16.)

Big Jake—A Western with John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Orpheum; through June 16.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. Worth going. In Portuguese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 16.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Charles, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Midtown; through June 15.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (New Yorker; June 9-10.)

The Cincinnati Kid (1965)—Steve McQueen, Edward G. Robinson, and Ann-Margret in Norman Jewison's picture about cardsharps, which revels only in Ann-Margret's blood lust as she watches a cockfight. A remake of "The Hustler," ill-spent. (New Yorker; June 17.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 15.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent, movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Lincoln Art; through June 13.)

The Clowns—Fellini's new picture, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between solitaries eccentrically made up in a world of truly dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar, tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Lincoln Art; starting June 14.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were there so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting June 17.)

The Cop—With Michel Bouquet, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Les Dames du Bois de Boulogne (1945)—Robert Bresson's film was defended at the time of its release by Jacques Becker, to his credit; not by many others. It is highly stylized, artificial on purpose, with a degree of photographic chic that Bresson later cast off. Cocteau wrote the dialogue; Maria Casarès plays a diabolical sophisticate called Hélène who is engaged in a revenge drama. The presence of Cocteau and Maria Casarès make the film glamorous, histrionic, and not typical of Bresson, though glimmers of his reserved sensibility show through. In French. (Thalia; June 15.)

Daughters of Darkness—Delphine Seyrig as an aged vampire who has discovered that bloodsucking is a beauty secret to keep you young. Her fellow-vampire is the first vampire we have seen in a miniskirt. Directed by Harry Kumel. Agreeable junk. (Murray Hill.)

David Copperfield (1935)—Misplaced homage to Dickens by Hollywood, with Freddie Bartholomew's child-star classiness serving for Copperfield as a boy, and W. C. Fields squeezing himself into Mr. Micawber as if into a promise of teetotalism. Edna May Oliver is pretty good as Aunt Betsey; so is Basil Rathbone as Mr. Murdstone. It being 1935, and this being an M-G-M production, nobody quite managed to get Roland Young to keep the charm out of Uriah Heep. (Thalia; June 17.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers running a sanatorium. This is the one with Groucho as Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, and it has some classic routines. With Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones. (Thalia; June 13.)

The Deserter—A Western with Bekim Fehmiu and Richard Crenna, directed by Burt Kennedy. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 15.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (86th St. East.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's celebrated comedy about atomic war. Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden. (New Yorker; June 12-13.)

Doctors' Wives—Blue jokes and blood-red surgery. From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Richard Crenna, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 15.)

A Drama of Jealousy ("The Pizza Triangle")—A genial mutt of a movie—a romantic satire with sight gags, jokes about the pollution in Rome, and comic-strip devices. Monica Vitti plays a soulfully silly waif, Marcello Mastroianni a crank Communist. The director, Ettore Scola, doesn't force things, so one can relax even when the ideas misfire. In Italian. (Symphony; through June 15.)

Drive, He Said—With William Tepper and Karen Black, directed by Jack Nicholson. (Tower East; starting June 13.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa (and a masterwork as long as you respond to him) about a doctor working in the human débris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 15-16.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. The extraordinary beauty of the picture makes us forgive it its sadness. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Sutton; June 12.)

The Endless Summer (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Sutton; June 11.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millenni-

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um. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent, English-speaking, fond, and seduced by lousy spangled clothes, as the greatest left-wing minds often are. They land by spaceship near Los Angeles and, after a stint in the zoo, eventually stay at the Beverly Wilshire. The thoughtful wife chimp, a psychiatrist, gets pregnant, and rather upsetting things happen in the end. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (New Yorker; June 14-15.)

Une Femme Douce—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (86th St. East.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II; through June 12. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Midtown; starting June 16.)

The Grissom Gang—With Kim Darby and Scott Wilson, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Juliet 1.)

Hard to Handle (1933)—With James Cagney and Mary Brian, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (New Yorker; June 9.)

The Hawks and the Sparrows (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a St. Franciscan walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. At a press conference some time ago, a baffled reporter said mildly to the director, "You don't think the critics got confused between what you were saying and what the crow was saying?" In Italian. (Elgin; June 9.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1923)—Lon Chaney in a sufficiently camp horror film. (New Yorker; June 13-14.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 15.)

Ikiru (1952)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman (Takashi Shimura) doomed by cancer, as he explores the ways of confronting death. There are long passages that are rather impenetrable, but there's a superb sequence—almost an epiphany—when the dying man sits in a swing in the snow and hums a little song. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 13-14.)

I Live in Fear—In 1955 Kurosawa made this noble picture about fear of the H-bomb. Mifune plays a factory owner trying to sell up and leave with his family for Brazil. A tribunal that includes his dentist finds that he is upsetting the psychic order of society, and thereupon sends him mad. The picture praises worry with a script of high literary quality (by Kurosawa himself, as usual, with two collaborators). In Japanese. (Elgin; June 15-16.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting June 16.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—was thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Thalia; June 10.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 9.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—One of the on-the-road thrillers, directed by Anatole Litvak. Samantha Eggar plays an English secretary in a French advertising company, working for Oliver Reed. She is phenomenally nearsighted, and her dark glasses are prescription; they lead to a mistaken-identity plot that is best when it is like Hitchcock and worst when it leans on Freudian cant about the roots of character. Samantha Eggar is rather haunting, as always. (Cinema Studio; through June 15.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Loew's Ciné and Greenwich.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (U. A. East.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East; through June 12.)

The Lower Depths (1957)—Kurosawa's version of Gorky, transposed to a Japanese tenement in the early nineteenth century. A very great film. The setting is a lodging house; the inhabitants, blown by the whims of a corrupt landlord, include a run-down Kabuki actor, a thief, a whore, a retired Samurai, an invalid old lady. Mifune plays the thief, who has an eye for the landlady's sister. The perfect ensemble acting was arrived at by a method in the great tradition of the Moscow Art Theatre, which first mounted the play; before they started shooting, the cast and crew rehearsed for forty days with full costume, makeup, and lighting. Stanislavski would have approved this film, and Gorky would have found it authentically comic. In Japanese. (Elgin; June 13-14.)

The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart (1970)—Stanley is a white movie-making dropout who feels lonely and doesn't like his mummy. Steer clear. (Charles, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Midtown; through June 15.)

A Man Called Sledge—A Western with James Garner and Dennis Weaver, directed by Vic Morrow. (Cinema Studio; through June 15.)

Marius (1932)—Static and set-bound (Alexander Korda directed) but famous for its dialogue and characterization, and for the rich humanity Raimu brought to the role of César, the Marseille café owner, whose son, Marius (the elegant Pierre Fresnay, oddly miscast), longs to go to sea, though he loves Fanny (Orane Démazis). Written by Marcel Pagnol, the first in his celebrated trilogy. In French. (Thalia; June 15.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her consumption patterns, and her infidelities. In French. (Thalia; June 12.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Thalia; June 9.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Thalia; June 17.)

The Minx (1969)—With Jan Sterling, directed by Raymond Jacobs. (Charles; starting June 16.)

Morgan! (1966)—A truly weird black comedy in which the anarchistic left-wing misfit hero (David Warner) is also crazy and in pain. The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Sutton; June 14.)

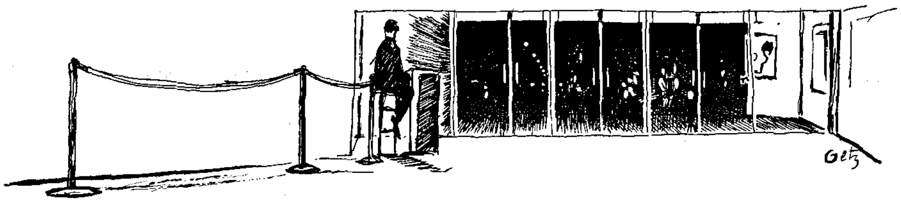
My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter Matthau?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Gramercy. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through June 15.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." Wonderful. (Thalia; June 13.)

The Night Visitor—A Gothic suspense film with Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, and Max von Sydow, directed by Laslo Benedek. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 16.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Ordet (1955)—A modern Resurrection, treated with extreme literalness by Carl Dreyer. Considered a masterpiece by many, interminable by others. From the Kaj Munk play. In Danish. (Thalia; June 11.)

The People and Their Guns—A documentary by Joris Ivens on the war in Laos. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 10-16.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Thalia; June 16.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall.)

Pretty Poison (1968)—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (New Yorker; June 15-16.)

Queen Christina (1934)—Garbo great, with John Gilbert, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. She poses as a man, dressed in black velvet, in a famous inn scene in which she is asked to share a bedroom with the Spanish ambassador; no one has ever come near her ability as an actress to suggest opposite emotions at the same time, and her mixture here of the debonair and the bashful is delicately comic. The film ends, historically, with a heartrending closeup of Garbo's face that runs for eighty-five feet. When asked what he told Garbo to think of when she was doing the shot, Mamoulian replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing." (Paramount; June 12-16.)

Red Lion (1969)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 9.)

Relations—A Danish film, based on a novel by Johannes Allen and directed by Hans Abramson. (Charles; starting June 16.)

The Revenge of Ukeno-Jo (1963)—Directed by Kon Ichikawa. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting June 16.)

The Rickshaw Man (1958)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 14-15.)

Romance (1930)—With Greta Garbo and Gavin Gordon, directed by Clarence Brown. (Paramount; through June 11.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (New Yorker; June 16-17.)

Run the Wild River—Jack Currey's documentary about riding the rapids of the Colorado and Grijalva Rivers. (Kips Bay; through June 15.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

The Secret of Santa Vittoria (1969)—Anthony Quinn and Anna Magnani are Italo Bombolini and his wife, Rosa; he's a buffoon and she's a virago. If you want to know more, you deserve everything you get. Remember, Stanley Kramer directed. (Cinema Studio; starting June 16.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. One of his great ones. With the strong, remarkable young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia; June 12.)

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The Shameless Old Lady (1964)—An agreeable comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. With that great old screen-stealer Sylvie occupying center screen for a change. Directed by René Allio. In French. (Thalia; June 14.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—François Truffaut's first romantic comedy, and reasonably pleasant. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade, and Michel Lonsdale as a man who hires detectives to find out why nobody likes him. In French. (Thalia; June 14.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin; June 10-12.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Summertree—With Michael Douglas and Jack Warden, directed by Anthony Newley. (Kips Bay; starting June 16.)

Support Your Local Gunfighter—A Western with James Garner and Suzanne Pleshette, directed by Burt Kennedy. (Cinema Studio; starting June 16.)

Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise (1931)—Mediocre Garbo, though she will always be loved by collectors, even in high-flown garbage like this. With Clark Gable. (Paramount; through June 11.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (Art.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

10 Rillington Place—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Baronet.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet, slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Thalia; June 11.)

They Might Be Giants—With George C. Scott and Joanne Woodward, directed by Anthony Harvey. (Beekman.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1924)—Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the original version; costume stuff for archivists. (New Yorker; June 11-12.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin; June 10-12.)

Throne of Blood (1957)—Kurosawa's wild and fine version of "Macbeth," with Mifune, set in sixteenth-century Japan. The sound track pounds with noises of armor and horses' hooves; Shakespeare's main sense is kept, and so are his abiding strokes of theatre, especially when the mists of the picture part to show Birnam Wood coming to Dunsinane, which is one of the truly alarming shots in world cinema. In Japanese. (Elgin; starting June 17.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Sutton; June 10.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Thalia; June 16.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 16.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Sutton; June 13.)

Unman, Wittering and Zigo—With David Hemmings, directed by John Mackenzie. (Cinema II; starting June 13.)

Villain—With Richard Burton and Ian McShane, directed by Michael Tuchner. Worn-out. (Trans-Lux East; through June 15.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Symphony; starting June 16.)

Who Is Harry Kellerman and Why Is He Saying Those Terrible Things About Me?—With Dustin Hoffman, directed by Ulu Grosbard. (Sutton; starting June 15, at 8. Opening night by invitation only.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 10-16.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. In Japanese. (Elgin; starting June 17.)

Zatoichi (1962)—Directed by Kenji Misumi. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting June 16.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AT the President's press conference last week, newsmen asked a number of questions about the mass arrests that took place in Washington in May. As we listened to the President giving his answers, we made a few notes. Here are some of his remarks, together with some of the notes:

"Individuals did attempt . . . to stop the government; they said in advance that's what they were going to do, they tried it, and they had to be stopped." The current Administration has often been taken in by the overblown rhetoric of the militant left. In this case, the President seems to have fallen victim to the disruptors' fantasy that it was in their power actually to "stop the government." Their slogan was "If the government doesn't stop the war, we're going to stop the government." But it would have been more truthful to say, "If the government doesn't stop the war, we're going to annoy the government," or "If the government doesn't stop the war, we're going to make some government employees late for work on May 3rd." These are lousy slogans, to be sure, but then the truth rarely makes a good slogan.

"I have pledged to keep this government going." In point of fact, although a pledge is required of the President, this isn't it. What the Constitution does require him to pledge is that he will "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States." Important as it is to keep the government going, the framers of the Constitution apparently judged it more important to mention keeping the Constitution going.

"They [the demonstrators] were stopped, I think, with a minimum amount of force and with a great deal of patience." Seven thousand people were arrested and detained on May 3rd without any arrest forms and without any evidence, and even before the President's press conference the courts had dismissed some of the cases on the ground of improper arrest and had ordered prosecution suspended on others. Washington prosecutors have dropped most of the remaining cases. The police, however, did make these arrests with less physical violence than some police departments have used in situations that were nowhere near as chaotic. In other words, the individual policemen, on the whole, carried out illegal orders with commendable restraint. (One must add that those arrested submitted to the illegal arrests with admirable restraint, too.) One question is whether the people who gave the orders to make mass, indiscriminate arrests acted with restraint. Another question is whether they could have found a lawful way of dealing with the disruption.

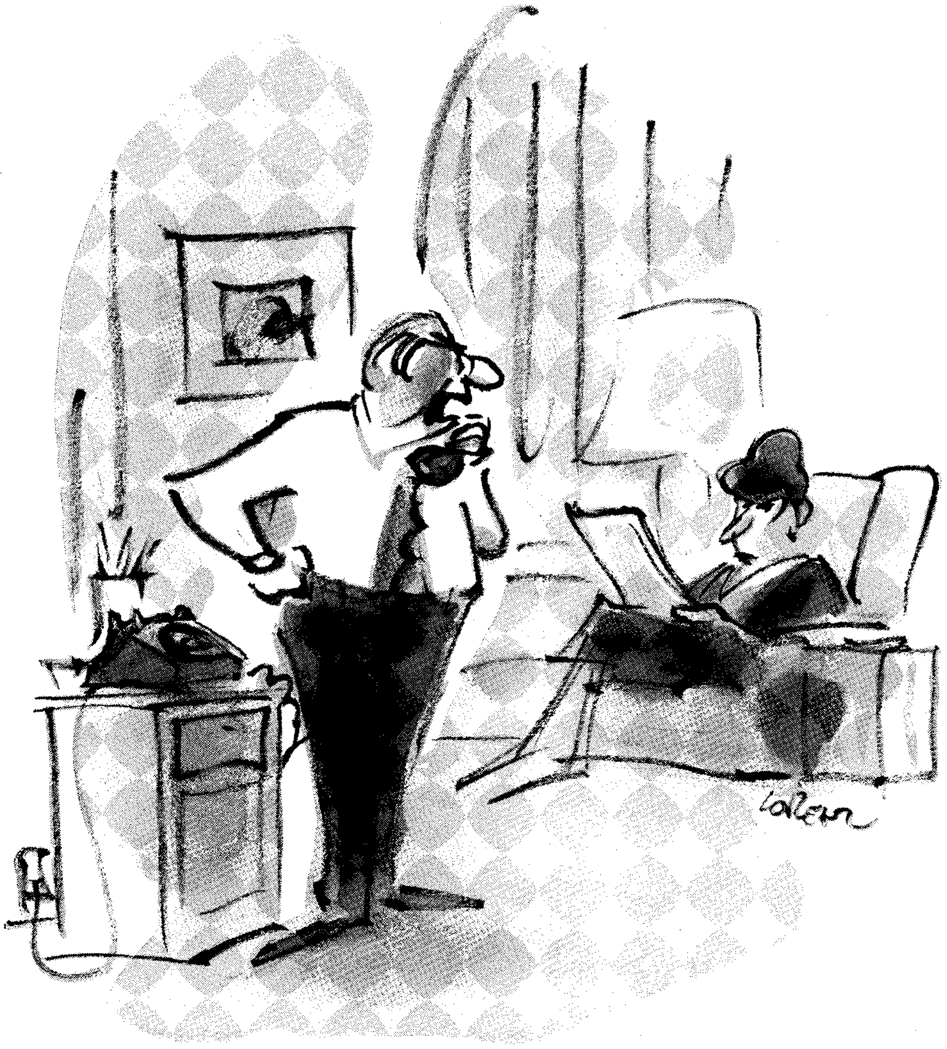
"Let us separate the question into what we're really dealing with. First, there are demonstrators. The right to demonstrate is recognized and protected. . . . But when people come in and slice tires, when they block traffic, when they make a trash bin out of Georgetown and other areas of the city, and when they terrorize innocent bystanders, they are not demonstrators, they are vandals and hoodlums and lawbreakers." This sounds right. When people do these things, they *are* lawbreakers, and they must be dealt with according to the law. The trouble is that some of the people arrested were lawbreakers and some were not. And many of them were dealt with lawlessly. The results show why the police should obey the law, like everyone else. Many bystanders who had not committed any crime were swept up in the mass arrests and detained. Later, when the cases came before the courts, many people who may actually have engaged in illegal acts could not be tried, because no evidence had been gathered. The innocent suffered and the guilty went undiscovered. The President tried to justify the arrests by drawing a distinction between law-abiding demonstrators and lawbreaking "hoodlums." He seemed to be suggesting that the law should apply only to people who obey the law. In effect, he was saying that when the government was faced with legal demonstrations it would act within the law, but when it was faced with illegal acts it would throw the law out the window.

"I think the police showed a great deal more concern for their rights [the rights of those arrested] than they [those arrested] showed for the rights of the people of Washington." A statement like this degrades the law. The logic behind it seems to be "If *they* break the law, why shouldn't *we*? Why should the police have their hands tied by the law when criminals ignore the law?" If the President believes that those arrested during the Mayday protests really were "vandals and hoodlums and lawbreakers," then he was paying the police a poor compliment. Things can't be going so very well when a President congratulates a police department for behaving better than vandals and hoodlums.

A disturbing interpretation of the law itself emerges from the President's remarks. The ordinary way of dealing with people who break the law is to invoke the law against them. The President seems to want to replace law enforcement with retaliation in kind—to deal with lawbreakers by suspending the law. The police are, after all, an arm of the law. In earlier times, they were called "the law." But if the law breaks the law, then there is no law.

On the Street

ONE of the surest signs of spring in the city is the proliferation of street peddlers, selling everything from garishly colored Italian ices to garishly colored plastic flowers. All street peddlers in New York must be licensed by the Department of Consumer



"God damn it! Who do you have to be to get a dial tone—Martha Mitchell?"

• •

Affairs. The license specifically prohibits peddling in certain areas—Fifth Avenue is off limits, and so, in fact, is most of midtown Manhattan—but, for obvious reasons, many peddlers simply ignore these restrictions. We came across one of these licensed peddlers the other day on the southeast corner of Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, in front of Korvettes, and we could tell that he had been doing something illegal, because there was a policeman standing next to him, writing out what was unmistakably a summons. The peddler was a young man with a short brown beard, leather sandals, bluejeans, and a beige acetate shirt. His right arm was draped protectively over the top rung of a large wooden rack, which held fifty or sixty leather belts in various designs, sizes, and colors. The rack was hinged down the center, like a boudoir screen, and it had little metal casters along the bottom, presumably for a quick getaway.

The policeman tore the completed summons from a thick pad of tickets and said, "Here, Martin," in a tone of mingled boredom and distaste. The young man took the piece of paper with a smile and carefully stuffed it into his right-hand pants pocket. Then he folded the rack in half and trundled it across Fifth Avenue. When the light changed, he crossed Forty-seventh Street, heading uptown. On the northwest corner of the intersection, diagonally opposite Korvettes, he opened up the rack again. Evidently, he was back in business.

"Now what happens?" we asked when we had caught up with him.

"This is the Eighteenth Precinct," he said. "The other corner is the Seventeenth Precinct. Different jurisdictions."

"What happens if someone from the Eighteenth Precinct sees you?"

"I move again."

Martin went on to say that one day he was given ten summonses—each costing him a two-dollar fine in Criminal Court—but that he didn't mind as long as he didn't get arrested and lose any selling time. "I figure it's cheaper than paying rent," he said. He also told us that he designs and manufactures all his belts, in a loft on the lower East Side, and sells them for between five and seven dollars apiece. On a good selling day, which runs from about eleven in the morning to about six at night, he can easily gross a hundred dollars.

We asked him where he had learned to make belts.

"These?" he said, pointing to the rack. "You need an I.Q. of three to make them. But they're good value for the money. I use only shoulder leather and solid-brass buckles, and I think I've got the aesthetic down now."

Martin said that he had been in the belt business for two months. "Before that, I sold imported costume jewelry that I bought from a wholesaler."

We asked why he had chosen to work on the street instead of in some nice safe store or office.

"I'm just following a traditional American axiom: Sell what you make on the open market. I need a stake, and this is the fastest way I know to make it. It's all take-home. And there's no great hassle with the cops. You get a few who feel they have to prove something—hint about a payoff or act tough and call you 'boy.' But mostly they just do their job. This is a restricted area, and if a storekeeper complains, they have to move you."

We were about to ask Martin what he needed the stake for when we noticed, as they say in the detective novels, that we had company. The shiny chrome insignia on the blue shirt collar said "18." Without any small talk, the policeman took out his pad and wrote out a summons. "Goodbye, Martin," he said. Martin folded his rack and crossed Fifth Avenue once more, this time reopening for business on the northeast corner of the intersection.

We followed. "Isn't this the Seventeeth Precinct again?" we asked.

Martin nodded. "I usually try not to get two tickets in the same precinct on the same day, because they might run you in after that. But sometimes, when things are slow . . ."

We asked him why he had chosen to work in this area instead of, say, in Greenwich Village.

"The Village is a rip-off," he said. "Nothing but junkies, perverts—it's a bad scene."

Martin said that he was born in New York and had lived here until he was thirteen years old, when his parents moved upstate to a small town near the Canadian border. Upon graduating from high school, in 1967, he went to

Montreal to attend McGill University, but he dropped out after three semesters, because he had no money and couldn't speak French well enough to get a job. He has been peddling one thing or another on the city streets ever since. Now, he told us, he was making plans to set up a full-time wholesale operation, selling handmade belts to boutiques, and to open an elaborate leather-goods boutique of his own. He said that he was already selling his products to a few department stores in Manhattan, adding, "I haven't sold to Korvettes yet, but I hope to."

"How can you expect them to buy your belts when you stand in front of their store competing with them?"

"Why not? All these stores compete with each other. I've been chased from in front of Bloomingdale's, and I sell wholesale there. They sell for ten dollars what I sell for five."

Martin looked around uneasily and said he had better be moving on—not because he was afraid of the cops but because business was poor. A few people had stopped to finger the belts and inquire about prices, but no one had bought anything since we'd started talking to him. He folded his rack and headed north.

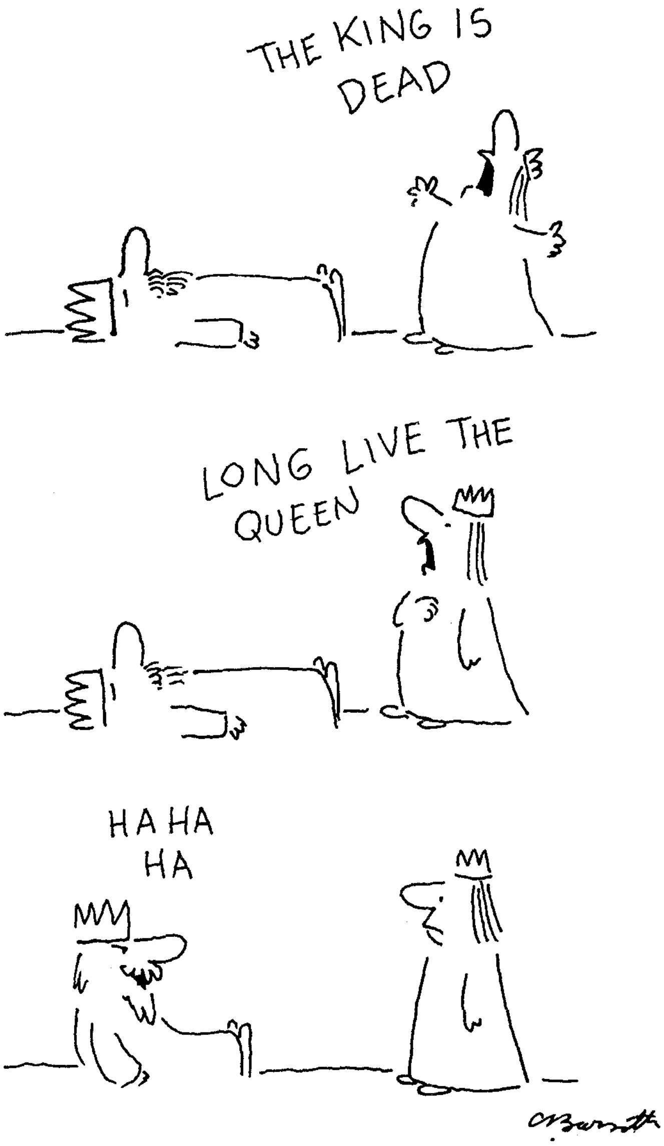
Study

WE have a report from a rock correspondent who has found very little to do recently and is now devoting his energies to a thorough, desperate study of various aspects of life and music in what he calls the Post-Rock Society. He writes:

"When things are in a bad way, you get a lot of trends. When things are *happening*, you don't need a lot of trends, because the action takes care of itself, and explains itself, and defines itself, but when things get bad you get trends. My favorite stupid rock trend was religious rock, which was so welcomed by pathetic, proselytizing churches that it didn't last a week on the streets. The post-rock trend I take most seriously has to do with jazz.

"All of which leads me to say that I went to the library of the St. Regis the other day to see Herbie Hancock and the people around him at a dinner to celebrate the issuing of his album 'Mwandishi' and the beginning of his engagement at The Bitter End. Hancock is a young black jazz pianist who used to be with Miles Davis and is of the opinion that rock has prepared an enormous audience for jazz. He composed 'Watermelon Man,' several years ago, and the score of 'Blow-Up,' and now he makes brilliant, strange music, which he says 'transcends time and space.'

"There were a lot of rock writers there, among them an English guy who writes for *Rolling Stone*. Someone mentioned that Nik Cohn, a first-rate English rock-scene man, wasn't writing much about rock anymore and had become a gentleman farmer. 'He knows it's gone,' said the English guy. 'I know it's all gone, too, but I don't know what to do about it.' There were a lot of people in the library of the St. Regis—educated, hip, almost-thirty-year-old people who, having contrived special, hip, semi-parasitic careers as interpreters of rock music and the rock culture, seemed at loose ends.



"There was very little extravagance anywhere, and no one was outrageous, or even rude. Neither Hancock nor any of his musicians committed any of the theatrical, vulnerable absurdities that rock writers, for instance, smile at and envy and want to be around. Musicians always put some sort of distance between themselves and the people hovering about, but while rock people do it with an arrogant theatricality, jazz people seem to do it with a certain cool control.

"I sat at a table with Hancock and three members of his band—Buster Williams, Benny Maupin, and Billy Hart—and some of the writers. All the members of the band have Swahili names as well as regular names; Hancock's Swahili name is Mwandishi. He was wearing a necklace on which hung a carved wooden head that seemed to be African.

" 'Where did you get the necklace?' a girl asked.

" 'Los Angeles,' Hancock said. 'It's the face of a black man. The three parts of the face represent self-determination, self-awareness, and self-defense.'

" 'No self-love?' asked the girl. 'That's the most important part.'

" 'The three parts, man, are self-determination, self-defense, and self-*respect*,' Williams said.

" 'And the green stone is the eye of unity, the star of unity. Green represents creativity,' said Hancock.

"Someone mentioned Blood, Sweat, and Tears. Someone else mentioned a commercial he had heard by Blood, Sweat, and Tears.

" 'I don't put them down for doing commercials,' said Hancock. 'I've done commercials—for Virginia Slims and Standard Oil and Pillsbury's Space Sticks. One for Tab—that was the worst one I ever did.'

"Then Hancock said that he thought a lot of people were ready for jazz.

" 'Genius jazz will never get into the money,' said the girl sitting near him.

" 'You're crazy,' he said.

"Later, at The Bitter End, before beginning his first set, Hancock spoke to the audience. When a rock star speaks to the audience, he usually shouts obscenities. Hancock, who was getting into it, in that terrifically cerebral, detached, pre-rock, pre-social-upheaval way, told his audience to get into it, and, by and large, they did get into it, and if anyone missed the absurdity, the upheaval, the only partly intelligible energy of rock, no one said anything about it. For the record, this is what Hancock said: 'Music can be any sound, but it must have order, and order depends on the taste of those performing, and the performers depend on one element—your vibes. You create music with your vibes. . . . You know that everything I've said is true, even though you may not have heard it before. I hope all of you have been listening.' "

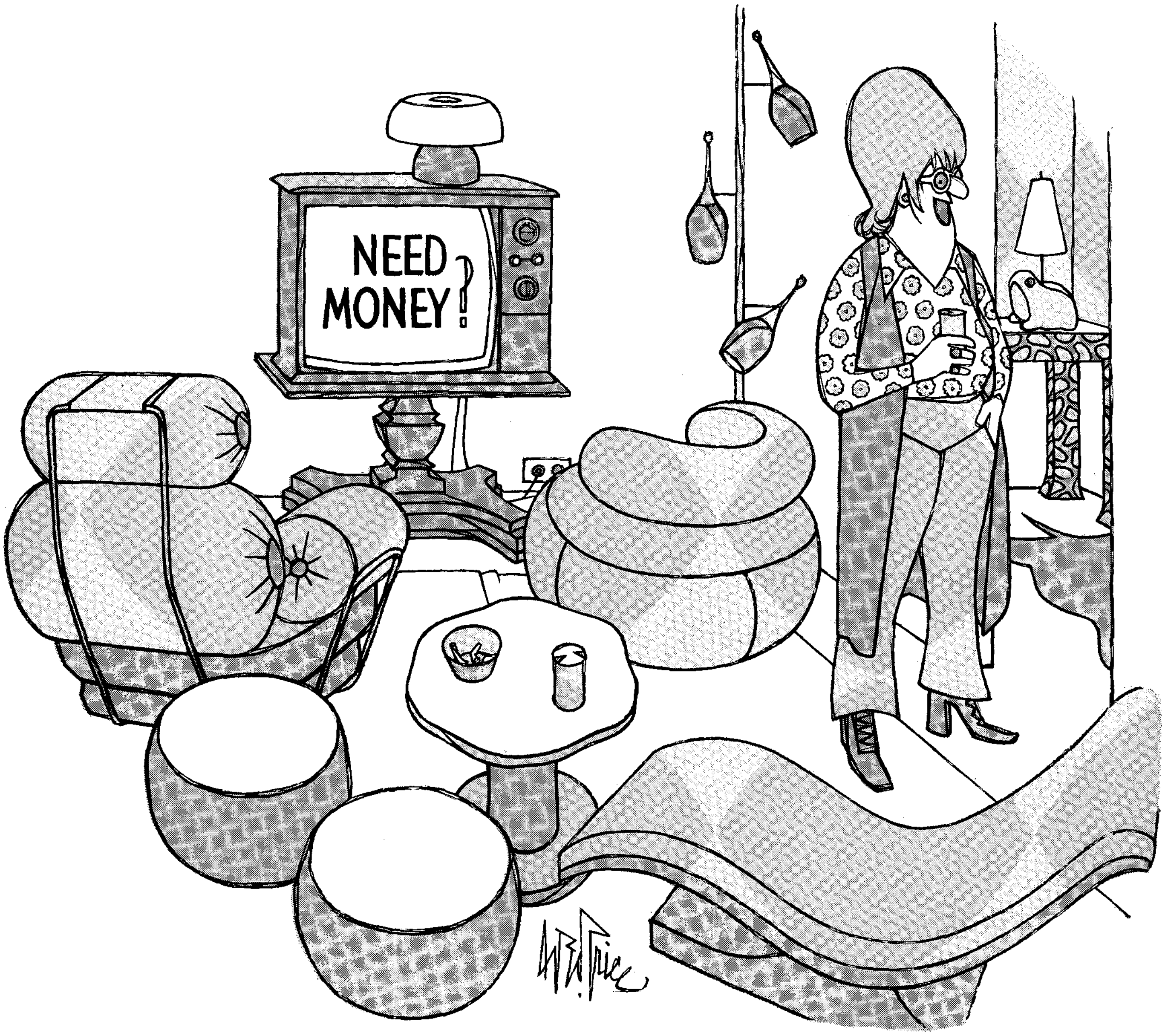
Advance Man

IN political campaigning, "bad advance" means that a Presidential candidate flies into a key city, lands at the wrong airport, and rides in a closed car down back streets to a huge stadium, where he addresses a lonely handful of party workers over a broken mike while the press is still looking for him at the other airport. "Good advance" means that the candidate is mobbed at the airport by fervent, unmanageable crowds, leads the press in a triumphant motorcade through a blizzard of confetti, fights his way into a jammed rally as brass bands blare, ascends a platform on which all the right people are seated in the right seats, speaks to the cheering, sign-waving multitude over a p.-a. system that works beautifully, and, that evening, sees the whole visit prominently featured by Walter Cronkite. Campaigning does not often go as smoothly as this, but when an extraordinary man named Jerry Bruno was "advancing" for John Kennedy, Robert Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, and others, it sometimes came close. Bruno has written a book (with Jeff Greenfield) called "The Advance Man," and he is currently "advancing" the book all over the country. The book is a lively mixture of how-to manual ("Remember the first rule of crowds: 25,000 people in a 50,000-seat stadium is a half-empty turnout. But 4,000 people in a hall that seats 3,000 is an overflow crowd. And it works that way on a crowd. People want the sense of being somewhere special, somewhere a lot of people are trying to get to"), recollection (the day Minneapolis sent fourteen million gallons of water over a dried-up waterfall to honor the visit of Lyndon Johnson), psychology ("[John] Kennedy could sense what it took me years to learn: that there was some sort of a connection in people's minds between crowd appeal and leadership ability, as though they could sense that if a man couldn't draw people to hear him, and couldn't demonstrate that people cared about him, he couldn't win enough confidence to get elected"), and opinion (on Hubert Humphrey: "He'd get up before four people and a fire hydrant and talk for an hour like he was in Yankee Stadium. And that only intensified his image as a mouth;" on Lyndon Johnson: "I wonder if [his] inability to look at people and relate to them was part of what brought Johnson down;" on Richard Nixon: "You knew Nixon had no feel for the country by the way he campaigned for the job of leading it. . . . You can't skip real, honest-to-God personal confrontations, personal contact with people. . . . When you do it Nixon's way, you're going to get a candidate who has no goddam feeling—no feeling for the issues, no feeling for people. . . . And that's the danger, for the country and also politically").

We caught up with Bruno one afternoon last week at his literary-campaign office, at Bantam Books, 666 Fifth Avenue. Bruno is a short, intense, alert man in his forties, with gray hair, a slightly rough voice, a mobile face, and a quick smile. "Last night, I was in Rochester—I mean Buffalo," he said after greeting us cheerfully. "Couple of hundred people, two talk shows, and a filmed half hour on TV. Tonight, Utica and Syracuse." He pointed to the walls of the office, which were covered with maps, charts, and schedules. "I've asked four thousand people who helped me in the campaigns to be volunteers and help advance the book," he said, handing us a brochure that listed seven steps ("Wear the button," "Call eleven friends," "Call the library," etc.). He seemed awfully pleased to be back in action. A pretty assistant named Bébé Wallau, who worked in the Robert Kennedy campaign, came in and presented Bruno with a container of yogurt, and as he dined we asked him about his background.

"I was born in Kenosha, Wisconsin," he said. "Fifty-three per cent of Kenosha was Italian. My parents were imported from the south of Italy—Cosenza—to work in a tannery. They were conned—the tannery work lasted only three months out of each year. The rest of the time, my father hauled old railroad ties from alongside the tracks, cut them up, and sold them for two dollars a load. He was never interested in politics; all he wondered was could he keep up the payments on the house, and maybe get a pig. He lost the house three times. On Sunday, he played *bocce*, or got the neighbors down to cut the sausage (if there *was* a pig), or made wine. I had six brothers and sisters, and we helped step on the grapes. None of the other children went past fourth grade, and we all had to work. There were a lot of farms around Kenosha, and we'd all pile in a truck at 5 A.M. and go out and weed onions until sunset for fifteen cents an hour, or pick them for four cents a bushel. I quit school at ninth grade." Bruno worked on farms, served in the Navy in the Second World War, returned to Kenosha, held various jobs, including dogcatcher, and then went to work as a fork-lift operator at the American Motors plant, where he became involved in political action for United Auto Workers, Local 72. "It meant a free day off—the union paid my lost time." He was on the picket line on the first day of the Kohler strike—a bitter, violent strike that lasted six years. "The scabs would try to break through with nightsticks on Monday and Tuesday; then it would taper off until the next Monday. It was such a bitter thing—fathers hated sons, sons hated fathers." He met William Proxmire at a union meeting, talked with him, and was amazed that Proxmire listened to his opinions. He became a volunteer in Proxmire's 1954 campaign for governor (Proxmire lost), and when Proxmire became a senator, in 1957, Bruno joined his staff full time. In 1959, Bruno went to work for John Kennedy—"organizing Wisconsin"—and during the 1960 Presidential campaign and the Kennedy Administration he "advanced" thirty-four cities.

"A good advance man should be able to judge people," he told us. "Weed out the doers from the talkers and sidestep the phonies. Be able to walk between disputes, be available all the time, and know when to blow up."



"Ralph! Do we need money?"

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Bébé, who was sitting on the floor, studying a thick notebook, said, "Jerry yells all the time, but he's never inconsiderate. You feel it's worth it."

"There was no real chain of command in the 1960 campaign," Bruno continued, "and everybody was always afraid he was being left out. It's a sickness. If the candidate was going on a trip and you weren't asked along, you felt left out. If you did go on the plane but weren't asked into the candidate's compartment, you felt left out. If you were in the compartment but then didn't get asked for dinner later on, you felt left out. People were always asking, 'Does he know I'm here?' Kennedy had uncanny political instinct. I learned so much from him. In a crowd of five thousand people, he could spot the one man who wasn't smiling. 'What was the matter with him?' he'd ask me later. He always wanted bands. 'Where's the band, Jerry? Where's the *band?*' I don't think he cared about the music—just the noisier the better. He never showed dislike, but he could be cold-blooded about getting rid of a guy who was no good. Bobby couldn't do that; he'd always say, 'Give him another chance.' If you put Bob Kennedy in a room full of politicians, he'd walk out. Jack Kennedy would take it for a *while*. But Teddy would be comfortable." Bruno was devoted to Robert Kennedy. "He had such a feeling for people, and he was so involved with the issues. He made you feel like a man. He made me really want to knock myself out for him; I hated to see him unhappy."

Bruno worked briefly for Lyndon Johnson ("I didn't like him") and for Humphrey ("With good advancing, he could have won"), then did consulting work and lecturing. "I have no hobbies," he said. "I've never read a book in my life. I can't spell anything. I don't know how to relax. I don't know how to talk baseball. I always talk politics, so I hang around with people who do the same." Last fall, he was asked to teach a course in practical politics at the State University College at Oswego, New York. "I said to the Dean, 'You've got to be kidding,' but they gave me all the leeway I wanted, and the classes filled up right away—students who were turned off by the regular political-science courses. We talked about anything, and we always took a vote on everything. A kid in my class just ran for president of the Student Council. I showed him how to conduct a phone campaign, and how to use a sound truck, and he stood outside the dorms early in the morning and shook hands as the students came out." Bruno smiled. "He *won!*"

THE CONSERVATIVE

IN 1935, my Uncle Candido was polled by the *Literary Digest*. The magazine wanted to know if he was going to vote for Alf Landon or Franklin Roosevelt. No one else in Ybor City, a section of Tampa where Latin cigarmakers lived, received such a communication. Yet we were not really surprised. Uncle Candido was not a citizen and the only mail that came to him was bills from the electric, gas, and phone companies, but until a month before the questionnaire arrived he had been foreman of El Pito, a cigar factory, and the wall phone just inside the front door of his house was the only one in the neighborhood, except for the phone in El Rubio's pharmacy four blocks away. Also, he and Aunt Angela, my mother's sister, had not had to switch from gas to kerosene along with the rest of us on the block. When the men gathered for espresso coffee in his house, always after having dined at home, the letter from the *Literary Digest* was passed around. "It stands to reason, Candido," Grandfather said with mock gravity. "You are a man of property."

Cousin Pancho laughed loudly. He was red-haired and known outside the family as El Bolchiviki, and, along with Cousin Zenaida and me, the only one to have ever read the *Literary Digest*. "Certainly, certainly," he agreed. "They are looking for people who will vote for that reactionary Landon and have decided you are one. If I were you, Candido, I would find out who put you on their list. It could ruin your reputation in Ybor City."

Uncle Candido made an effort to smile. He was always at the mercy of Pancho's and Grandfather's radical politics, but he could perceive that it *was* funny that someone who could not vote and could not read or write English or Spanish should receive the *Literary Digest's* questionnaire. That was why he smiled; Candido did what was expected of him. Just the same, Grandfather's teasing wounded him. He was out of work and had that day decided, after weeks of putting out feelers for jobs, that there was only one chance of his finding another at any of the factories—more likely none; it hurt to be called a man of property. Two months earlier he might have taken it as a compliment—whatever Grandfather meant by the phrase—and smiled with ease in his deprecating way.

Uncle Candido did own three houses—the four-bedroom house on whose porch they sat, and the two small identical houses on either side. In one lived my mother, my sisters, Grandfather, and I, and in the other Cousin Pancho and his wife and daughters and Aunt Titi, his mother-in-law, who was my mother's sister and also Aunt Angela's. Both families were supposed to be renting, but for the last three bad years there was hardly a week that Aunt Angela would accept anyone's money. Candido also owned a three-year-old Dodge, eight hundred fifty dollars in a savings account, and my good will as well. I was sixteen and had lost interest in my family, because I was in high school, where I had made many American friends, but I had not lost the sense that in Ybor City I enjoyed a certain status, no matter how poor we were, that was due to my being the nephew of the foreman of El Pito.

I had not meant to join the session on the porch, but Cousin Zenaida, Candido's daughter, and I had just returned with the Dodge. Twice a week, we drove across the city to West Tampa, also a Latin community, because the library there was more likely to have the current best-sellers than the one downtown, which the Americans used. We went with the entire family's blessings—they all believed that the life of the intellect would keep us out of the cigar factories—and returned with Ernest Hemingway and Zane Grey, Theodore Dreiser and Elinor Glyn.

"Well, have you made a start with 'Don Quixote'?" Cousin Pancho always asked.

"Not yet," I said, unwilling to confess that I didn't mean to read any Spanish writers.

"No hurry, no hurry," he said. "Only five men have fathomed the true meaning of what Cervantes put into that book. Five men in the whole world! And Unamuno was one."

"I take it you are not one of them," Uncle Candido said, glad to get even about the *Literary Digest*. "So what are you telling the boy?"

Aunt Angela laughed.

"Man, would I be a cigarmaker?" Cousin Pancho raised an arm over his head and held it while he looked at the floor between his knees. He brought it down as if it were an axe striking to bits all the frustrations and problems that being a cigarmaker caused. "You read the book, Pini," he said to me. "It is never too soon to measure yourself against the great. You will be reading it all your life—" He broke off and turned to Candido with a wicked smile. "Better than listening to stupid conversations in Ybor City cafés!"

Uncle Candido dangled the car keys he held in his hand. "Then you are not going out tonight?" he said, and Aunt Angela laughed again.

Cousin Pancho got up and laughed, too. "Oh, no, you can drop me off at the Centro Español as usual—don't think you can get out of that."

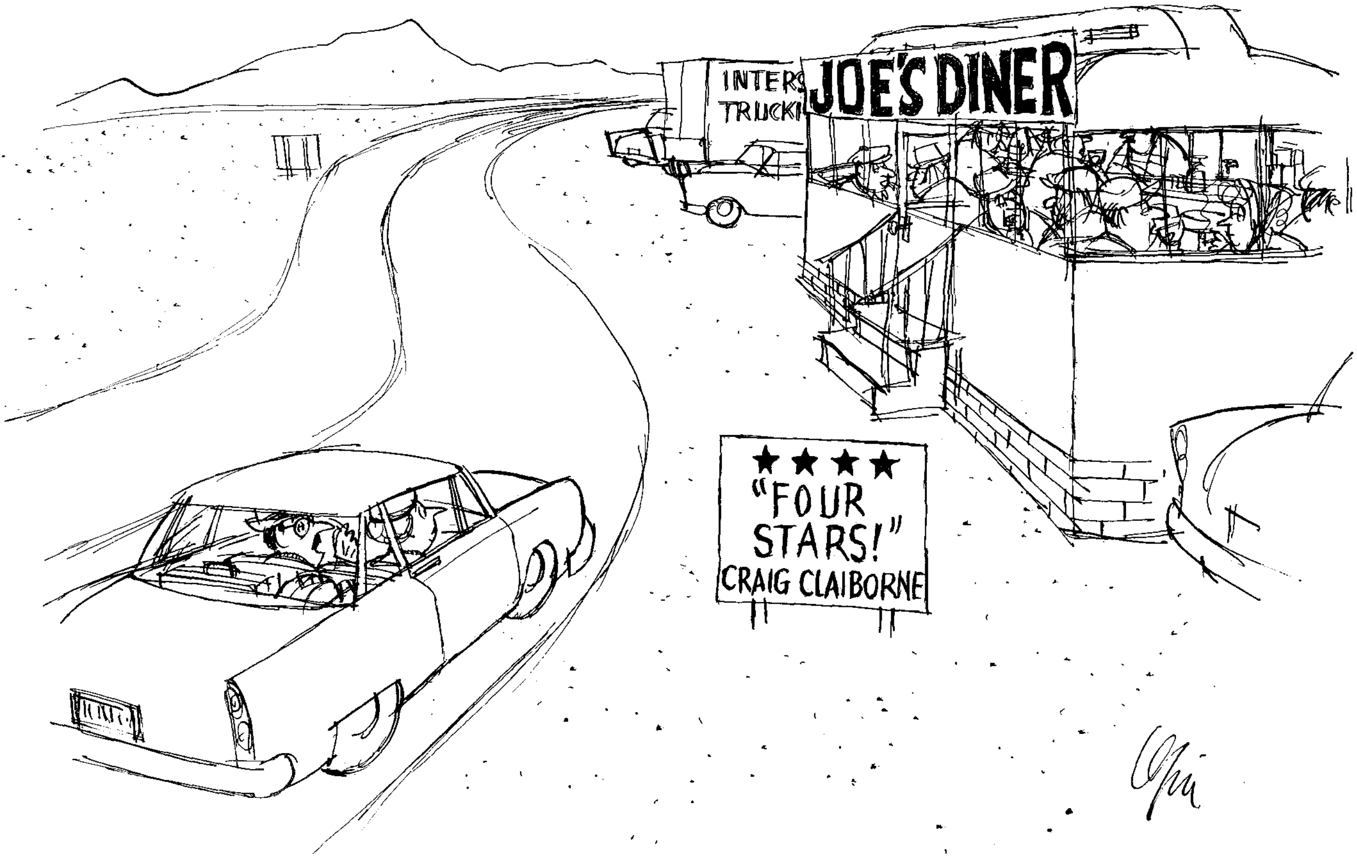
"Old man?" Candido asked, turning to Grandfather.

Grandfather shook his head. He played dominoes at the Cuban Club; it was in the same general direction, but he preferred the exercise of walking—everyone knew that. Candido asked out of courtesy, and did not suspect Grandfather's other reason, which went unspoken also out of courtesy. Grandfather believed that riding in the Dodge meant putting on airs, and to do so with a man who was a foreman—or who, in any case, still enjoyed the aura of his former position—was to revel in a social distinction that he had to acknowledge existed but would not bow to. To attend only the Cuban Club and to walk there were acts of class politics for Grandfather.

Social distinctions among the cigarmakers of Ybor City? Yes. At sixteen, all that occupied me was the oppressive differences between us in Ybor City and the Americans I first met in high school. My dead father had been born in Spain, my mother was of Cuban descent, but I claimed neither, for I was stubbornly bent on being American—a singular view of myself that no one in or outside that anomalous Southern community shared. Yet I knew as a fact of life that Uncle Candido went to the Centro Asturiano, where you met the better-employed Spaniards at the canteen; that Cousin Pancho went to the Centro Español, where the Spaniards who were more democratic and livelier gathered; and that Grandfather went to the Cuban Club, where no foreman and no Spaniard ever entered, except, perhaps, on gala fiestas to enjoy the superior rumba bands.

"Uncle Candido, fill in the questionnaire," I said, "and vote for Roosevelt."

He was standing, the keys in his hand—a stance that made it seem that everything was all right and he was in command of his destiny—and although he did not need to look down to see that I was on his side, he did so in



"At the end of a long, hard day's drive, I daresay."

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order to give me a smile and rumple my hair. "Good boy," he said.

"That Roosevelt is only throwing us crumbs," Grandfather grumbled. "He wants to save the capitalist system."

When I think of the terrible things I said to Uncle Candido years later—one week as dishwasher in a New York cafeteria and I decided I was a Marxist—I am glad I gave him cause to put his hand approvingly on my head. Especially that evening. He had been alone for days with the fear that there was no place for him in Ybor City. He planned to tell Aunt Angela later in bed—the only place he could talk privately to her—but first he was going to pass by the canteen at the Centro Asturiano. The family would have thought it strange, even alarming, if he did not, and there was still the chance that Pepe Miseria, the general manager of the big factory, called the Clock, might show up and continue the teasing, promising conversation they'd held a week earlier at the bar while others stood respectfully at a distance. Uncle Candido was forty-seven, he had left Spain as a boy with no prospects but hard work, he was an expert in tobacco leaf, he had only to hold a cigar in his hand to know it would draw evenly—it could not be that he would end up on W.P.A. The keys in his hand, the Dodge at the curb, the questionnaire he now turned over to Cousin Zenaida and me to complete—these things gave him hope.

IN 1968, I walked into the Centro Asturiano canteen on a late-summer afternoon. It still occupied half the basement of the three-story building, and the bar ran the whole length of one side. But the ceiling fans presided over dozens of empty marble-top tables. At three of them there were domino games; at each of these were also one or two serious onlookers, but there was no talk or boisterous calling for coffee or cognac. I drank my espresso in silence. The men at the tables occasionally looked toward me, their eyes blank although I recognized two or three. They thought I was an American.

When Uncle Candido walked into the place in 1935, the canteen reverberated with men's talk and the clicking of dominoes. The Depression did not keep cigarmakers from the cafés. They simply did not spend; they refused invitations—to reciprocate was a matter of honor—and pretended that at last they had broken themselves of the vice of playing the numbers. Candido made his way slowly to the bar—there were so many greetings to acknowledge, so many invitations to defer gracefully—and his smile reflected pride and happiness. He had the long face and long nose of the Asturians, sad in repose, but his clear, brown, trusting, oxen's eyes and his strong white teeth made his smile so vivid that everyone returned it. You saw why Aunt Angela had chosen him over the blond American fireman who paraded on the imposing white horse when, at eighteen, she had been on duty at the movie box office.

Pepe Miseria stood at the bar with others, and he began greeting Candido several feet away. In the extravagant Spanish manner. He lifted his arms, a long, smooth corona in one hand, and called, "Well, who have we here! Candido, man! Where have you been keeping yourself!" It made Candido's approach easy, but it also worried him. How would he get on to more serious talk? "No, no, it is my fault, I have been too busy to come round," Pepe Miseria added, as if this explanation were a generous gift, and completed his greeting fittingly by throwing an arm around Candido's shoulder for an *abrazo*.

Candido would not dissemble to the

point of saying that he, too, had been busy. He told Pepe it was a pleasure to see him and nodded at the others and ordered a round of coffee. The bartender asked if they would have a cognac, too, and Candido said yes without waiting to hear from the others. Pepe Miseria acted surprised when the cognac was served and said, "Remember, I am in your debt," but during the second round he was again distracted and did not pay. It was then that Candido allowed himself the bitter thought that Pepe was called Miseria (Poverty) behind his back because he was stingy. It shamed Candido to think this, because on the last occasion also he had paid, but then he had done so gladly.

A week ago, Pepe had said, "Ah, I have been wanting to talk to you," in a tone that had made the hangers-on leave them alone. "It looks," Pepe had continued, "as if I shall have to make a trip to Cuba. I do not want to, but there is no one else who can do it."

"I understand, I understand," Candido had said commiseratingly, and tried to look worthy of Pepe's confidence.

"To buy tobacco," Pepe explained. "Not from the big houses with their warehouses in Havana—you might as well send them an order by telegram—but from the small growers in the Vuelta Abajo country whom you used to visit yourself, true?" Pepe stopped and looked at him significantly and added, "You have experience of that, Candido, true?"

Candido had looked down—a job, he thought—and answered modestly, knowing this was a crucial moment, "Yes, a bit."

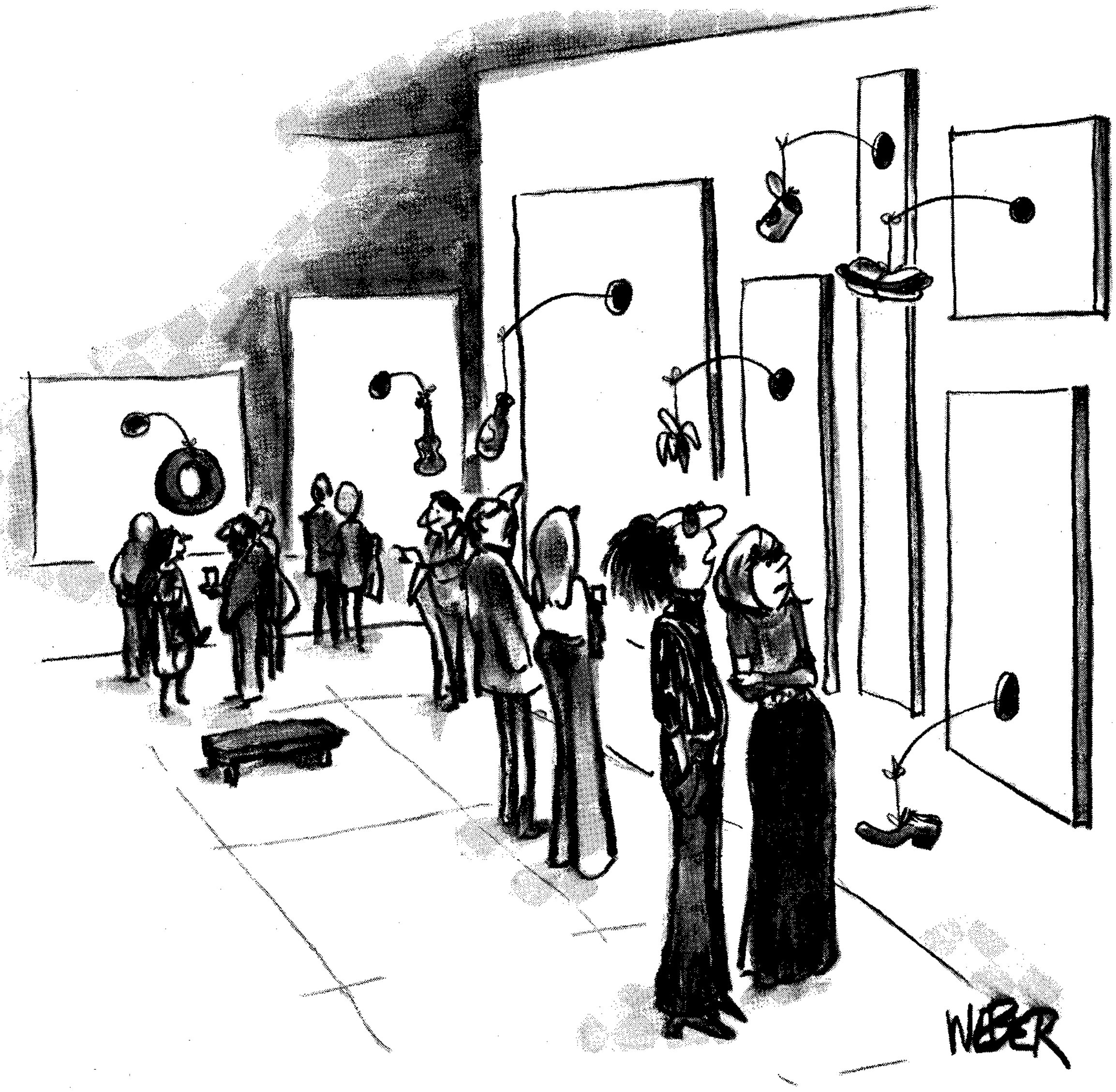
Pepe Miseria had picked up the cognac Candido ordered and brought it to his lips carefully but with such an air of concentration on other matters that it would have been mean to expect him to thank Candido for it. He exhaled and belched as a reflex and put the glass on the bar behind him, all the while looking at a far corner of the canteen, his eyes slightly narrowed. Finally, he turned to Candido, kept his face at an angle, as if the full force of what he was about to say might be too much for Candido, and asked, "If someone burdened *you* with such a trip, what would you do, where would you go?"

Uncle Candido had told him, and had now been waiting six days for the response he expected from Pepe. It was natural that Pepe did not commit himself the first evening; those portentous inclinations of the head had been enough to give Candido hope, and, lying in bed with Aunt Angela that night, he had told her about the encounter. She was pleased; she had never worried, and by dinnertime the next evening everyone in the family knew exactly what had been said at the Centro Asturiano canteen. Only Cousin Pancho reacted badly. He threw one arm up when he heard the question Pepe Miseria had asked, held it in the air while he considered warily, and said, "Oh, no!" He brought it down in his angry, hammerlike stroke when he was told Candido's reply.

Candido did not allow himself to suspect that his brains had been picked. Pepe meant to get him the job, and he was saying nothing now at the canteen because the factory owners had not agreed. Of course, Pepe was loath to admit this; that was why he let the hangers-on remain. Nevertheless, Candido did not give up hope. Until someone came up and said to Pepe, "I hear you are going to Cuba."

Pepe hung his head. "I have to, I have to," he said humbly. "It is no pleasure trip, I can tell you. Ask Candido. He knows as I do that there is no enjoyment in it—only work."

It was true. Those trips Uncle Candido once made to Cuba had been no pleasure. Not because of the work. That he liked—seeing the Vuelta Abajo country, going through the tobacco barns, talking to the small growers, who saw that he loved tobacco and took him out to the new crops with them and the



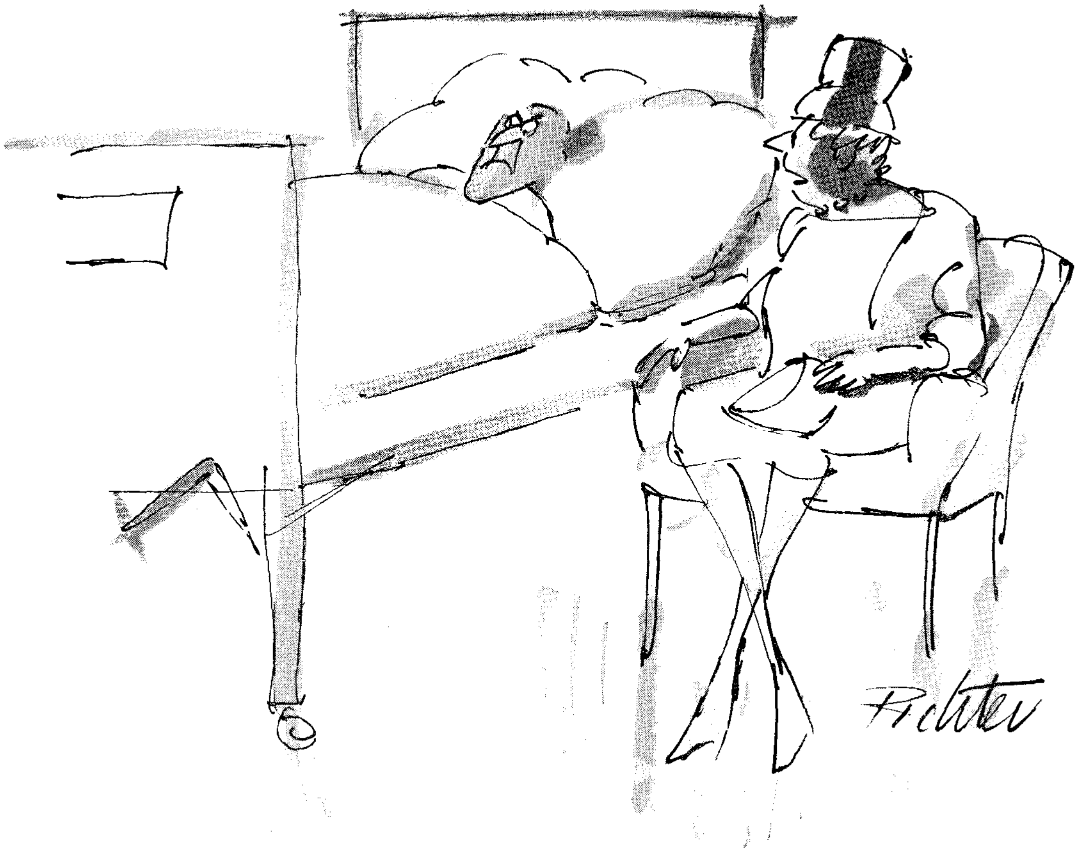
"*I agree it's not my best work. It's my worst work. That's the whole idea of the show.*"

campesinos who worked the fields. He walked down the shoulder-high rows of plants, stopping to caress the enormous, unspotted leaves of a greenness so even that the men looked at one another and smiled, sometimes even laughed without a word's being said. The mountains in the distance were not as high or as green as in northern Spain, and the soil where the tobacco grew was not red mud but dark, and the air here was never damp and chilling. Still, Candido recalled summer days in Asturias, lying under a tree while the cows munched the grass of the hillside down below (he had only to lift his head to see it) the patch of maize he tended to feed them in winter. What Candido did not like about the trips was the business—deciding what to buy, in what quantities, worrying whether the owners would be pleased with the price he negotiated. No order of his was ever cancelled by them on his return to Tampa but he always feared it would be. There were all those papers he signed that he pretended he could read. And each time there was the shock of getting on a boat; it turned him again into a farmboy of thirteen making the long journey from Spain to Cuba alone. And illegally.

His widowed mother had sent him off to keep him out of the Army. Also, to make his fortune, for he had two older brothers, and the little farm in Asturias would not keep them all when they married. Others had made the voyage; it was nothing unusual. Someone from his valley had written from Havana that there was a place as apprentice in the cigar factory where he worked; Candido would live in the factory, earning his keep and learning the trade, for three years. In the port of Gijon, he was rowed out beyond the bay at dusk, long before the freighter on which he was to sail left its pier; he and another boy and a taciturn fisherman sat in the small bouncing boat for two hours, pretending to fish until it became dark. When the big ship got near them, it slowed; they rowed to its side; the nets were let down and the two boys were hauled over the side like another bundle of freight. In Havana, after the cargo was unloaded, a seaman delivered him to the factory. The fear that at any moment someone would grab him and send him back to Asturias in disgrace never left Candido, and on the last business trip he made to Cuba he was so nervous getting on board for his return to Tampa that he forgot a small valise on the pier. It was full of gifts for the family. For his sons and me he had bought wristwatches. They were to be a surprise. I was fourteen and did not allow myself to cry at disappointments. We were all gathered at his house, and each of the others yowled as Uncle Candido described his lost gift. Years later, in the Navy, I was accidentally hit in the eye with an iron hook and passed out; during the moment I reached for something with which to steady myself, I recognized the lighthearted, floating feeling of dismay as the same that had followed the earlier blow.

Uncle Candido was so fair-minded that as he walked away from the Centro Asturiano it occurred to him that Pepe Miseria would enjoy the trip to Cuba more than he. Pepe should have it, no question about it. Yet he had to sit for several minutes behind the wheel of the Dodge, which he always parked under the pecan tree around the corner, to absorb, in the quiet of the side street, the knowledge that this last possibility of a job in Ybor City was no longer there. He no longer had any reason to visit the canteen. He had feared *this* life was over, and it was. There was nothing for it but to tell Aunt Angela when he got home. He had an alternate plan—to go to New York, as others had begun to do. He turned on the ignition and took off solemnly, thinking this over. He drove more slowly than usual but followed the old route home. Down Seventh Avenue, where the shops and movies were. He always stopped at the Centro Español on the corner of Sixteenth Street, drank a last demitasse, and drove Cousin Pancho or anyone going his way home. He was almost there when he thought that he no longer need come here, either.

He never got to the Centro Español. The decision was made for him by a man who stepped out into the street. Uncle Candido hit him. Not hard, for he was going slowly. The man fell and then yelled. Before Uncle Candido got out of the car, Virgilio the Cop and others were there. They protected him from the sight of the man. They assured him it was not his fault, and one bystander put a hand on his shoulder and said, "It is nothing. Those little



"Now, don't get started on the Administration. You're in no condition to dump anyone."

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cuts on the head produce a lot of blood."

Virgilio the Cop chuckled and said, "In this case it is more likely alcohol." That steadied Uncle Candido; if the man was drunk, the accident must not really be his fault. Though he could not bring himself to look at the man, he offered to take him to a hospital. Virgilio the Cop smiled and pointed a finger at his own hand with a rubbing motion to let Candido know, without embarrassing anyone in the crowd, that the drunk was a Negro. "The city ambulance has to do it," he said aloud. "Go home. He is asleep without a worry. Forget about it."

WHEN Candido got home, Aunt Angela wanted to give him camomile tea, but that would have been unmanly and he took another cognac and fell asleep on top of the covers, with his socks on. Aunt Angela woke Aunt Titi; my mother saw the light in their kitchen and joined them, and the three sat up drinking the tea until they had exhausted the subject. They placed the blame on the whorehouses by the railroad tracks, only one block from Seventh Avenue. Uncle Candido had a troubled sleep, but awoke released of all the devils that had oppressed him during the night. He told Aunt Angela that he was telegraphing Uncle Antonio in New York to expect his arrival; if he did not go, they would soon be in trouble.

Aunt Angela put one hand over her heart, closed her eyes and thought of the Virgin of Covadonga, and then whispered, "But they will find you no matter how far you go!"

"Don't be a fool, woman!" he shouted. "I am talking about finding work. The accident was nothing—just a scratch on the head, and anyway the poor devil was only a . . ." He made a face, ashamed of what he was going to say, and Aunt Angela began to cry. "I am just being realistic about the Americans and what they will do. But I will make inquiries, I will even go to the hospital. I did not plan to leave just like that!" And he kissed her though they were not in bed—the first time since their courting days.

I did not learn about the accident then. Not even Cousin Zenaida talked of it—not until years later, when she reproached me for the quarrel I had with her father. That week in Ybor City, I thought she was uncommunicative because of her disappointment at having to leave for New York. New York! Their going meant that in a year and a half I could follow. It made up for not being able to go to college, and I thought it should make up to Cousin Zenaida, simply by its eye-bugging prospects, for the beaux and social life at the Centro Asturiano she was giving up.

That we would all go eventually there was no question. Aunt Angela wanted her children and her sisters and their children with her, and she took along as many as she could. Seven people, including one of my sisters, left in the Dodge for New York. The family stood by the car, making suggestions how to pack it. Two of the four in the rear were going to have to sit on the edge of the seat, but, as Cousin Pancho pointed out, could alternate with the two sitting back when they tired. Two valises covered with tarpaulin were strapped to the top of the car, and it took much maneuvering to close the trunk. Once everyone leaving got into the car, those of us remaining handed in the boxes of prepared food. Only Uncle Candido behind the wheel did

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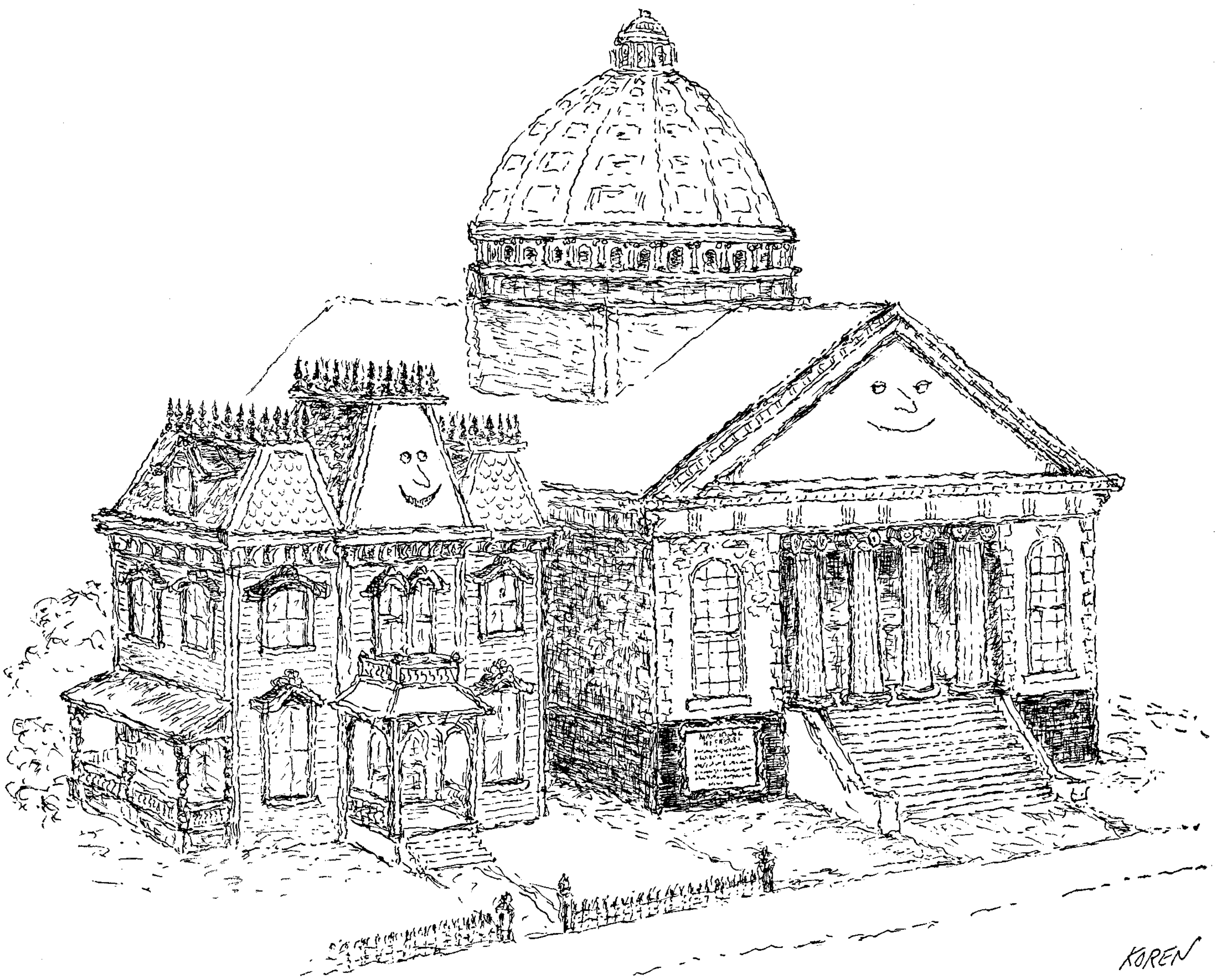
THE TRAIL HORSE

If I could get Yeats on a horse, I'd put a new rhythm into English poetry.—*Ezra Pound.*

Get on, expecting the worst—a mount like a statue
Or a bucking runaway.
If neither happens, if this bay mare holds still,
Then you're off
The ground, not touching the ground except through her
Four stilted corners
Which now plop up and down as carefully
In the mud by the road
As if her hoofprints were sinking in for good.
You're in the saddle
As she clip-clops up the path on a slack rein,
Her nose leading the way
Under the pine boughs switching like her tail.
Give in. Sit still.
It won't be hard to let her have her head—
It's hers by a neck;
She'll keep it against your geeing, hawing, or whoaing.
This one's been bred
To walk from daybreak to darkness in the mountains,
Up trail or down,
And will do it without you tomorrow. The apparatus
Cinching and bridling her,
The leather and metal restraints for a prisoner
Who *won't* be convenient,
Who *won't* do what she's told or listen to reason,
Are mostly for show:
For example, take this place you're passing now—
Tall stumps and boulders,
Thirty degrees of slope and a narrow trail—
A time for judgment,
A time for the nice control of cause and effect.
Do you see the flies
Clustered around her eyelids, nipping their salt?
Or the humming wasp
Tossed from her tail to her rump where it sinks in?
Suddenly swivelling
And sliding, jerking tight as a slipknot
And rearing out from under,
Arched like a cow and a half humped over the moon,
She leaves you alone,
And you part company on the only terms
Possible, hers being yours—
No straddler of winged horses, no budding centaur,
But a man biting the dust.

—David Wagoner



"What did they give you—National Landmark or Historical Monument?"

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not carry a package on his lap. He feared the Dodge and planned to sell it as soon as they reached New York.

THE moment they rounded the corner, it seemed they were half the world away. We sat on the porch of the big house and tried to talk, but a long quiet descended between each exchange. In the year and a half before my turn came to leave, I got to know well those periods of quiet after each leave-taking. They were my first experience of depression, that numbing feeling that my desires had no effect on the course of events. I was certain I would never get to New York.

Yet when I had time to reflect I knew that the presence of Aunt Angela and Uncle Candido in New York insured that I would go. Aunt Angela could not do without her family, and Uncle Candido was bound to be successful. Two months before I graduated from high school, Aunt Angela wrote that Uncle Candido was opening a cigar store. Right under the shadow of the Empire State Building, she said, and we were all to come.

Another carload was packed, and many boxes of food. We stopped only for gas and when we crossed into Manhattan Sunday noon, to ask directions to 100th Street on the West Side. "Just keep going uptown, fella," a man said, and as soon as we drove away from him we all laughed, thrilled to have heard English spoken as in the movies.

Cousin Zenaida was waiting on the sidewalk on 100th Street, making strange faces and waving us down the block to the corner.

"There is something wrong," my mother said.

My younger sister groaned. "Oh, Mother," she said, but Cousin Zenaida did display a very serious expression, and she opened the door and got on my lap with no explanation.

"Keep driving," she said. She looked out the back window, and then burst into laughter. "We broke the lease," she said, "and I didn't want the super to see me!"

"Broke the lease . . . super—" We didn't know what any of this meant.

"What, what?" Mother asked. "Is my sister all right?"

Cousin Zenaida had another laughing fit, and didn't answer immediately, because she had to wipe tears from her eyes. Her brother, who was driving, had parked and would go no farther until she talked. Yesterday, the family had moved to 163rd Street, she explained, but the lease at 100th Street still had six months to run. We understood the first part but not the second, and Cousin Zenaida had to explain to us about leases.

My mother had been on strike many times, walked on picket lines, agreed wholeheartedly when Grandfather and Cousin Pancho denounced the capitalist system, but not paying a debt and breaking the law were other matters. "Oh," she said quietly, and for a moment her fear spread in the car.

"It happens all the time!" Zenaida said.

"Sure," said my younger sister, already in the spirit of New York. "Gee whizz, of course."

Aunt Angela and Mother cried when they saw each other. We added our boxes and duffelbags to the ones in the long hall of the apartment in Washington Heights. "You have to keep the lights on day and night—there is never any sun!" Aunt Angela said and started to cry again. We followed her toward the front of the apartment, expecting to find everyone who had preceded us to New York. There was no one in the living room but a young man to whom Zenaida gave a kiss. What a shock! What a promise as well—if girls were going to kiss you even in the presence of their families! It took me a while to gather that Uncle Candido and all the others were down at the cigar store—even longer to figure out that the store was being liquidated.

"What? It failed?" said the cousin who had driven all the way from Tampa expecting to have a job in the store that was under the shadow of the Empire State Building.

"Oh, my son, we are ruined!" Aunt Angela cried, and threw herself into my mother's arms.

Cousin Zenaida giggled, took her arm away from her young man's waist, and said, "For God sakes, Mother, it's no tragedy."

"You see how they talk?" Aunt Angela said to Mother. "We are all going to end up in jail."

"But why?" her son asked.

"You may well ask," Cousin Zenaida replied. "There was no trouble with the apartment, right?"

We began to see more clearly now. My mother's eyes got very big, and she glanced away when she noticed Cousin Zenaida's young man. My younger sister exclaimed, "You are breaking the lease!" and Mother said, "Sh-h-h!" The young man laughed and Zenaida threw up her arms, and I decided to laugh, too. "Come on," Cousin Zenaida said. "They are waiting for us downtown to bring the car and load up!"

We left Mother and Aunt Angela sipping camomile tea in the kitchen. One hour in New York and that old ritual was dismally provincial, old-fashioned, tolerable but funny—very funny. In the car, we laughed about their fears, and Cousin Zenaida's young man gave us a short course in Marxism. He read the *New Masses*, and promised to give me the copy he was carrying as soon as he had finished with it. It was dazzling to listen to him: he came from Tampa but he had been to college up North, spoke with neither a Spanish nor Southern accent, and was an engineer earning forty-five dollars a week. That last I learned another day, when Aunt Angela told Mother, for to Johnny (that was his name) such things were of no importance. Nor to us in the car going down to Thirty-third Street—none of the subjects that were proper for the talk that went with camomile tea.

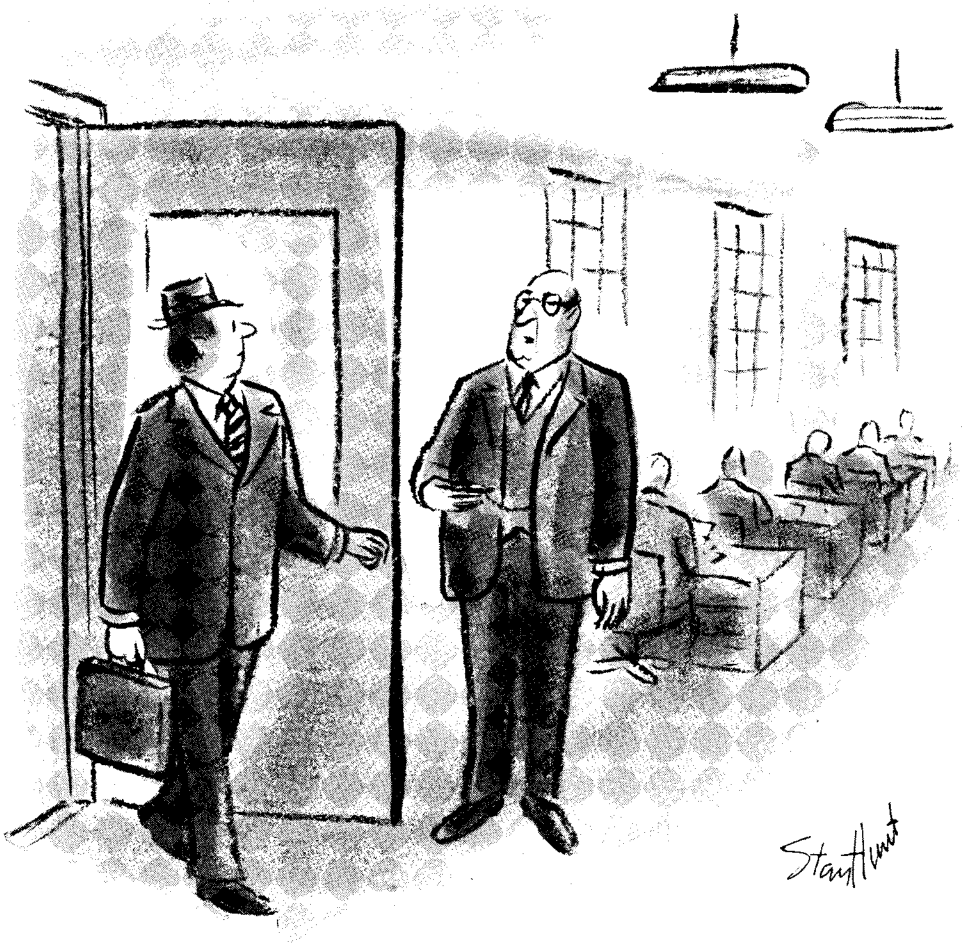
But Cousin Zenaida's brother did worry for one moment. "Why did the store fail when it was under the shadow of the Empire State Building?"

Johnny laughed hard. Not loud but hard. There's a difference, and although I tried to duplicate it, my laughter only reflected excitement at seeing the city and being there with my cousins. In time, I would be harsh and think—under the guise of political intelligence—that Uncle Candido was a fool.

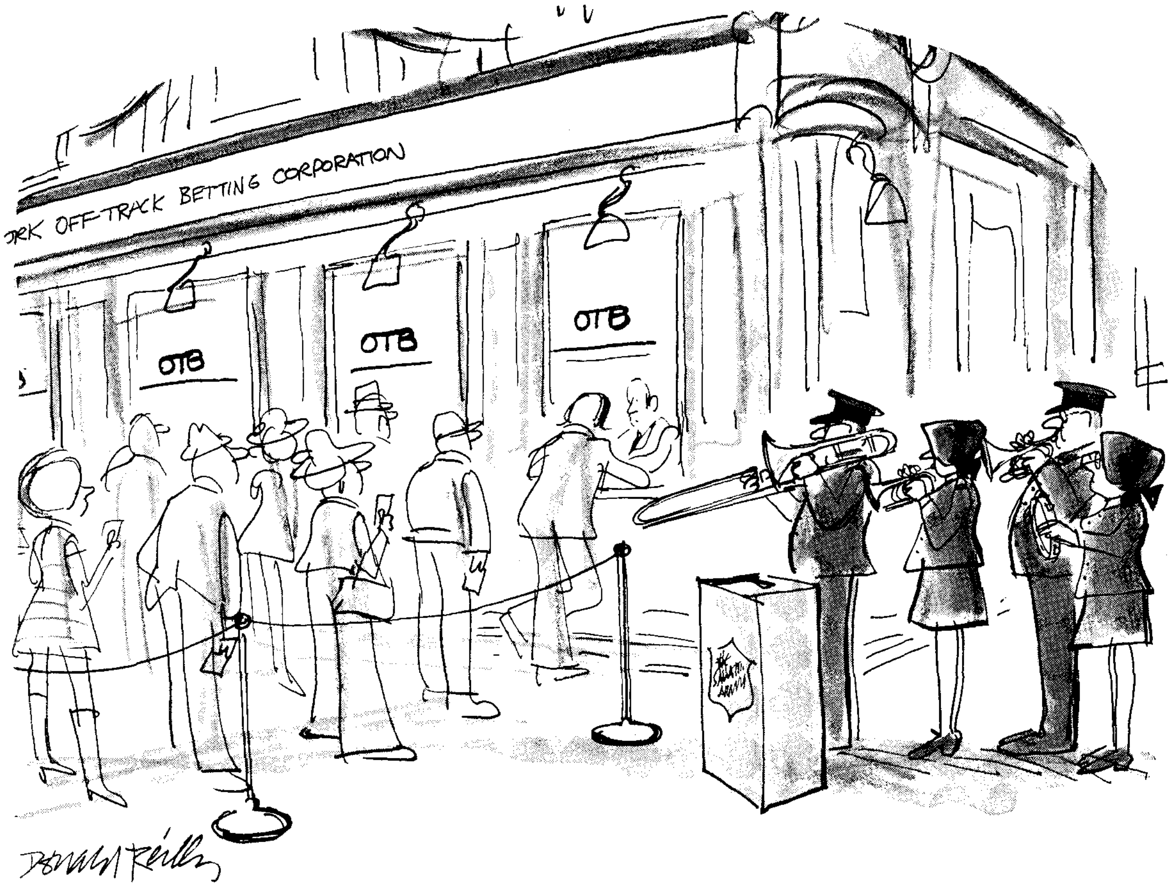
JOHNNY married Cousin Zenaida. His political opinions did not change, but they never became more than opinions. "You're a petit bourgeois," I would say, having gone a little farther than he. By 1945, the family had all returned to Tampa—the war revived the cigar industry, and Uncle Candido was again a foreman—and three years overseas had given a cutting edge to *my* opinions. I hated Winston Churchill and Uncle Candido admired him, as he did solidly successful men like Roosevelt and Stalin, and we fought because he did not readily accept my view and asked Johnny what he thought. To my uncle I was just a boy—in a sailor's uniform and wearing that little white cap dipping down to my right eyebrow—and Johnny was his son-in-law, the father of two children, and the only engineer with a Latin background on the west coast of Florida.

I did not let Johnny say whether Churchill was an imperialist or not. "Why do you ask Johnny?" I yelled.

"Why not?" Uncle Candido said, and began to chuckle and turned to Johnny to see if he would join him in



"Peters, I've been told that you think I wouldn't give anyone the time of day. Well, Peters, it's exactly nine-thirty-nine and a half."



his chuckling at my expense.

"I will tell you why not," I said, and I could feel anger running ahead of my words, daring me. "Because he does not know as much as I do about Churchill and the British Empire and what they are doing in Greece right now. Because *I* know! And this is not the Centro Asturiano canteen where you can walk in like a Spanish grandee and have them kiss your foot because you are a foreman although you are ignorant and do not know what you are talking about."

Aunt Angela and Mother had come to the door of the kitchen. "Pini," Mother called weakly.

"Now tell him," I said to Johnny, "what anyone with any intelligence knows about Winston Churchill."

I do not know whether to laugh or cry about that scene. It was a ritual, I think now, and rituals must be enacted and taken seriously. My father had died when I was a boy, Grandfather before I returned from the war, and that left only Uncle Candido between me and full manhood.

Uncle Candido crumpled easily. He smiled and shot a glance at Johnny, and when he saw that Johnny was ashamed but agreed with me there came a look into his large, brown, liquid eyes in which surprise, apprehension, dismay, and fear of the inevitable swam for one moment. He recovered quickly. "Well, old woman," he called to Aunt Angela, "where is my coffee?"

YEARS later, I was visiting Tampa with my wife and son when Uncle Candido began to die. He had become so good at covering up his troubles that no one had any warning he was ill. He simply stumbled to one knee as he walked from the car to his porch, and his grandchildren there—Zenaida and Johnny had dropped by with their family—laughed at the sight. Then he rolled over on the lawn in a faint. The doctors at the Centro Asturiano Hospital found that he had been hemorrhaging internally, and Johnny discovered in the glove compartment of Uncle Candido's car and under the front seat handkerchiefs and rags stiff with dried blood. No one could understand what had made him keep it a secret.

My wife and I went to see him before we returned to New York. He was alone in a small room at the Centro Asturiano Hospital, and we did not talk about his illness. He headed us off. He turned to my wife and pointed out to her that from the windows he could look onto a corner of the grounds of the Old Folks Home.

He did not pronounce Old Folks Home with the sad, pitying accent of Latins who think only Americans are so callous as to rid themselves of the old. "It is very nice there," he said. "I can see them walk and sit on the benches." We looked toward the windows and saw that the moss-laden oak trees created peaceful, shaded corners on the grounds. "Do you think," he asked, "they also have a little place where they grow vegetables?"

He was being indirect and he was putting it sweetly—absolving us at the same time from having to talk about his illness—but he was telling me that life could be good without one's family. He lived a few more weeks, but that was his real death. He had let go. I did not tell Cousin Zenaida or Aunt Angela or Mother, and I hoped that my wife had not understood. She had, but she did not know how I had participated in Uncle Candido's death.

I had played my part that Sunday of our arrival in New York. There were six of us in the car going down to Thirty-third Street, none of us older than twenty-five. We drove past Columbus Circle and Times Square and Penn Station. A world of marvels—even Thirty-third Street uninhabited on Sunday—and we burst into the shop, laughing and superior. Grandfather and Uncle Candido were there alone, tying everything into bundles; the others, carrying light packages, had taken the subway home. Grandfather, that tough old survivor, looked at us sternly, and Uncle Candido smiled to hide his shame.

"Under the shadow of the Empire State!" I called, trying out my new wit, and the smile visibly fell from Uncle Candido's face. He continued to look toward me and saw not me but death.

—Jose Yglesias

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HIDE-OUT—A tree-infested forest in Gilan which members of the gang used as their hide-out before launching the attack on the Siah-Kal Gendarmerie Post.—*Photograph caption in the Tehran (Iran) Journal.*

Help stamp out trees!

PERPETUA

1.

NOW Perpetua was living alone. She had told her husband that she didn't want to live with him any longer.

"Why not?" he had asked.

"For all the reasons you know," she said.

Harold's farewell gift was a Blue Cross-Blue Shield insurance policy, paid up for one year. Now Perpetua was putting valve oil on her trumpet. One of the valves was sticking. She was fourth-chair trumpet with the New World Symphony Orchestra.

Perpetua thought: That time he banged the car door on my finger. I am sure it was deliberate. That time he locked me out while I was pregnant and I had to walk four miles after midnight to my father's house. One does not forget.

Perpetua smiled at the new life she saw spread out before her like a red velvet map.

Back in the former house, Harold watched television.

Perpetua remembered the year she was five. She had to learn to be nice, all in one year. She only learned part of it. She was not fully nice until she was seven.

Now I must obtain a lover, she thought. Perhaps more than one. One for Monday, one for Tuesday, one for Wednesday . . .

2.

HAROLD was looking at a picture of the back of a naked girl, in a magazine for men. The girl was pulling a dress over her head, in the picture. This girl has a nice-looking back, Harold thought. I wonder where she lives?

Perpetua sat on the couch in her new apartment smoking dope with a handsome bassoon player. A few cats walked around.

"Our art contributes nothing to the revolution," the bassoon player said. "We cosmeticize reality."

"We are trustees of Form," Perpetua said.

"It is hard to make the revolution with a bassoon," the bassoon player said.

"Sabotage?" Perpetua suggested.

"Sabotage would get me fired," her companion replied. "The sabotage would be confused with ineptness anyway."

I am tired of talking about the revolution, Perpetua thought.

"Go away," she said. The bassoon player put on his black raincoat and left.

It is wonderful to be able to tell them to go away, she reflected. Then she said aloud, "Go away. Go away. Go away."

Harold went to visit his child, Peter. Peter was at school in New England. "How do you like school?" Harold asked Peter.

"It's O.K.," Peter said. "Do you have a light?"

Harold and Peter watched the game together. Peter's school won. After the game, Harold went home.

3.

PERPETUA dreamed that she was a saint, a hermit, in the desert. In the dream she was constructing a soup. She used weeds, water, a ham bone given her by a pilgrim. The ham bone exhibited traces of having been gone over by a dog. There were palpable teeth marks on it. Perpetua thought: I wish I had some salt for this soup.

She went to her mother's house for Christmas. Her mother was cooking the eighty-seventh turkey of her life. "God damn this turkey!" Perpetua's mother shouted. "If anyone knew how I hate, loathe, and despise turkeys. If I had known that I would cook eighty-seven separate and distinct turkeys in my life, I would have split forty-four years ago. I would have been long gone for the tall timber."

Perpetua's mother showed her a handsome new leather coat. "Tanned in the bile of matricides," her mother said, with a meaningful look.

Harold wrote to the magazine for men asking for the name and address of the girl whose back had bewitched him. The magazine answered his letter saying that it could not reveal this information. The magazine was not a pimp, it said.

Harold, enraged, wrote to the magazine and said that if the magazine was not a pimp, what was it? The magazine answered that while it could not in all conscience give Harold the girl's address, it would be glad to give him her grid coördinates. Harold, who had had map reading in the Army, was delighted.

4.

PERPETUA sat in the trumpet section of the New World Symphony Orchestra. She had a good view of the other players because the sections were on risers and the trumpet section sat on the highest riser of all. They were playing Brahms. A percussionist had just split a head on the bass drum. "I luff Brahms," he explained.

Perpetua thought: I wish this so-called conductor would get his movie together.

After the concert she took off her orchestra uniform and put on her suède jeans, her shirt made of a lot of colored scarves sewn together, her carved-wood *neck bracelet, and her D'Artagnan* cape with its silver lining.

Perpetua could not remember what was this year and what was last year. Had something just happened, or had it happened a long time ago? She met many new people. "You are different," Perpetua said to Sunny Marge. "Very few of the girls I know wear a tattoo of the head of Marshal Foch on their back."

"I am different," Sunny Marge agreed. "Since I posed for that picture in that magazine for men, many people have been after my back. My back has become practically an international incident. So I decided to alter it."

"Will it come off? Ever?"

"I hope and pray."

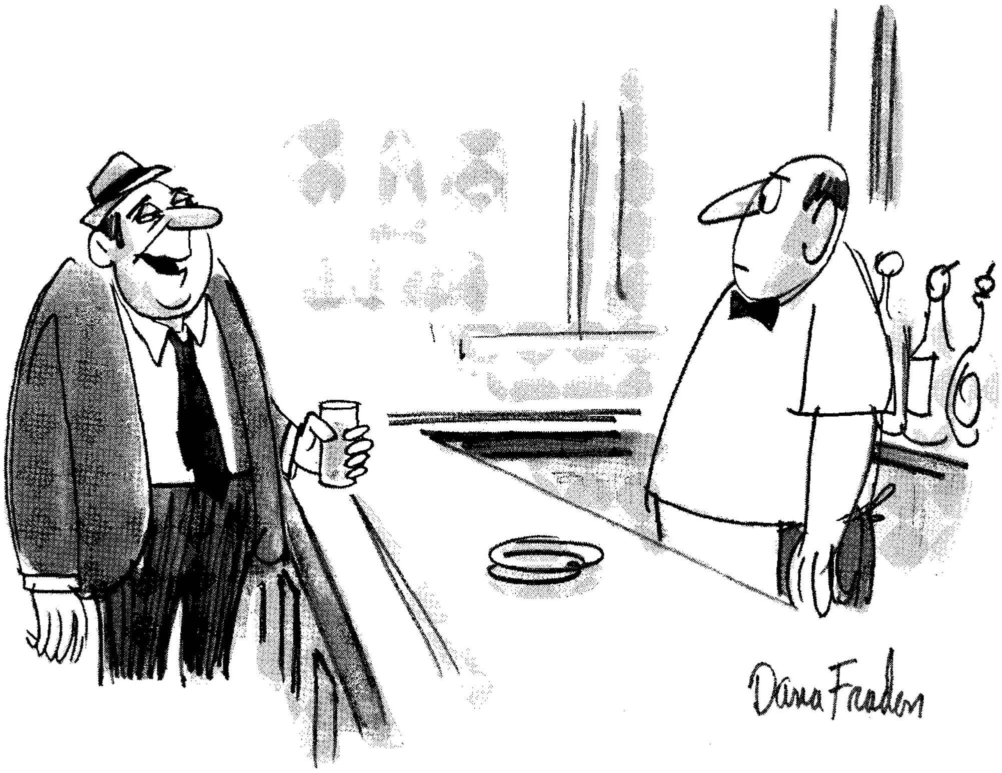
Perpetua slept with Robert in his loft. His children were sleeping on mattresses in the other room. It was cold. Robert said that when he was a child he was accused by his teacher of being "pert." Pertness was attributed to him.

Perpetua and Robert whispered to each other, on the mattress.

5.

PERPETUA said, "I am alone. I have thrown my husband away. I remember him. Once he seemed necessary to me, or at least important, or at least interesting. Now none of these things is true. Now he is as strange to me as something in the window of a pet shop. I gaze into the pet-shop window, the Irish setters move about, making their charming moves, I see the moves and see that they are charming, yet I am not charmed. An Irish setter is what I do not need. I remember my husband awaking in the morning, inserting his penis in his penis sheath, placing ornaments of bead and feather on his upper arms, smearing his face with ochre and umber—broad lines under the eyes and across the brow. I remember him taking his blowpipe from the umbrella stand and leaving for the office. What he did there I never knew. Slew his enemies, he said. Our dinner table was decorated with the heads of his enemies, whom he had slain. It was hard to believe one man could have so many enemies. Or maybe they were the same enemies, slain over and over and over. He said he saw girls going down the street who broke his heart, in their loveliness. I no longer broke his heart, he said. I had not broken his heart for at least a year, perhaps more than a year, with my loveliness. Well screw that, I said, screw that. My oh my, he said, my oh my, what a mouth. He meant that I was foulmouthed. This, I said, is just the beginning."

In the desert, Harold's Land-Rover had a flat tire. Harold got out of the Land-Rover and looked at his map. Could this be the wrong map?



"If someone came in here asking questions for a dossier on me, Harry, would you say nice things or bad things?"

6.

Perpetua was scrubbing Sunny Marge's back with a typewriter eraser.

"Oh. Ouch. Oh. Ouch."

"I'm not making much progress," Perpetua said.

"Well I suppose it will have to be done by the passage of time," Sunny Marge said, looking at her back in the mirror.

"Years are bearing us to Heaven," Perpetua agreed.

Perpetua and Sunny Marge went cruising, on the boulevard. They saw a man coming toward them.

"He's awfully clean-looking," Perpetua said.

"Probably he's from out of town," Sunny Marge said.

Edmund was a small farmer.

"What is your cash crop?" Sunny Marge asked.

"We have two hundred acres in hops," the farmer replied. "That reminds me, would you ladies like a drink?"

"*I'd* like a drink," Perpetua said.

"I'd like a drink too," Sunny Marge said. "Do you know anywhere he can go in those clothes?"

"Maybe we'd better go back to my place," Perpetua said.

At Perpetua's apartment Edmund recounted the history of hops.

"Would you like to see something interesting?" Sunny Marge asked Edmund.

"What is it?"

"A portrait of Marshal Foch, a French hero of World War I."

"Sure," Edmund said.

The revolution called and asked Perpetua if she would tape an album of songs of the revolution.

"Sure," Perpetua said.

Harold took ship for home. He shared a cabin with a man whose hobby was building scale models of tank battles.

"This is a *Sturmgeschütz* of the 1945 period," the man said. "Look at the bullet nicks. The bullet nicks are done by applying a small touch of gray paint with a burst effect of flat white. For small holes in the armor, I pierce with a hot nail."

The floor of Harold's cabin was covered with tanks locked in duels to the death.

Harold hurried to the ship's bar. I wonder how Perpetua is doing, he thought. I wonder if she is happier without me. Probably she is. Probably she has found deep contentment by now. But maybe not.

7.

Perpetua met many new people. She met Henry, who was a cathedral builder. He built cathedrals in places where there were no cathedrals—Twayne, Nebraska, for example. Every American city needed a cathedral, Henry said. The role of the cathedral in the building of the national soul was well known. We should punish ourselves in our purses, Henry said, to shape up the national soul. An arch never sleeps, Henry said, pointing to the never-sleeping arches in his plans. Architecture is memory, Henry said, and the nation that had no cathedrals to speak of had no memory to speak of either. He did it all, Henry said, with a 30-man crew composed of 1 superintendent 1 masonry foreman 1 ironworker foreman 1 carpenter foreman 1 pipefitter foreman 1 electrician foreman 2 journeyman masons 2 journeyman ironworkers 2 journeyman carpenters 2 journeyman pipefitters 2 journeyman electricians 1 mason's helper 1 ironworker's helper 1 carpenter's helper 1 pipefitter's helper 1 electrician's helper 3 gargoyle carvers 1 grimer 1 clerk-of-the-works 1 master fund-raiser 2 journeyman fund-raisers and 1 fund-raiser's helper. Cathedrals are mostly a matter of thrusts, Henry said. You got to balance your thrusts. The ribs of your vaults intersect collecting the vertical and lateral thrusts at fixed points which are then buttressed or grounded although that's not so important anymore when you use a steel skeleton as we do which may be cheating but I always say that cheating in the Lord's name is O.K. as long as He don't catch you at it. Awe and grace, Henry said, awe and grace, that's what we're selling and we offer a Poet's Corner where any folks who were poets or even suspected of being poets can be buried, just like Westminster Abbey. The financing is the problem, Henry said. What we usually do is pick out some old piece of ground that was a cornfield or something like that, and put it in the Soil Bank. We take that piece of ground out of production and promise the government we won't grow no more corn on it no matter how they

"Throw a few crumbs to one of them, and look what happens! They all want a few crumbs."

• •

beg and plead with us. Well the government sends a man around from the Agriculture Department and he agrees with us that there certainly ain't no corn growing there. So we ask him about how much he thinks we can get from the Soil Bank and he says it looks like around a hundred and fifty thousand a year to him but that he will have to check with the home office and we can't expect the money before around the middle of next week. We tell him that will be fine and we all go have a drink over to the Holiday Inn. Of course the hundred and fifty thousand is just a spit in the ocean but it pays for the four-color brochures. By this time we got our artist's rendering of the Twayne Undenominational Cathedral sitting right in the lobby of the Valley National Bank on a card table covered with angel hair left over from Christmas, and the money is just pouring in. And I'm worrying about how we're going to *staff* this cathedral. We need a sexton and a bellringer and a beadle and maybe an undenominational archbishop, and that last is hard to come by. Pretty soon the ground is broken and the steel is up, and the Bell Committee is wrangling about whether the carillon is going to be sixteen bells or thirty-two. There is something about cathedral building that men like, Henry said, this has often been noticed. And the first thing you know it's Dedication Day and the whole state is there, it seems like, with long lines of little girls carrying bouquets of mistflowers and the Elks Honor Guard presenting arms with M-16s sent back in pieces from Nam and reassembled for domestic use, and the band is playing the Albinoni Adagio in G Minor which is the saddest piece of music ever written down by mortal man and the light is streaming through the guaranteed stained-glass windows and the awe is so thick you could cut it with a knife.

"You are something else, Henry," Perpetua said.

8.

PERPETUA and André went over to have dinner with Sunny Marge and Edmund.

"This is André," Perpetua said.

André, a well-dressed graduate of the École du Regard, managed a large industry in Reims.

Americans were very strange, André said. They did not have a stable pattern of family life, as the French did. This was attributable to the greater liberty—perhaps license was not too strong a term—permitted to American women by their husbands and lovers. American women did not know where their own best interests lay, André said. The intoxication of modern life, which was in part a result of the falling away of former standards of conduct . . .

Perpetua picked up a chicken leg and tucked it into the breast pocket of André's coat.

"Goodbye, André."

Peter called Perpetua from his school in New England.

"What's the matter, Peter?"

"I'm lonesome."

"Do you want to come stay with me for a while?"

"No. Can you send me fifty dollars?"

"Yes. What do you want it for?"

"I want to buy some blue racers."

Peter collected snakes. Sometimes Perpetua thought that the snakes were dearer to him than she was.

9.

HAROLD walked into Perpetua's apartment.

"Harold," Perpetua said.

"I just want to ask you one question," Harold said. "Are you happier now than you were before?"

"Sure," Perpetua said.

—Donald Barthelme

AN UPSTATE DIARY

II—1960–1970

1960

THE summer of 1960 in Talcottville was uncomfortable and very strained.

My friends Barbara Deming and Mary Meigs came to see me just at the moment when I had an income-tax crisis; most of my other guests, mostly in August: Bill Fenton, Stephen Spender, Sam Behrman, the Marcelins. Without Elena to help entertain them, I could hardly do them all justice. I saw Stephen at, I think, his best. He likes to be encouraged and reassured; is better, perhaps, alone, when one can give him all one's attention. He, as I have said, inscribed one of his poems on the hall window at the top of the stairs, the one that begins, "I think continually of those who were truly great," and ends, "Born of the sun, they travelled a short while toward the sun/ And left the vivid air signed with their honour." I don't have a curtain hung over it, and it comes out brightly and appropriately in the light of the late afternoon. He also did a quatrain especially for me, which I have set in one of the front windows of the big downstairs room. A pleasant picnic at Independence River, with sandwiches and a bottle of wine: blue closed gentians and red cardinal flowers, little boys diving and swimming, with a dog that got worried and barked when he had difficulty in going after them across the stones. Stephen thought that it was all "very 'Huckleberry Finn.' "

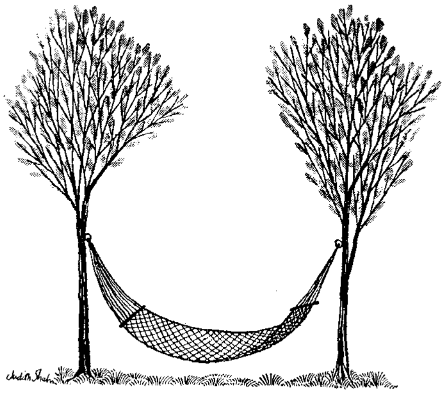
ALBERT GRUBEL was much gratified this year by the highest death rate yet for the Fourth of July.

He is getting rather feeble but still drives me to Boonville.

There is a house on the left when you are entering Boonville in which a woman, he tells me, shot her husband last autumn. He had bet on the World Series and lost, and came home and got rough with his wife. She was pregnant, and he kicked her in the stomach and threatened to shoot the children. She peppered him with a shotgun while "he laid right on the bed." She appeared in court in Utica, and was let out on bail and had her baby. There have been, I think, two other cases lately of women who shot their husbands and went scot-free. This seems to me characteristic of the local independence of the letter of the law. I was told about two Boonville men who decided to swap wives without the formalities of divorce. The one who had the less attractive wife is supposed to have made it up to the other man by throwing in a sack of potatoes. So lifelong illicit relations are overlooked. And there is a legend of a house in Talcottville to which the husband came one night, according to one version, after having been away for some years, and which he was never seen to leave. The story is that he was murdered by his wife and buried in the cellar.

Albert said that some people thought that there had been something kind of funny about that boy who got lost and was never found. They drained the lakes. "The boy hadn't been quite right, and the family may have done something to him."

LAST summer, Bill Fenton brought me in touch with a state zoologist who was studying the small mammals of Tug Hill. An enthusiastic, able young man, excited at having found water shrews of a kind that Audubon does not include in his "Quadrupeds of North America" and about which not much has been known. They have a fringe on their hind feet, and are the only animals known which, like water bugs, can skate on the surface of the water. He had found one that had been maimed but not killed in one of his traps and was still able to "skitter around" on a pan of water. When they dive, they secrete bubbles of air in their fur that enable them to rise to the surface. They flourish here in abundance, and this young man was delighted by the unexpected opportunity to study them. He had a laboratory in a little old schoolhouse that had been turned into a camp, and an assistant who knew how to dissect the animals but didn't know what such a word as *placenta* meant. The little pelts were all mounted, and some of the little organs preserved in jars. He explained to me the various species of mice, of which there are more than I could have imagined—the shrews and the flying squirrels. It made rather a pathetic impression: among the fresh specimens, one of the females was pregnant, and the pale tiny penises of the males stuck out in a frustrated way that also testified to the determined persistence of life. From there, we went to visit the traps, which he does early every morning. I had never been off the road in that wild part of Tug Hill before: unfamiliar birds, animals, flowers—yellow-beaked cuckoos and a huge blue crane; the usual closed gentians and cardinal flowers; a bright, reddish-pink water flower, floating in a web of stems in a marsh, which I later identified as "amphibious knotweed;" the insect-trapping pitcher plant, with the red-veined green pitchers of its leaves, which look as if they actually contained arteries, and its startling rosettelike red flowers. These last in a sphagnum swamp, where they gave an uncomfortable impression of being actually voracious in a carnivorous, animal-like way. As one walked on the sphagnum, it gave under one's weight like a hammock. (Darwin, in his book on insectivorous plants, knew about our pitcher plant, *Sarracenia*, and the so-called cobra plant, *Darlingtonia*, that grows in the Sierra Nevada. He mentions them but does not describe them, having apparently never been able to examine them.) The zoologist did his trapping with mousetraps and rattraps, mostly not far from the road. Beyond is the forest, a wilderness in which there are wildcats and bears and in which it is easy to lose one's way. But he says he never carries a gun. Many water shrews and mice in the traps. It gave me a new satisfaction to go into the woods with someone who could tell you about not only every animal but every bird, every tree, every plant. He knew what each of his little animals ate, where it would be likely to live. I had mixed feelings of admiration for the techniques of zoological science and of pity for the poor little beasts. They don't, however, have much mercy on one another: a shrew, it seems, will eat another shrew if it finds it caught in a trap. On the way back, the young man confessed that he felt rather bad about killing his specimens. He took me to his house for a drink. He and his wife and their children seemed a little like small mammals, too. I have felt



that this was a kind of law among people who study wildlife. Ornithologists are often birdlike, and I remember how Carl Akeley, who wrote about pachyderms, used to come charging into the *Vanity Fair* office, giving the impression, with his gray skin and heavy build, of being himself a rhinoceros.

The young zoologist's stay was curtailed when his department transferred him to Long Island, to find out whether the cases of hookworm which had been appearing there had been due to infection from any small mammals. I was sorry to have him go, and for him to have to drop his study of water shrews.

1961

TWO of my plays had been translated in Hungary, and a volume of the Hungarian translations reached me in Talcottville in the summer of 1960. I gave a copy to Mary Pcolar, who works in Kramer's pharmacy, in Boonville, and who is the only Hungarian here I know. I found that she was perfectly literate in Hungarian as well as in English. She is a very handsome girl, in whom the Mongolian stock is evident: high cheekbones, slightly slanting gray eyes, set rather wide apart, a figure erect and well built. I asked her to teach me Hungarian, and she said she would if I would teach her French. I made a couple of appointments with her, but she always later got out of them. When I knew her better, she told me that she had been afraid that she didn't know the language well enough to teach it to somebody else, and that she had heard that I might be a dangerous character because I had a cellar of wines and had been married four times (the rumored cellar consisted of three or four bottles which I sometimes purchased in Utica and kept on the windowsill).

But by 1961 she had left the pharmacy and for the moment did not have a job. She suddenly appeared at the Stone House one day—leaving her children in the car as chaperons—dressed in white shorts and looking very attractive. She said, "All right, I'll teach you Hungarian." She turned out to be very intelligent. It is not likely to be the case that children who have grown up in foreign-language-speaking households really understand the language of their parents in such a way as to be able to explain it from a grammatical point of view. But Mary was able to analyze the structure of the agglutinated Hungarian words. She has natural qualifications as a teacher and has always had the ambition to be one. It has been the tragedy of her life that she was not allowed to go to college. The superintendent of her school recommended it to her parents, but they, European peasants, had no idea of higher education for women. She had taught herself literate Hungarian entirely by studying the Hungarian papers from the point of view of literate English. Though she understood the structure of the words, there was one thing she could not explain. The language has a peculiarity, apparently derived from its Oriental source, that does not exist, so far as I know, in any European or Slavic language: the form of the verbs is determined not only by the subject but also by the object—that is, if the object is "specific," the verb has a different ending than if the object is something general. There is a difference in the form of the verb between "I want eggs" and "I want that egg"—though the Hungarian idea of what is specific and what is general does not quite correspond with ours. There is also a distinctive form of the verb in the first person with a personal object in the singular second: *szerelek*, *I love you*, and *kérelek*, *I beg you*, do not need any pronouns at all; the form of the verb is enough. A literary Hungarian who has a French wife tells me that this is the only feature of the language that she has not been able to master. And I found that Mary, when I began to be puzzled by two forms which seemed to mean the same thing, was not able to explain that for every verb you had to learn two conjungations—though of course it would have been impossible for her ever to have used the wrong form herself. An English-Hungarian grammar saved the situation.

That summer, Mary became indispensable to me. She not only worked with me at Hungarian, she drove me around, typed my manuscripts and letters, and provided me with a pleasant

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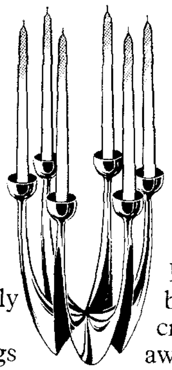

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companion, who never got on my nerves. She has a remarkably many-sided competence. She makes all her own clothes and does gardening and carpenter work on her house. She takes courses in cosmetics to qualify herself for work in drugstores and does the makeup for the amateur theatre at Lyons Falls. She has written poems and children's stories, and she still, when there is nothing more urgent to do, paints not at all discreditable landscapes. She has brought up her three children so that they are much better trained than many of the children of my literary and academic friends. She has had each of them learn to play a different musical instrument, and restricts their watching television to the weekends. She was secretary and treasurer of the local Parent-Teacher Association and president of the alumni association of her school. She belongs to a large family. Her father had acquired in West Leyden a farm of a hundred and seventy acres, which he seems to have worked with remarkable success in handling the difficult soil, and Mary, who adored him, grew up learning how to do all kinds of farm work. After school, when she could not go to college, in order to get away from West Leyden she went to live in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, where there were already many Hungarians. She worked by day at the Vogue School of Fashion Modelling in New York and at night as a telephone girl. The horrors of living in Perth Amboy I can imagine from having had to pass through it on my way between Red Bank and New York. The New Jersey heat in summer is bad enough, but in Perth Amboy she had to endure it in uncomfortable living quarters in the bad-smelling factory town. She married there a young Slovak, an ex-war hero who had been decorated for distinguished service in the 45th Combat Infantry in Germany. Then her father died, unexpectedly, of a heart attack, and her mother was about to sell the farm, but Mary hurried back and prevented this. She took over the household and has run it ever since. Her husband was at first reluctant to come but very soon got to like the country. He is a steelworker in the Revere Copper & Brass works, in Rome.

Mary is in some ways more European than American, and it is interesting to hear her opinions of the way young Americans live. It seems to her odd that there should be a convention that when children get married their parents must give them a car as a wedding present, instead of their working for one. [I became very fond of Mary and followed her further career as if she were an interesting niece, and I always felt regret that there was so little I could do to help her.]

AS a character in one of Chekhov's plays, speaking in the late nineties, says that he is "a man of the eighties," so I find that I am a man of the twenties. I still expect something: drinks, animated conversation, gaiety, brilliant writing, uninhibited exchange of ideas. I have never had quite the expectation of Scott Fitzgerald's character that somewhere things were "glimmering": I thought life had its excitements wherever I was. But it was part of the same *Zeitgeist*. Now I try to discipline myself not to be so silly in depending for really deep satisfaction on things that are transitory and superficial. I try to diet and cut down on drinking and not to look forward to sprees. I hope I am well on the way to becoming a sedate old gentleman.

IT is a sign of Mary Pcolar's genuine sensibility that when I gave her two of Hemingway's books, she should have noted with special appreciation the moment in "Big Two-Hearted River" when the boy, having just caught a magnificent trout, delays, before cleaning and cooking it, to savor his high satisfaction.

HELEN and I went to the county fair at Lowville (August 17th) with Mary Pcolar and her two little girls—a more enjoyable day at a county fair than any I have had since my youth. There was a better sideshow entertainment than has been usual lately—this kind of thing seems to be dying out. It included a magician and sword-swallower and one of those manufactured monsters, a supposed baby with a dog face. The magician got Helen on the platform, and—somewhat to my surprise—she seemed to be enjoying her own performance. He had also a really pretty and young assistant. As we were walking, later, on the fairgrounds, I met the magician from the sideshow. I explained that I was an amateur magician myself and complimented him on his coin tricks, said that there were certain things he did that I couldn't understand. He said, "I can see you're a carnival man"—I was carrying a hooked cane and had an old, shapeless panama hat with one side of the brim torn—and he showed me how to perform a palming sleight that I have never seen described. You catch a quarter between two folds of skin at the top of the wrist below the thumb. He had specially developed the two folds for this, and this was how he had made his coin disappear when I couldn't see where he was holding it. "I taught Indian Jim that," he boasted.

It was all very quiet and pleasant. Helen inspected the horses with a more or less expert eye, and took the little girls on the Ferris wheel and merry-go-round and bought them candied apples with nuts stuck around them, which, however, turned out to be rather green. The Pcolar children are so well trained that they never ask for things or interrupt. The younger, gray-eyed blonde—a little more assertive than her shy brunette sister—did, however, at one point, declare that she "didn't feel like seeing that exhibition." Mary ran into her former art teacher, now studying at Syracuse, who told her that she and a co-worker had won the second prize—eight dollars—for a booth that they had arranged for a home-demonstration unit of which Mary is the president. This is an agency for improving the domestic arts which has been organized from Cornell. Mary's exhibit dealt with the problem of removing spots not by cleaning fluids but by the application of starch and other domestic staples. The various possible kinds of stains were illustrated by a cake of wax, some artificial apples, a bowl of ordinary grass (she was humorously proud of this), and several other things. The whole occasion was comfortable and local.

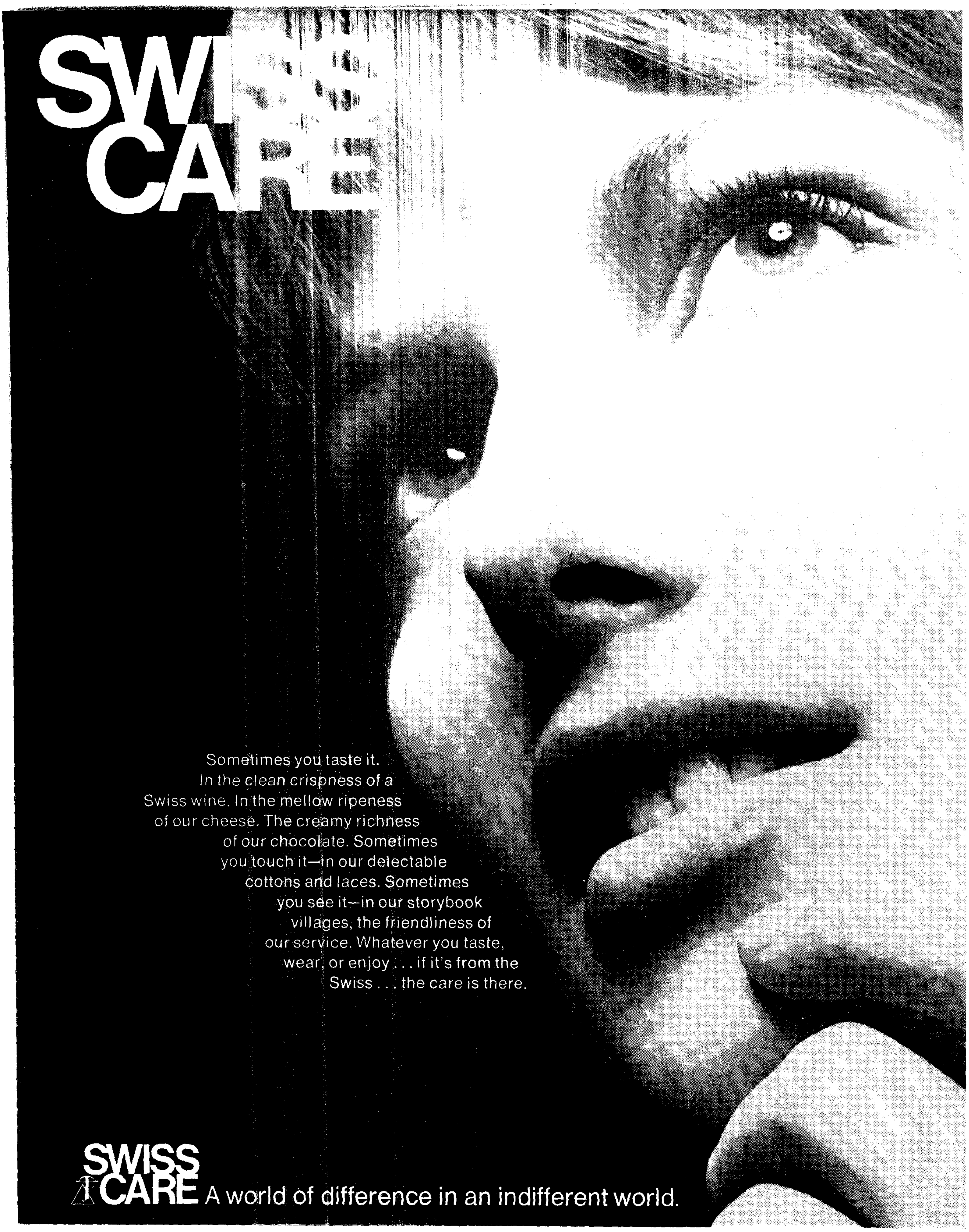
1962

ALBERT GRUBEL can't drive me anymore. He is too old, has a bad back. Huldah Loomis has been miserable, she says—in the Utica hospital with flu, and the bad eye from which the cataract has been removed. Fern Munn has a political job in Lowville. She came to see me, very smartly dressed, with lilac gloves and patent-leather shoes.

Whiskey in the morning:

> The mist that lies before my Eastern door
> And morning's golden kingdom of the light.

I HAD a complete collapse, got some kind of flu that has been going around. I ran up a fairly high temperature and, on top of that, had a terrible attack of gout—while it lasted, one of the worst. Instead of finding relief in lying down, I was writhing all one afternoon and couldn't even get to the bathroom in order to take my gout



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Chocolat Tobler American Corporation · Bally, Inc. · Swiss Bankers Association · Swissair · Swiss Bank Corporation · Swiss Wine Bureau · Swiss National Tourist Office · Switzerland Cheese Association · The Watchmakers of Switzerland Information Center medicine. Mabel Hutchins waited on me, Mary bought me things in town, and Dr. Smith attended me. He seems to me a model of the country doctor, completely at the service of his patients, who are very dependent on him, and he is kept extremely busy. Once, when my heart was giving me trouble, he paid me a second visit, although I had not telephoned him. On the occasion of this attack, I had told Elena on the phone not to come from Wellfleet, but in the evening I got Mrs. Hutchins to call her and tell her how ill I was. She flew over and arrived early Sunday afternoon. I had moved out of the front room into the bigger and quieter back corner room, which is my favorite place to sleep, and this somewhat improved my morale. It seems more spacious—perhaps on account of the high, old-fashioned wardrobe and the big bed with the Columbus head from Minnie Collins's house, in which my parents used to sleep and for which I have bought a new, springy mattress. I read Diderot's "Bijoux Indiscrets," which amused me and took my mind off my troubles. Elena stayed for two days, then went back again, but by that time I was on my feet again.

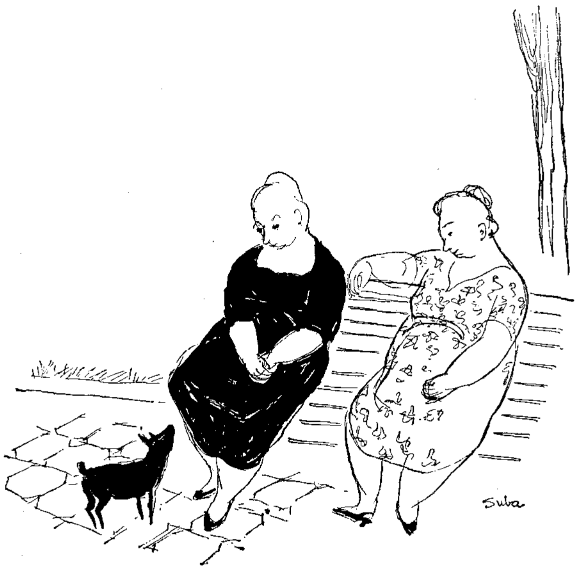
WHEN I came out of my collapse, I felt better and more cheerful than I had all winter at Cambridge. I am able now to get around, and the weather has been wonderful. I set out to look for the Showy Ladyslipper, which has become very rare. It is now against the law to gather it. The children in the Berkshires and elsewhere would pick it and sell it at the roadside, and almost exterminated it. I have never seen one, but I know that it is found in this region. I had nothing to guide me, however, except a state botanical report made in 1932, which indicates several places in which these orchids were then to be found.

Mary and George Pcolar drove me, and this gave me a chance to see the Pcolar family at home. They made a very pleasant impression. George played outside with the children. There were the ginger cat, named Ripple, we had given them and a much beloved beagle bitch, who is about to have puppies. The old Hungarian mother lives in a little outbuilding that Mary has fitted up, so that the two generations of the family need not interfere with one another. I was taken in to see her, as if she were, as she evidently is, the official head of the household. Her little house was as neat as a pin: small bed with an old-fashioned white coverlet and a colored picture above it of the Mother of God; an English Bible, a Hungarian prayer book. She came over to this country when she was only fifteen but still speaks with a strong accent. I told her that I thought her daughter an exceptionally bright girl. "Do you think so?"—she looked at me intently and shrewdly. "She wants something more, but she can't reach it." I regretted her taking this attitude—I know from experience that a mother's predictions may leave a lasting impression, as when my mother told me at an early age that I "didn't have it in me to write a play." Mary showed me, in a little cemetery, a towering white crucifix. She told me that when her father had suddenly died, eight years ago, of a heart attack in her mother's presence, it had been such a shock to her mother that she had not recovered for years, suffering from heart trouble of her own, combined with rheumatism. She had prayed all the time, and quite recently had begun to have visions. One day in winter, when she was looking at the window, which was partly coated with frost, she saw a man outside and was frightened. But when the window began to take on colors, she saw that it was a stained-glass window which made the room holy, and that the man was Jesus Christ. She had other visions, too—Mary became worried about her sanity—and entirely stopped taking the pills to which she had been addicted. She had had a memorial cross erected in the cemetery—it was imitation marble and had cost four hundred dollars—in gratitude to the Saviour.

They seem very Old World, this family. They are closely bound up with one another and have a good time together. George and Mary and the children kid one another amiably. They know intimately all that goes on on their hundred and seventy acres: birds, animals, plants, and trees. Her father used to trap mink, weasels, rabbits, etc. This has something in common, I think, with life here in the early days. Agatha Fassett, with whom I have been reading Hungarian, has told me how self-contained and self-sustaining the Hungarian communities had had to be. They did everything for themselves—amused themselves, made their own music, had rhyming and joking conversations. The Pcolars make a separate unit. Mary does not talk as if she had close women friends, and is very much devoted to her children.

George and I spent the rest of the afternoon fishing. He caught a perch and a small brown trout; I caught a small catfish. The attractiveness of Mary won her a present from one of the other fishermen there: a rock bass and a rainbow trout. I thoroughly enjoyed the afternoon. It was so long since I had done anything out-of-doors. I had never been much in that part of the world—we were not far from Pulaski, on Lake Ontario—where it is wild and there are few people living, only a scattering of summer camps. It is almost like being in a foreign country—so fresh and unmodernized, so far from the filing cabinets and overhead lighting of tax officials' and lawyers' offices. I was tired when I got back, in a healthy, physical way, and sleepy during dinner with the Munns.

FERN, in her present function of Commissioner of Elections, had been recently in the even wilder country north of Osceola—Montague and Pinkney—which she herself had not known. She says that the people there are still on the level of the early settlers. The older men have long beards and wear mackinaws. She went to a town meeting which consisted of six men, at which the town supervisor, all through the proceedings, while other people were talking, was reading a book of comics—occasionally interrupted when somebody else spoke to him—and giving a signal of permission when somebody wanted to take the floor. One man was lying on his back on a bench, with a jug of liquor beside him, from which he would take long swigs. He would hold it out to others when they entered, but still remain on his



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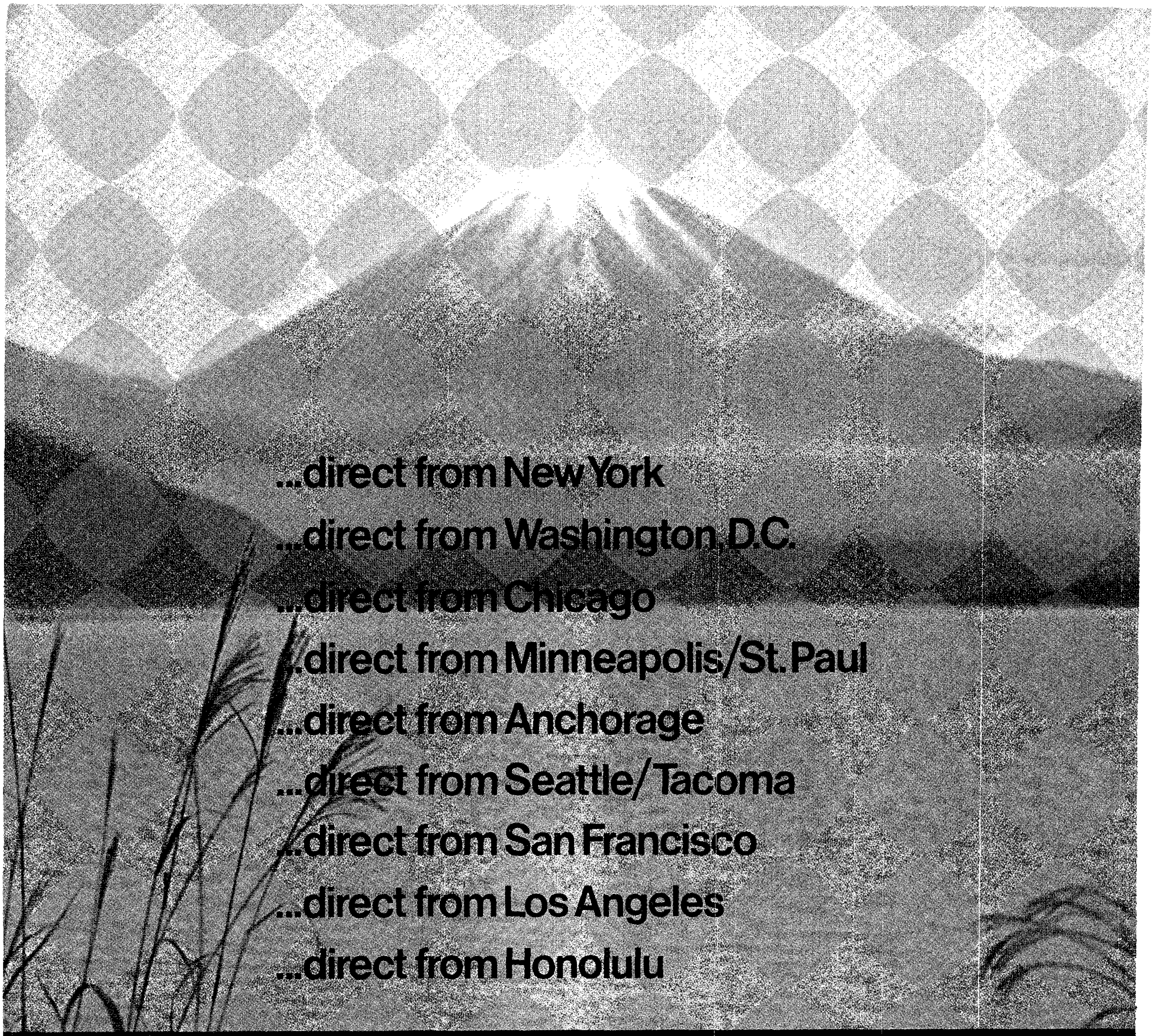
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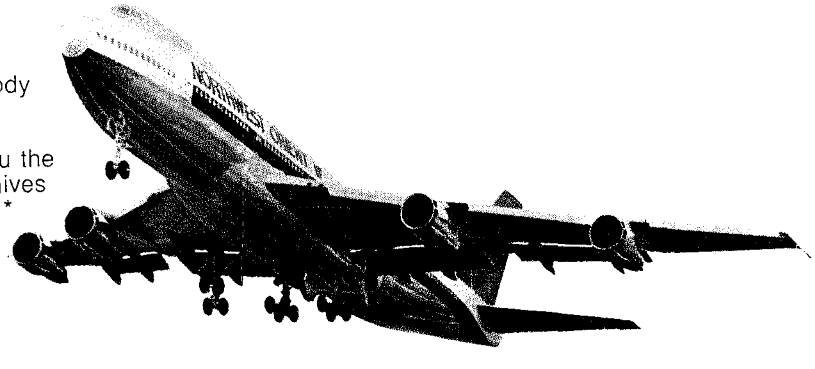

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back. Fern has to check on the voting machines after an election has taken place. She says that in this kind of country there is no possibility of fraud unless everybody, including the sheriff, should engage in such a complete conspiracy as those people are incapable of organizing.

THE Peolars told me that the woods around Osceola have been swarming lately with wildcats. People shoot them for the bounty, and sometimes get badly chewed up. They find deer that have been killed by the cats, which leap upon them and bite through the jugular vein, but have been left by their predators uneaten. Of course, wildcats cannot eat very much of a deer. They may leave them for provision later on or merely kill them out of the hunting instinct, just as human beings kill so many animals. In proportion as the human population here is giving up and abandoning the countryside, the wild beasts seem to be moving back in.

MARY's language: Her vocabulary is sometimes a little pleasingly unexpected. The children had "spied" a package in which I had sent them a book, so she couldn't keep it for Christmas. When I asked her whether she read a paper, she said that they took the Rome *Sentinel* and that she at least every day "scanned" the front page. When I see her with her family, she speaks like them; when she tells me about the pharmacy, it is all "she said" and "he said" and "I said," on the level of the Boonville store people; but when she talks to me about current social problems she has the language of a fairly well-educated person.

IT is sad for me up here this summer. Mary P. has had partly to desert me. She now has a job in Rome in a new drugstore, in which she manages the cosmetics department and is, she says, "on the crest of the wave." She has resolved to get a degree from Utica College, a newly organized offshoot from Syracuse University. I encourage her in this; the project has contributed to bucking her up. She came here this morning (Saturday), and she is coming tomorrow afternoon to type letters and do Hungarian. I miss having her with me almost every afternoon as she was able to be last summer. I like to have her around, she is so capable and well developed. I had her take me to the Boonville greenhouse to get some geraniums and petunias for the old stone receptacles along our porch, and she said suddenly, "Why should you buy petunias when I can give you some?" She then brought me some huge ones and some arboretum. I once said to Rosalind that those were Hungarian petunias, and she commented, "They'll make trouble!" Mary also brought me vasefuls of her magnificent gladiolas—purple, yellow, blue, scarlet, and pink—as well as a great glass jar of excellent Hungarian stew.

ROSALIND came up here from Wednesday to Saturday (August 15th-18th). The only time I really get to talk to my children is when they drive me around, and then we do have long conversations.

We made an expedition to Tug Hill by the road I had gone with the zoologist. Rosalind was bored at first by the monotony of the bushy, narrow road, but then, when we got to the wilder part, discovered it was quite beautiful. The fireweed was past its prime, but the last blossoms and the pinkish stems made a curious screen of pink, and the road was lined with goldenrod, which, like the fireweed, had grown to an enormous height, joe-pye weed, and low, yellow St.-John's-wort. A few pink roadside mallows were rearing themselves and exulting in their beauty as they do not do in the fields. Like all jungles, this terrorizes one a little. The road is full of horrible holes, and in one place impassable to a car, because a plank bridge has broken down. That wilderness was rather eerie. One felt that the plant life was master here. It made for us beautiful smears of color, but it did not have to bother about us. Even the flowers could overtop us.

ELENA and Helen arrived on August 24th.

ELENA says that the plastic flamingos that one sees so often in front of the houses have become "a status symbol." It shows you can afford an ornament that doesn't have to be planted or have the soil prepared for it or be watered.

ELENA's stay this summer was not a success. Things came to a climax on August 27th, after a celebration of her birthday, and we had a rather bitter quarrel. The next morning, she packed her belongings and drove Helen and the dog back to Wellfleet. "This is the abyss," she said, accenting it on the first syllable.

THAT night, Mary came to do my letters. I had had most of a pint of Scotch by the time she arrived. I asked whether it wouldn't be possible for

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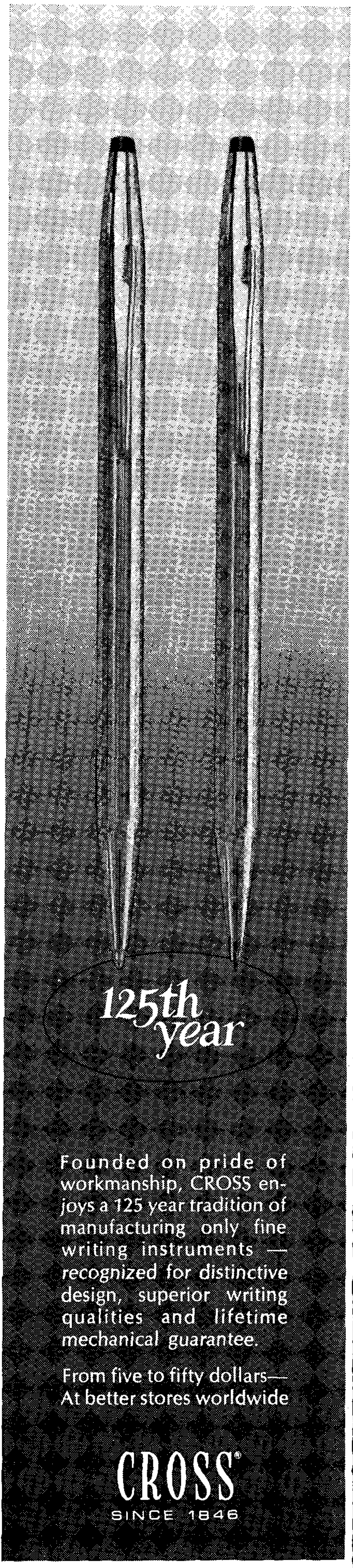

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them, on Saturday or Sunday, to drive me over Tug Hill along that washed-out and car-jolting road, but she didn't seem to think it would. I kept telling her how terrible it was, and she said, "You're building this up." Then I described the sphagnum swamp and said that it might be safer to go in with a rope. The mayor of Constableville, when he had given me the key to the gate of the barrier across the road that protected the hunting preserves, had warned me that there were "some pretty bad holes in those swamps." Then she began to talk about the swamp in what I thought was a peculiar way—though it may have been just the whiskey. "Have you got a rope?" she said.

August 30th: A telegram from Elena: "ARRIVED LAST NIGHT VERY SORRY HAVE WRITTEN LOVE."

Elena and I became reconciled when I made an expedition to Canada and had her meet me in Montreal. This trip was immensely interesting to me, but I omit my description of it except for a few general observations:

The people in Toronto, although no great beauties, seem healthier and better set-up than those in New York and Boston. Not so driven and not so cramped between big buildings and in narrow streets, they seem to be more good-natured, and they probably enjoy themselves more.

In Canada, after coming from the States, one is to some extent able to relax. One feels off on the margin of the continent. The Canadians are not under the same pressure as we are, do not have the same responsibility. Their semi-dependence on England has been in some ways an advantage. They have not had to save the Republic, to justify democracy to the rest of the world. They have been able to remain *à l'abri*, to watch the United States from the sidelines. But, having so far escaped our panicky crises, they seem now to be having something of a crisis of their own. The recent inroads of the United States, which now apparently owns most of Canadian industry, have stimulated an anti-"American" nationalism at the same time that they cannot see how they can avoid a kind of union with us. Then the resistance of the French Canadians to British-Canadian domination has been stiffened to a point that in its extreme form has produced a "separatist" movement, demanding complete independence, a parliament of their own—like Iroquoia (the country of the Indian Five Nations) and the American South of before the Civil War. In spite of Elena's two years in Canada, she said that she now for the first time, except for official occasions in the past, was meeting French Canadians. I took her to Québec City, where she had never been before.

A certain sound residue of the English tradition: better service in hotels and at airports. The people are more polite. Our bewildered and terrified state of mind is seen in our administrative inconsistencies and operational messes. But in the hotel rooms the nuisance of television is equally inescapable and the businessmen's conventions are just as noisy.

Strange how different Talcottville looks from Canada, which is another country, dark and special; our Stone House seems something quite alien to the Canadian stone houses, which are tighter, blanker, narrower-windowed, with no front porches, with—for me—no physiognomies. It is almost as if down in New York State there they were having a different autumn. Our people are enclosed in a separate countryside and have a separate orientation. There is all the difference between a place in which one feels the fibres of family and a place in which one is totally unaware of other peoples' similar fibres.

Elena went back to Wellfleet and I to Talcottville. This almost a month in Canada from September 14th has in several ways done me good—restored my relations with Elena, and got me away for a while from myself and the damned American problems.

Return to Talcottville, October 2nd: A perfectly marvellous day. Everett Hutchins picked me up at the airport in Buffalo, and we came in through the Boonville Gorge, which is now all rose and yellow and orange and crimson. I like to see this country here at different times of the year and to think that it must have looked so to my relatives when they were living—pathos of feeling this. The next day was also beautiful. The maple in front of the house is now all rose madder and gold, with a little light green underneath, and in the lot across the road in which it stands the young sprouts of trees look like goldenrod and the milkweed is wearing white puffs.

It seemed a pity, then, to have to leave, but the next day, Thursday, was clouded, and today there is nothing but dreary rain. The colors of the trees are rusted, and the leaves are falling away. In the old days, I suppose, people were

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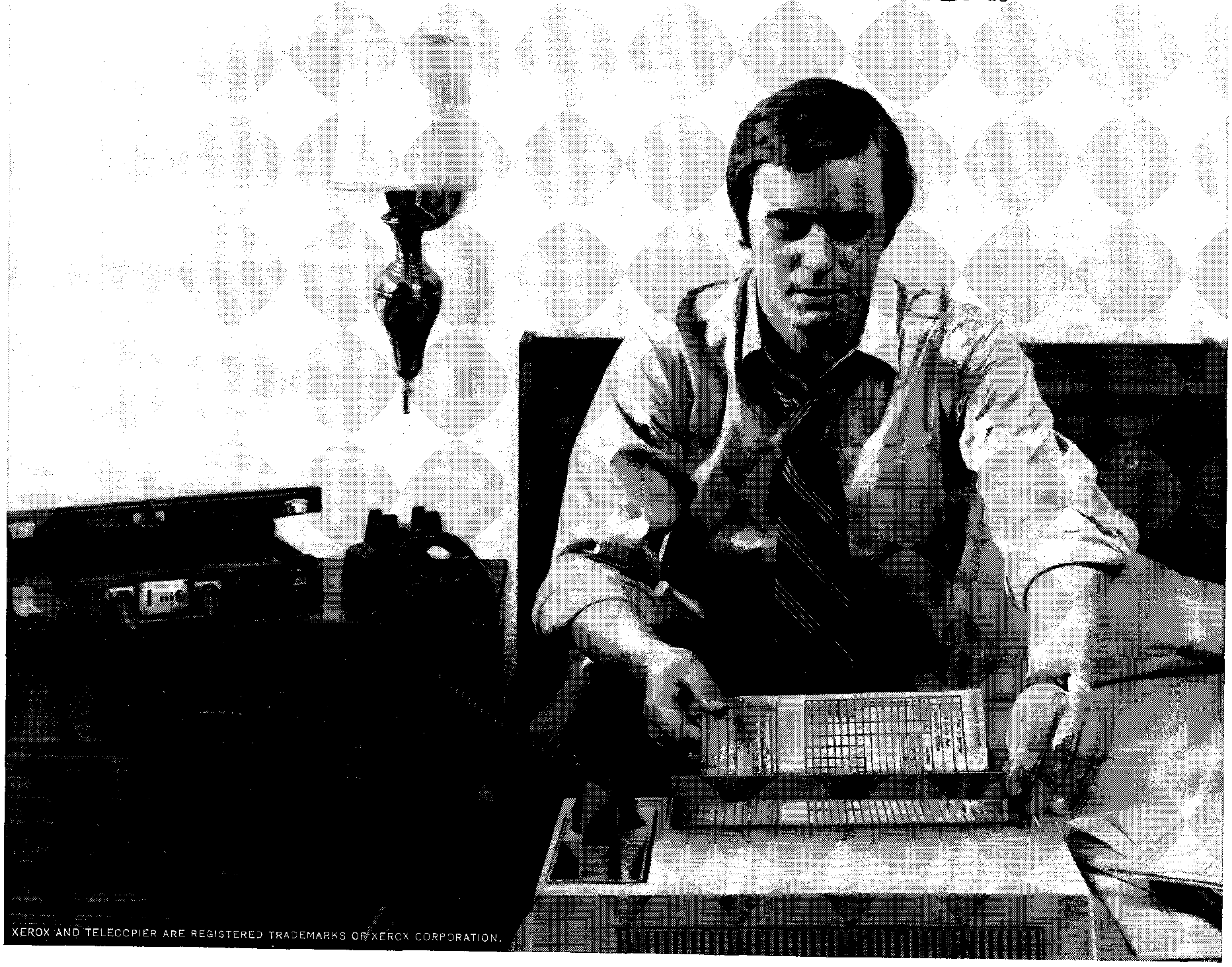

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kept so busy that a merely rainy day could not have depressed them much.

1963

I GOT an April Fool telegram concocted by the family: “WE REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE AT BANQUET AND WOULD LIKE YOU TO JUDGE BEAUTY CONTEST OF NEW ENGLAND CHAPTER OF MAGYAR WOMEN.”

DREAMS about Talcottville: As always, there is something in the house that I don’t expect. The commonest kind of dream is one in which there are strange intruders that I have to expel. This, I suppose, is partly due to the actual intruders, who, when my mother left the place vacant, burned holes in the upholstery with cigarettes. In the first of my recent dreams, I went into the east front room and saw what looked like the profile of a person in the corner against the light; then I saw that it was not real—a dummy. Then I noticed other things to the right: those creatures like salamanders or hellbenders, which I sometimes see in my dreams, that have previously taken the shapes of other objects or even people. There was one that had the shape of a particularly unpleasant bright-red worm with a head like a caterpillar; it had attached itself high on the wall. I knocked it down with my cane and was beating it to death when I woke.

Two or three days later, I dreamed again that I had come back to Talcottville and found a couple of men working on the house that I did not remember to have told to come. They were not, however, hostile, and they showed me a part of the house that I had not known existed. It was up a rather hidden stair through a narrow little hallway near the front: a living room with furnishings of an elegance such as otherwise is not to be found in the house—a kind of highboy made of inlaid wood, books with fine bindings, etc., and, opening out of it, a bedroom with a beautiful old bed. I was, of course, delighted. It was what I had wanted the place to be.

I CAME up to Talcottville June 9th, and have been writing a diatribe of protest, so have not kept up this journal, am only now bringing it up to date.

I had been sitting alone here in my two-piece chair in the summers reading the papers and getting more and more indignant at having my income bled by the government in the interests of the war in Vietnam and the constantly increasing funds for “defense.” I have finally produced a pamphlet, “The Cold War and the Income Tax.” Arthur Schlesinger called up to ask whether I would accept from Kennedy one of his new series of Freedom Medals. I sent Arthur proofs of my pamphlet and asked him to be sure that Kennedy knew what was in it before he decided to give me a medal. [Long afterward, I learned that a newspaperman had asked an Internal Revenue official what they were “going to do about Wilson.” The official had answered, “Shoot him, I guess,” then explained that when the award had been proposed they had submitted in opposition a sixteen-page memorandum. “Unfortunately, it didn’t stick.” But Kennedy, since I had had him informed, had known what was in my pamphlet before he got the memorandum. I learned from another source that when Kennedy saw the man who remonstrated, he said, “This is not an award for good conduct but for literary merit.”]

IN my boyhood, I read Maeterlinck’s plays up here, having found them in some upstate bookstore. (I still have the volume here, published in 1911.) I read somewhere that whenever he had finished some work at the castle (I think it was) in which he lived, he would invite all his friends in and celebrate with a rousing party. While working, he had shut himself up and lived with the utmost asceticism. This made a great impression on me, and in spite of the fact that I do not take Maeterlinck very seriously as a writer and think that his celebrations were bought rather cheaply in terms of accomplishment, this festive practice of his may have influenced my own habits: first the “dedicated” toil, then the orgy. Maeterlinck had been at that time associated with the actress Georgette Leblanc, and when I lived in Greenwich Village, in the twenties, I was somewhat shocked to find her an aging and rather stagy large woman of lesbian reputation, on the fringes of the Provincetown Players. I had had such a vision of her, in trailing robes, as the mistress of a wide-lawned château.

THE knowledge that death is not so far away, that my mind and emotions and vitality will soon disappear like a puff of smoke, has the effect of making earthly affairs seem unimportant and human beings more and more ignoble. It is harder to take human life seriously, including one’s own efforts and achievements and passions. In my tendency toward this state of mind, I have found Pope John fortifying. When over eighty and knowing he

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TOILETRIES EUROPA INC., 565 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 is doomed by cancer, he gives all the energy left him to the Council whose object is to modernize the Church, then dies with a perfect dignity: "I am watching myself die, step by step." I am told by a Catholic in a once high position that those who appointed him Pope were counting on his imminent death, on his filling a gap as an interim nonentity, then were astonished to find that he was really a man of strong character who would work for fundamental reforms. He was that very rare phenomenon: a professional ecclesiastic who was trying to be a Christian.

DURING the first five weeks I have been up here, I have lived virtually the life of a monk and have succeeded in getting the income-tax pamphlet written. I have had perfect quiet and freedom: no family, few telephone conversations, no newsstands and bookstores to visit, no temptations to social life. The house is now homelike and well taken care of. Mabel Hutchins gets me breakfast and supper.

I am glad to have got that pamphlet off my mind and my conscience; for several years now, it has been rankling with me, poisoning me, depressing me, creating conflicts of purpose of a kind to which I am not accustomed. Not to have decided something, not to know what I am going to do and to be able to go about doing it, has always had a demoralizing effect on me—my sleeplessness at Red Bank, in 1917, when I could not make up my mind what to do about the war. I have been thoroughly enjoying my solitude, am not lonely, and do not suffer any longer from those dreadful depressions that I used to have here and in Cambridge. It is partly that I have settled down to growing old, which in a way makes one feel one's depressions less; and my gout seems to be almost cured. I have not lately had bad angina attacks.

TRIP to Tug Hill with the Peolars. Many pheasants, a snow rabbit in its brown summer coat, which George identified by its size. We found the sphagnum bog behind the gate, rich, abounding in pitcher plants in full bloom, with their leathery maroon flowers, that have a rather sinister look. George and I felt a certain interest in finding out where the road led to—though rough and unfrequented, it seemed to go on interminably—but Mary, who was doing the driving, after crossing the bridges of rotting plank and plunging through the flooded holes in the road, became more and more reluctant. We were finally stopped by a stream over which the bridge was completely broken down. We brought home some pitcher plant and arum lily. I have been keeping them in basins of water. The flowers are fading, but the pitchers seem to be multiplying and now fill their basin. The local kids at one point seemed to think it a good joke to upset the whole thing on the lawn.

I DISCOVERED a nest of robins outside one of the third-floor windows. When they left, I found a baby bat. It looked like a gray baby demon; its wings were too limp to fly, and it was groping with its little paws, trying to climb up the glass. The orioles have pathetically built their nest in the old dead tree back of the house, where they have no protection by the leaves. One of the trees on the street beside the stone barn was rotten in the crotch between its two prongs, and another came down in a heavy wind. I have had to have them all taken down.

THE young people don't know what to do with themselves. They hang around in the evenings on the corner next to our house or sit on the stone front steps and make so much noise that I have to drive them away. Last winter, some of the boys broke the windows in Carrie Trennam's house and Aunt Addie's old house, and wrecked the pop machine on the front of the Roches' store. Fern says it is the boys of two families who are recent newcomers to the village. We once picked up one of these boys, who was hitchhiking his way to Boonville, and noticed his confirmed sullen look. The cheapness of property here, because of there being no general water supply or any general sewage system, makes it desirable to poor people who are living on welfare. In two of these families, the fathers are dead and the mothers have jobs in Boonville, so there is nobody to control the children.

THE days when I was looking up bacteriological warfare in connection with my income-tax pamphlet were also the days when, in connection with Canada, I got around to reading Anne Hébert, Jean Le Moyne, and Saint-Denys Garneau, and this combination of subjects rather got me down. These denizens of old French-Canadian "*maisons seigneuriales*," who exist in a damp, murky atmosphere of Jansenist religion and incestuous relationships—they chafe at the narrowness and puritanism of their Church and the imprisoning walls of their families, but they are powerless to liberate themselves. Saint-Denys Garneau and

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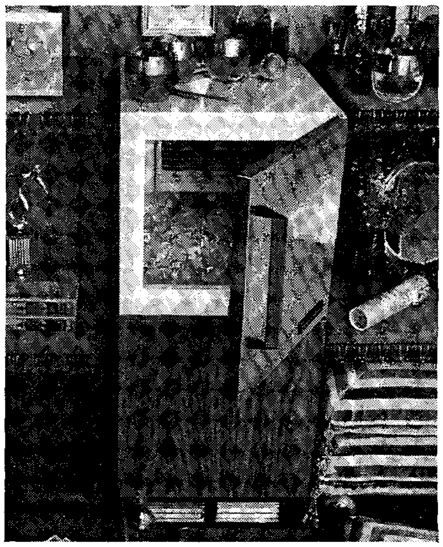

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Le Moyne cannot even get to the point of being explicit about what it is that worries them. If you knew nothing about French Canada, you could hardly guess what it is they are writing about. Clotted and clumsy prose. I fell back on my usual resources of reading books by and about Bernard Shaw, Max Beerbohm, and Oscar Wilde—also, a new biography of Huneker.

I ONCE thought I was safely remote up here from the dangers of atomic warfare, but I am only a few miles from the airbase at Rome, which would be one of the important targets. This airbase, I am told, supervises the equipping and dismantling of the bases all over the country, and it maintains a squad of pilots on duty around the clock, who fly off at intervals in the direction of Russia and then come back again. This has only recently been given publicity, after having been kept secret. The men, to prevent them from being bored, are encouraged to do watercolors.

THREE peace marches converged at Rome, and I went over to see A. J. Muste, whom I had known in my radicalizing and labor-reporting days. He is aging—seventy-eight—and they told me he was having to slow down. His peace marchers were standing with banners at the gate of the Air Force camp, and committing acts of "civil disobedience" by making forbidden entrances. One woman who did this was arrested. Muste seemed rather worried. A young man came over and asked him whether they could call it a day. Muste looked at his wristwatch and said that since they had publicly declared they were going to stay till six, he thought that they ought to stay. It was pointed out that the marchers seemed somewhat to be losing their discipline. Some were now singing folk songs, and others were lying on the grass. They should have been standing in ranks. The woman who had driven me up to the gate did not approve of this sloppiness. A good many of the young people, including herself, I was afterward told, are anarchists and do not submit willingly to discipline. What does it mean to be an anarchist nowadays? Muste had told me, when I saw him in New York, that he regretted the beatnik beards, and I did not see any among these marchers except a very well-trimmed and decorative one worn by a young minister.

SIX days in New York: July 9th–14th. A very satisfactory visit. Arranged with Muste and Roger Straus to have the proceeds from my pamphlet go to Muste's peace movement. Long conversation with Muste. When he makes a public speech, he is able to charge it with an intense and not grandiloquent emotion, but in private conversation he is extremely shrewd and not at all sanguine. His attitude is that of the intelligent churchman who has resigned himself to hoping to accomplish very little or perhaps nothing perceptible at all. He gave me an entirely realistic analysis of what was going on in the country. He agreed that the peace movement did not have the same leverage as the desegregation movement. When the Negroes should have achieved a few of their objectives, they could not be expected to go on making efforts for more general ends; and in the meantime there were so many people whose jobs depended on the war industries that they couldn't be expected to oppose them. The only hopeful possibility was that in the long run the unemployment caused by increasing automation might swell the number of protesters. The enemy was the war establishment, and the industries dependent on it, and it would be a very long time before any impression could be made; he couldn't see that it could be got rid of by anything short of revolution. In some Middle Western city, he had talked with a security agent who had been sent out to watch a rally. This man had said, in substance, "I agree with you, but I can't do anything about it, because my whole career has consisted of this work I am doing, and I couldn't bring myself to let down the other men I am working with."

BACK in Talcottville. Mary met me at the airport. She had a drink with me at the house and was evidently prepared to stay out to dinner, so we ate the little supper of spaghetti that Mabel Hutchins had left for me. I played for her the whole of the Hungarian recording of Kodály's "Háry János," which has all the Hungarian dialogue. With her usual capability and deftness, she got the old phonograph running smoothly, and she translated the dialogue fluently. When she relayed to me the angry speeches of the abandoned peasant fiancée, she would make the appropriate gestures. Of the triumphant march of the interlude, she said, truly, that though it was meant to sound rousing, it had also a strain of melancholy. She was much interested in the whole thing.

I had given her a record of Bartók's Concerto for Orchestra, telling her to note the sudden alternations between sombre brooding and ecstatic high

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spirits. George said, "I'm used to that. It's what I get all the time."

I HAVE lately, it would seem, been suffering from a mild form of auditory hallucination. I seem to hear the telephone ringing just before I am completely awake in the morning. At first, I would go to answer it, but find that it was not really ringing. Now I simply lie in bed, and if the sound is not repeated I know that it is imaginary and don't get up. When I first came up here this summer, I once thought that I heard Rosalind calling me.

The weather has been hotter this summer than anything I remember up here. This house is cooler than anywhere else, but even here it has been sometimes stifling, and even at night. In the morning, I have occasionally waked up sweating. One day, I had to use a towel while working, and it reminded me of the days long ago in Red Bank when I was writing "I Thought of Daisy" in the summer with a towel around my head.

Elena came in August and spent almost two weeks. Everything went well.

1964

SPRING. As always happens at this time of year, when my departure from Wellfleet for Talcottville approaches, Elena has been getting annoyed with me. In spite of our differing tendencies, which sometimes put us at cross-purposes, we do not really like to part from one another.

I HAVE done a lot of writing at Talcottville, but otherwise my summer has been melancholy and also rather annoying. I was here seven weeks alone, with only two overnight visits from friends. Gertrude Loomis is quite dotty, didn't remember Rosalind when she came to see her; Huldah is suffering from arteriosclerosis. Jessie Howland, who thought last summer that an operation had cured her, is now back on crutches again. She is noble in never complaining or making any show of her infirmity. Everett Hutchins suddenly died of a cerebral hemorrhage the evening he had come back from a trip with his truck to New York. He had just changed a tire for Rosalind, then gone off to the Boonville Fair. When I went to see Mabel after the funeral, she said something like "Well, we have to go on, though we don't know why we should." It reminded me of Edna Millay's poem about the death of the father: "Life must go on—I forget just why." It seemed all wrong that Everett should have had to die like this when he was not yet old. I think the truck company worked him to death. Twenty-four-hour spells to New York and back must be too heavy for anybody. He was a high-strung, wiry man, and when he got back he had said to Mabel that he would never make that trip again. Even the young men go to sleep and run off the road. They keep themselves awake with pep pills, and they are compelled by the income-tax people to produce receipts for the many cups of coffee that they take along the road. Of course, Mabel had great difficulty in collecting any compensation. Old Albert Grubel is so feeble now that he has even sold his car. Fred Reber died during the winter, at the age of eighty-eight, but was still able to do a little work last summer. I cannot remember a time when he was not active in Boonville. In my childhood, he was a photographer. Lately, with wonderful ingenuity and skill, he did all kinds of odd jobs for me—framed pictures, refinished the bar chairs, repaired other pieces of furniture. He was entirely in business for himself, did not have to work for anything like a truck company; and he loved being able to do all the things he did. I bought from him for two dollars the well-known picture of the Authors of America, which he had got from the effects of some local judge. I have hung it in the hall with my other curiosities. The likenesses are terrible, and it is somewhat comic—obviously a New York job, because Cooper and Washington Irving are holding the center of the stage, while the New Englanders are pushed to one side. Poe moodily prowls alone, not associating with any of the others.

The side wall of the stone barn has fallen out, as Fred Berger, the builder, had warned me it would do, and I could not bear to sit outdoors with those ruins near me. I have had Bob Stabb rebuild it, and it is costing me quite a lot. The Stabbs are old natives of the village, and Bob's father built me bookcases when I first came back. He is an old-fashioned stonemason, whose craft probably goes as far back as the original building of the barn, and he has done a good deal of the work in helping Bob to rebuild it. The roof of the house, also, has to be repaired and painted. My relations are good with these old-timer families. Even when I don't remember them, it is as if I had always known them.

DAWN POWELL, my dear old pal, came up for almost a week while Rosalind was here. She is in and out of the hospital and seems, for her,

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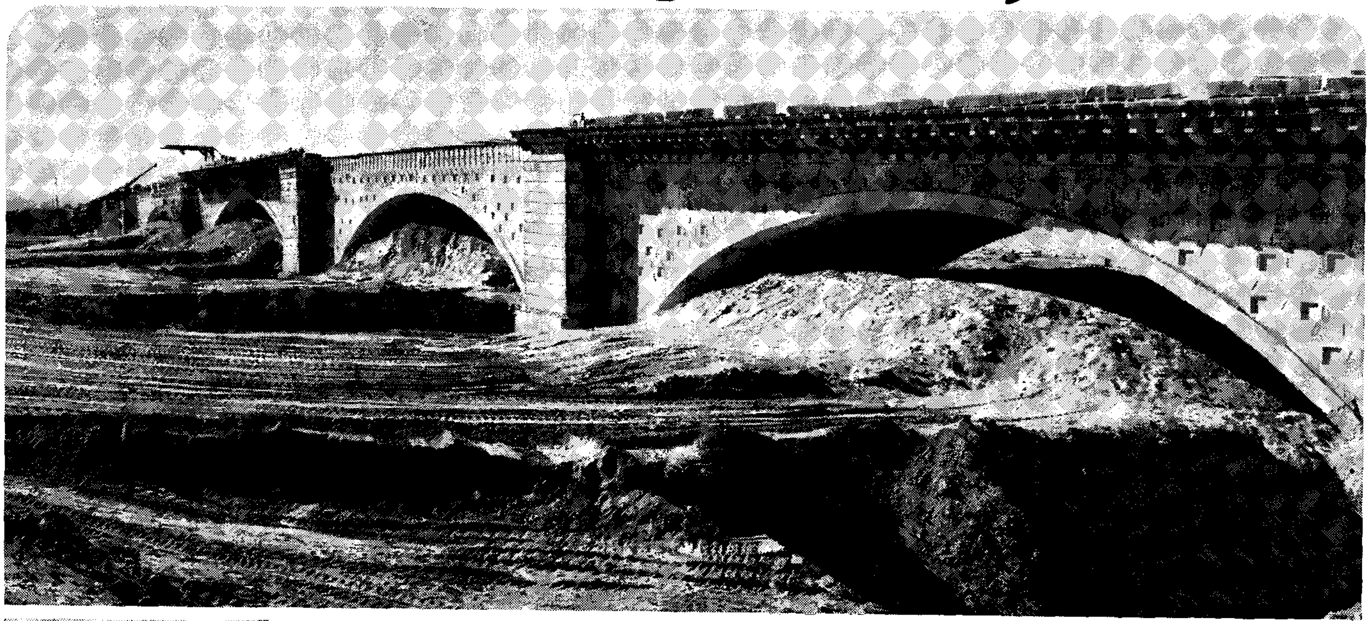

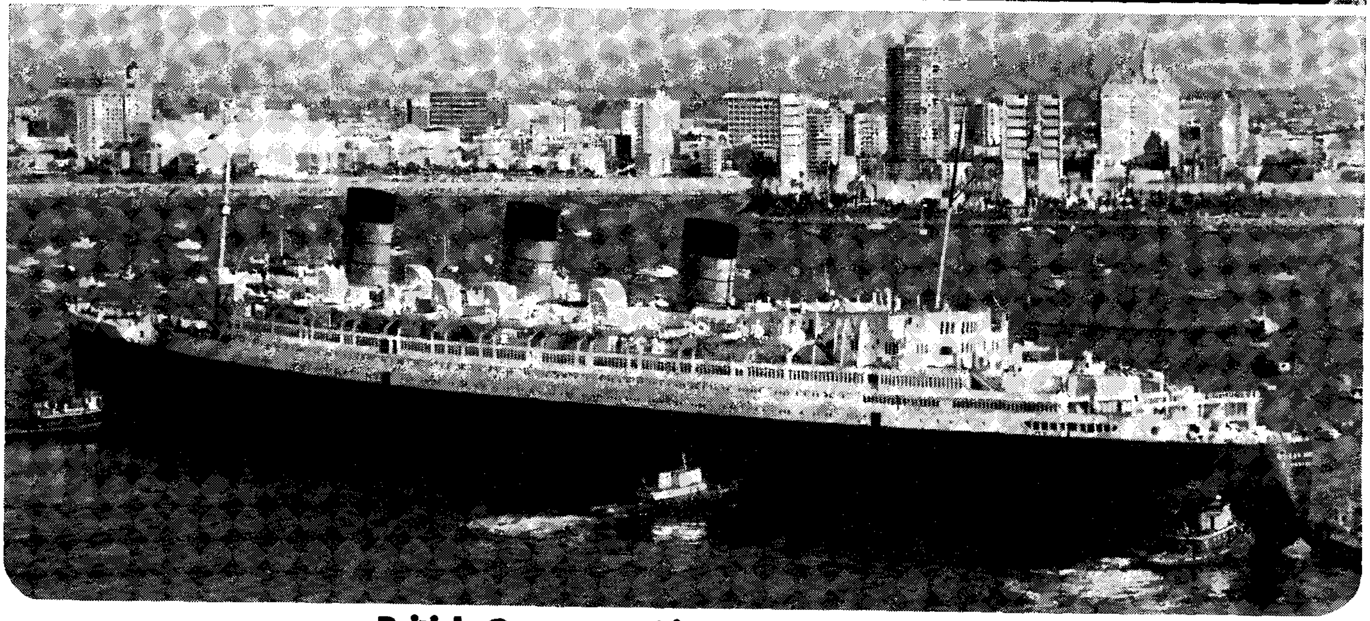

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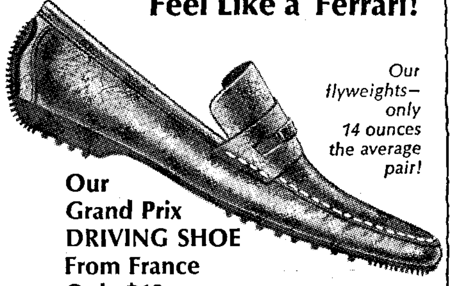

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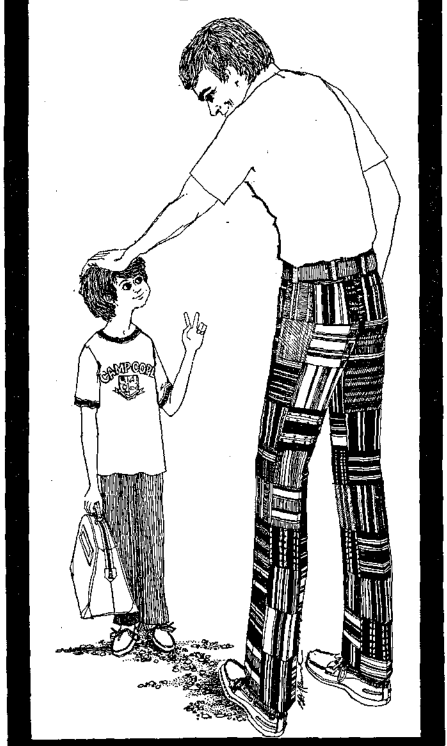

The Country Store of Concord

Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

rather emaciated, rather yellow and haggard. I was alarmed about her when I saw her in the mornings. She would collapse on her bed or the couch. But she never complained, and in the later afternoon, after a couple of drinks at the Towpath, she always came to life again—sometimes forcing her wisecracks a little. She is unique among my visitors in her natural feeling for small-town life. She remembers and identifies the local characters. She understands sitting on the front porch and watching the people go by.

IT was depressing in Talcottville to find that the John Birch Society and juvenile delinquency had made their inroads here. The Birchers have put up posters—"Save the Republic. Impeach Earl Warren"—one on a tree on my vacant lot across the road, which I tore down, and one on the gas station in front of Elmer Roch's store, which was torn down, not, it turned out, by somebody with anti-Birch opinions but by some of the delinquent youth. It then appeared in front of a miserable house across the street from where the Sharps live. A farmer neighbor, on whom Carrie Trennam has depended for getting certain things done for her, appeared before Carrie and, pointing at the poster, at that time in front of her house, demanded, "What do you think of that?" Carrie said, "I don't like it." "Then I won't work for you anymore!" He has announced that he won't work for anybody who doesn't go along with the Birchers, but he mowed my back field for the hay as usual, undoubtedly not knowing what my attitude was. The Catholic priest in a neighboring town is said to be an ardent Bircher—I suppose on account of the Supreme Court's action in eliminating opening prayers from the schools. I am told that all this emanates from somebody in Port Leyden, who sends out the John Birch literature and has tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the principal of the regional school in that part of the world to give each of the graduating seniors a copy of some Birch propaganda book. The Birchers have created in Talcottville a certain amount of bad feeling of a kind that I have not been aware of here before.

As for the juvenile delinquents, there is now quite a gang that, when the boys have motorcycles, as they all seem to aim to do, travels from town to town. I found them all congregated one night on this corner and on my lawn. After the Crostens, who had been there, were gone, they slipped in the back door and stole what was left of a pint of Scotch. Later on, I found three boys drinking beer and drunk in the chairs on the front porch. I appeared to them with a roar and the ancient gun that the Civil War collector in Boonville had offered to buy as a relic, and they immediately took to their heels. After that, when they gathered, I bawled them out and succeeded in breaking up the group. Of course, there is nothing for them to do here—the movie house in Boonville has burned down—and no place for them to go, except this corner with its street lamp, and the general store. At one time, later on, they swarmed around the store and seemed to have Elmer Roch terrorized. He made friends with them, but they robbed him. I don't know what means he took finally to get rid of them. Three boys were arrested for robbing garages and put on parole at Lowville. One boy got a job, and the sheriff asked Fern if she thought he might be let off parole. Fern advised him not to, but he did. Then, not long after my difficulties with them, the boy ran into one of the Jacksons' cows while racing a car on his motorcycle. The cow was killed, and the boy was taken to the hospital. Things were quieter for a while, but they have done a lot of thieving and wrecking. Why break, as they have been doing, old ladies' windows?—the Loomises' and Carrie Trennam's. Mrs. Clark Layng says that in Boonville they pull up her flowers and throw them around the lawn. Early in the summer, one of Walter Edmonds' cows was shot by people with a truck to take it away, evidently to sell it for beef. But Walter came out, and they fled. The poor cow was running around the field bleeding and very soon died. A recreation center is planned for Boonville.

I RARELY ever think about the past; my ties with the old life hardly exist anymore, and my relations with the new community are now something of a nuisance and annoyance.

1965

MY visit at the end of March to see about getting repairs made on the house and the stone barn. Since it was already fairly warm in Boston, I foolishly failed to inquire what the weather was like here. I found snowdrifts around the house, and it has been snowing off and on since I have been here, so repairs are out of the question. I can't even see what has already been done. But I am glad to have a glimpse of the place under heavy winter conditions, and I enjoy seeing the people here, although there has been some very bad news. Poor Mabel Hutchins has had an opera-

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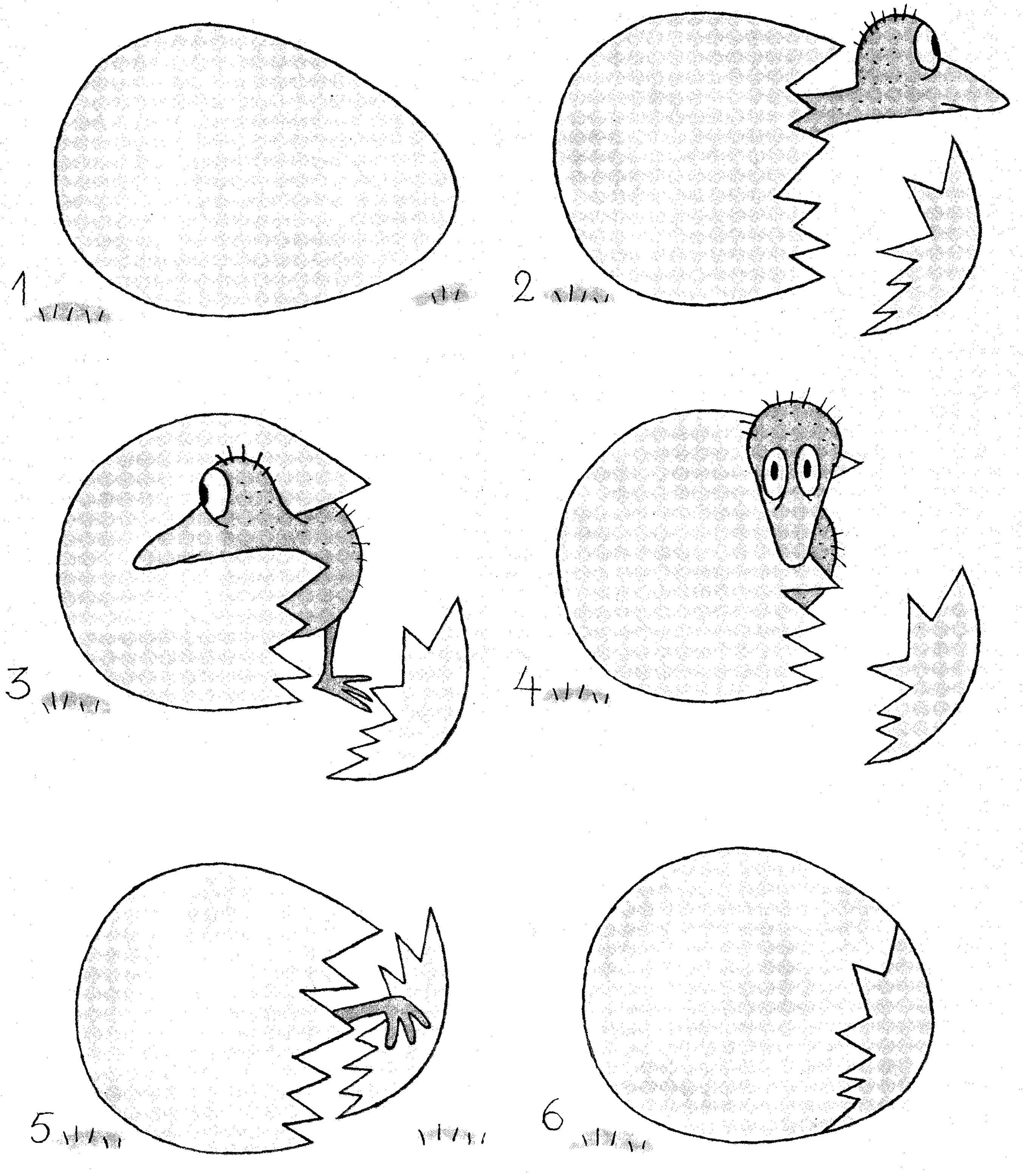

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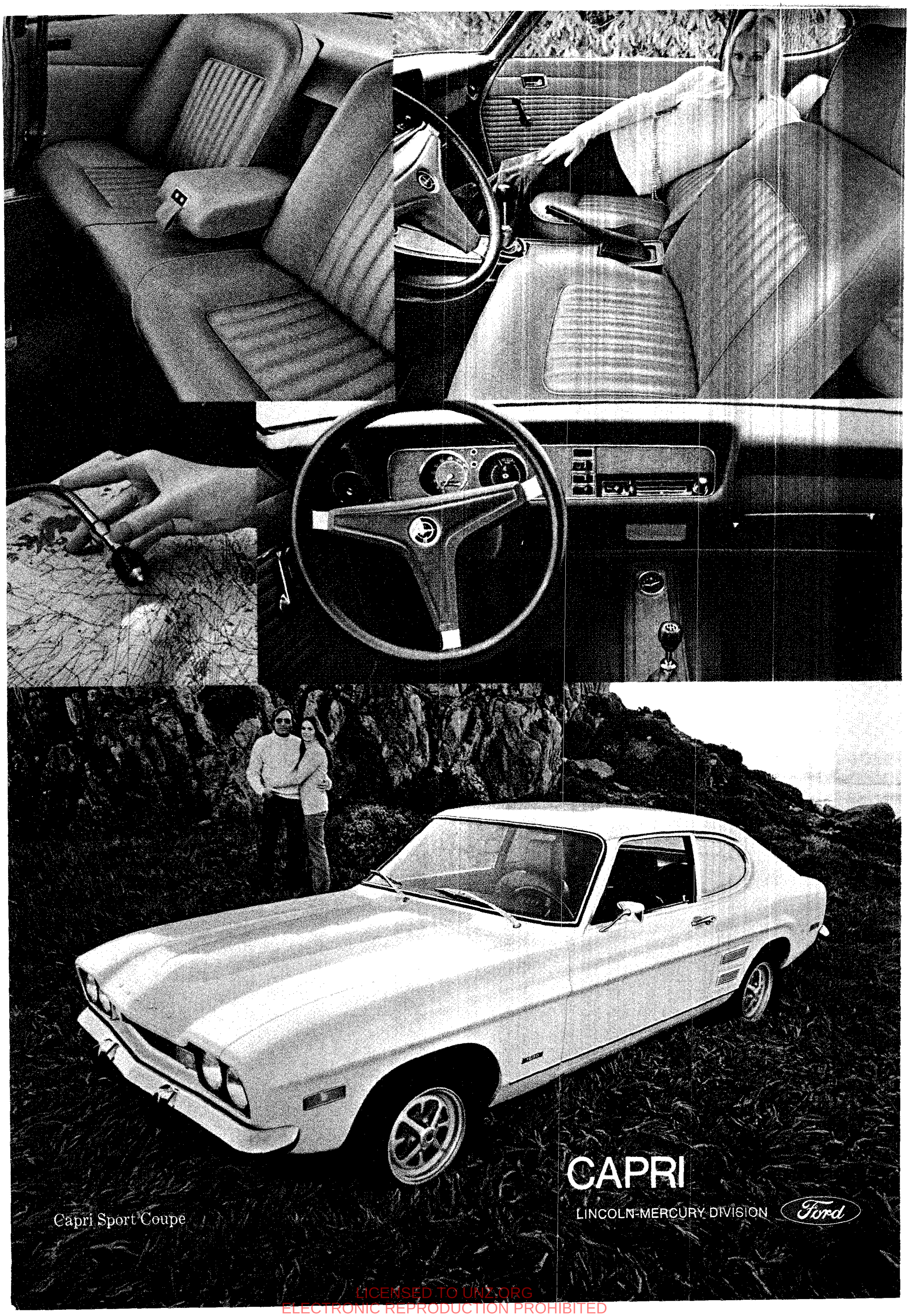
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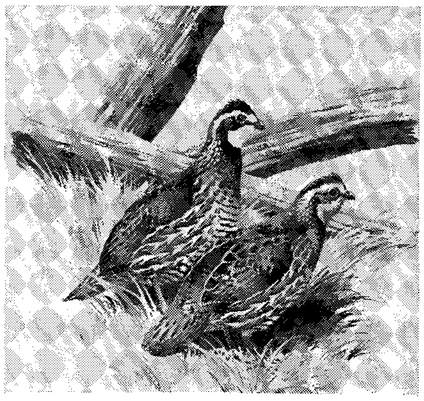
tion—a tumor removed from her spine—and is in the hospital now. In January, George and Lou Munn had a horrible accident in their car. George was driving Lou to her job in Boonville at seven in the morning, when it was still pitch-dark. The road on the Lewis County side had been sanded up to the county line, but after that, beyond Boonville, the Oneida County people had allowed it to become glazed with ice. The Munns drove over the hill without being able to see what was going to be on the other side. A car had slipped off the road and was caught on the protective fence. A tow truck had come to haul it out, and this had held up a lumber truck. No flares had been placed as a warning, and George ran into the lumber truck. Lou was nearly killed—it was doubtful whether she would live. She had broken innumerable bones, and will have to spend months in a cast; she also had concussion of the skull. George was less seriously hurt, and is now back on his job.

WHEN I woke up the first morning here, I realized that it was delightful to find myself in one of my own houses, instead of, as in Boston, at a hotel, or, as at Wesleyan, in someone else's house.

The silence here is punctuated by the dropping of icicles and the thudding of snow from the roof.

I NEVER leave Talcottville nowadays without an uncomfortable feeling of never being able to do justice to my relation to Mary Pcolar. I am almost twice her age, and, as she says, she is to me like a favorite niece. Elena was later to reproach me for taking more interest in her than I do in my own daughters. But the sole function I can have with young people seems to come down to instructing them, and neither Rosalind nor Helen has ever shown any signs of caring to be instructed by me. I can only in a small way teach Mary, and I cannot really educate her, as she ought to and wants to be educated. She always asks probing questions about whatever she does not understand: What is philosophy? What caused the French Revolution? I do not always find these questions easy to answer, and sometimes my difficulty in answering them makes me aware of to what extent educated people are in the habit of taking it for granted that they all understand a great many things that actually they have only just heard of. In explaining the French Revolution, I told Mary about Marie Antoinette's asking "Why don't they eat cake?"

A QUAIL-OF-A-BUY



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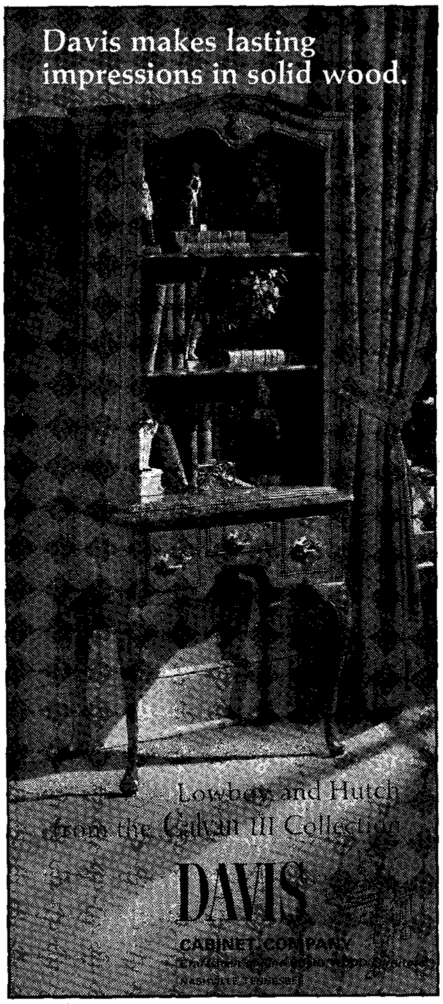
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when told that the people had no bread. She said that her mother had told her this story but had attributed it to the Empress Elizabeth. This shows how legends spread, so that the very same stories are accepted as authentic at wide distances all over the world.

MIDDLE of June. I have settled down to very quiet habits: working during the day, reading "Middlemarch" in the evenings, playing phonograph records that I've brought up here but have never yet listened to seriously. Specially impressed by Ives' Second Symphony, which seems to me one of his most successful things: semi-sacred music originally composed for the organ, alternating the comic and the rowdy with quotations from Beethoven and Brahms, and snatches of old hymns and Stephen Foster, and ending with "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." "Middlemarch" is tranquillizing—that slow and solid chronicle of an English country community in a story that goes on and on. My life is so very subdued that an evening out is wildly exciting. An evening of talking and drinking with the Edmondses, though I left at ten o'clock, went to my head to such an extent that I came home and had the worst attack of angina since three years ago in Cambridge. It kept me more or less awake all night.

THE place is greatly improved by the trimming Bob Weiler gave it last autumn. He cleaned out the peonies and the gooseberries and tulips. It gives all the good things a better chance. The yellow lilies in the choked-up back garden have come out as never before, and the lilacs have been much more in evidence.

I HAD a dream in which I thought I was talking with Elena, and saying that I didn't want Helen to get completely out of touch with this place, when somebody came to the door. It was three or four newspapermen. They said there had been a newspaper story in which it was asserted that I had no right to this property. I replied that the family had been living here since the end of the eighteenth century. They said there was some question about the title. I said that I couldn't comment, not having seen the story.

BOB STABB is doing some work on the place. He has found that the front porch and its pillars are now partly rotten. It is depressing to see how much ought to be done; I can't have the whole floor of the porch rebuilt. But I enjoy having people work around the place: it gives me a vicarious feeling of accomplishment.

DISCOVERY of the Showy Ladyslipper. Walter Edmonds told me last year that his son had found these orchids on the Black River and transplanted them to his place. I asked him to call me up when they bloomed, which he says is in the middle of June, always on almost exactly the same date. I went over to see them this year, and they are really amazingly beautiful—are well shown on the bank of his brook. The bulbous part is bright pink—rounder, less elongated than *Cypripedium*—and the streamers above are white. The inside of the *orchis*, the testicle, is striped with pink dotted lines, and there is a thing like a small petal that folds down into this bulb, the upper part of which is white and the lower part a pink-speckled yolk yellow. I had just learned from the Loomises that they had one. Huldah Loomis competitively asked me how hers compared with Walter's, and I told her that it was somewhat paler but had three blossoms instead of two. She did not want to tell me where she had got it, but Mary Pcolar, who was driving me, extorted it from her that Mrs. Weiler had brought it. I then found out that Mrs. Weiler had known the place on the Black River since childhood. I called up the name on the mailbox there and found that the lady of the house was reluctant to have a stranger come on the place. How had I known about the orchids, etc.? They had moved out there to live because they didn't want people around. She would have to consult her husband and call me back. But she identified me as the person who lived "in that stone house." Later, she phoned me that she would be glad to have me come Saturday, so, Elena and Helen being with me by then, we called on them, and they couldn't have been more cordial. The orchids were growing in a bog, and they let us take away two plants, which we transplanted to Wellfleet, but they didn't last. These people, they told me, have also had—besides the common pink ladyslipper—the yellow kind, which is very much rarer. I have seen it only once, in the country outside Detroit, when I was in camp there during the First War.

1966

FROM May 21st. This has so far been my most depressing visit. The weather has been mostly horrible: overcast, rainy, and misty. I have finished my academic play and the new sections for "Europe Without

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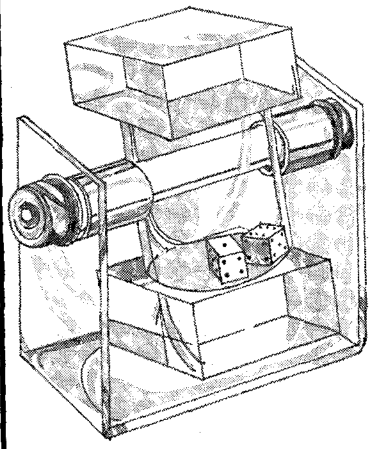

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SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Baedeker," and, as always when I come to the end of something and have not started anything new, I find myself in a letdown state—sit drinking and playing solitaire and listening to the phonograph. Fern has had another of her awful accidents. A cow stepped on her foot. It is badly bruised, red and purple; the blood vessels are still bursting. Albert Grubel is dead.

I am depressed about the local delinquents' having smashed up the stone bowl and one of the stone posts in front of the house. It must have cost them some effort. They have also broken into Aunt Addie's old house, where the Sharps have been spending the summer, smashed things, poured something sticky over the stove, and stolen all the electric-light bulbs.

I have come to realize nowadays that I cannot really live without Elena. Elena and I have now been together nearly twenty years and, in spite of communications that are rather oblique in certain ways, we have become quite dependent on one another.

You fade, old presences, and leave
me here
In dismal drizzle of a dimming
May;
I play old records and lay solitaire
Through aimless hours of Memorial Day.

Cities I'll never visit, books that
I'll never read,
Magic I'll never master. In a
cage,
I stalk from room to room, lose
heat and speed,
Now entering the dark defile of
age.

I CLEARED up yesterday (May 22nd) from my depression and feel quite cheerful and normal again. The weather is warm and fine. The narcissuses in the back garden have all suddenly bloomed, and the dandelions are out on the lawn. I had a very pleasant dinner with the Utica O'Donnells last night. They are recent enough friends to be appreciative, or pretend to be, of all my old anecdotes—the kind of things that, when I begin telling them to guests, make Elena find something to do in the kitchen. It has also rather raised my morale to read Anaïs Nin's diary. It is certainly her magnum opus, and it has made me feel, though it is so long since I have seen her, *that I have had in her*, since she also keeps a diary, a kind of steady companion.

I WAS given on May 11th, in Boston, a medal, together with a thousand dollars, by the American Acad-

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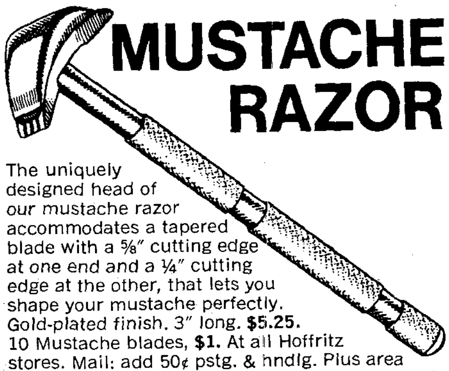

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emy of Arts and Sciences. This was founded in 1780 and once presided over by the first two Adamses. It also once gave an admirable prize, named after a Francis Amory, for "outstanding work addressed to the alleviation or cure of diseases affecting the human reproductive organs," as well as the twin medals in gold and silver, struck from the same die, established by Count Rumford for "the most important discovery or useful improvement" tending "to promote the good of mankind" made during the preceding two years. It seems now to be a more or less phantom organization. I had already had a medal from the Institute of Arts and Letters, one of Kennedy's Freedom Medals, and this summer a five-thousand-dollar National Book Award. On the occasion of the last of these awards, I wrote that my age and infirmities made it impossible for me to go down to New York but that I'd be glad to give them lunch in Utica. This turned out to be an excellent arrangement, for it enabled me to curb the publicity and keep down the size of the lunch. We had lunch in a downstairs room at the Club. Rosalind very ably played hostess. Roger Straus came up and was the life of the party. The Fentons came on from Albany. Mary was present, well dressed in blue, and behaved with perfect dignity, though she insisted on taking pictures with a newly acquired Polaroid camera. Roger said that her snapshot of me reading a speech of thanks looked as if I were singing "God Bless America."

These awards are in some ways deflating me instead of puffing me up. They make me feel that I am now perhaps finished, stamped with some sort of approval and filed away, that I am what Stephen Potter would call an "O.K. figure." Longevity in itself would seem to bring some kind of recognition. Roger Straus tells about a sculptor he knew who began to get awards when he was past seventy. When Roger congratulated him, he said, "The thing is to outlive the sons of bitches."

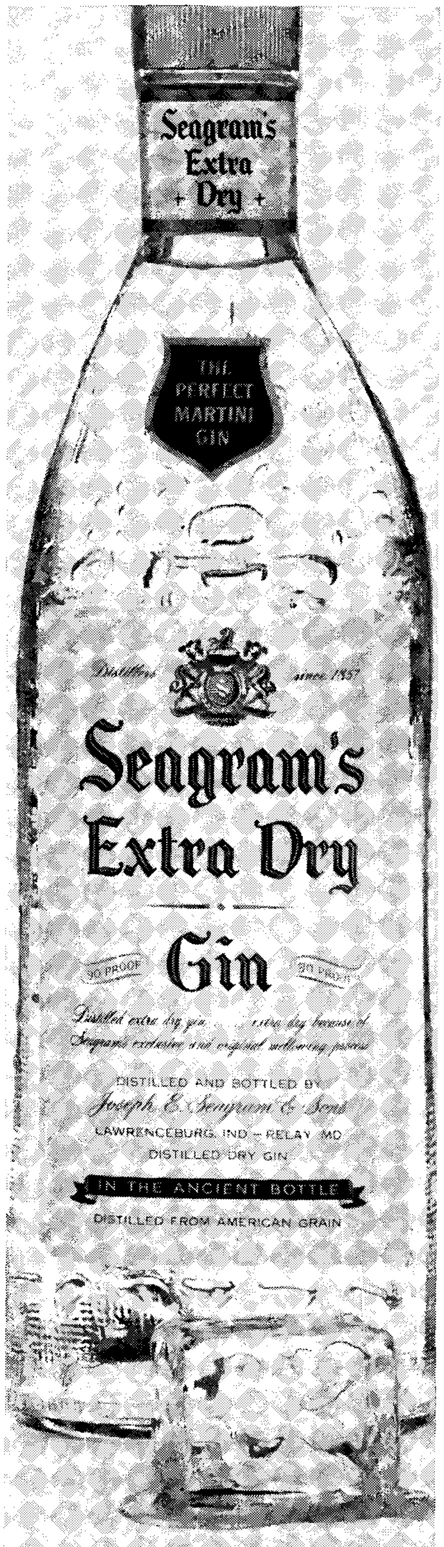
THE cultural explosion in this "area." Something of the kind, I suppose, is going on all over the country—*pari passu* with delinquency and crime—partly due to federal handouts and foundation grants. Two boys came to see me the other day—one an English teacher at Utica College, the other a painter who admires Soutine—to talk to me about a project, which seems to me vague and impossible, of setting up a summer school at Leonardsville, where the painter has inherited some property. They say they want people in the different arts to be able to talk to one another; some more or less distinguished person to come on once a week to read a paper or speak—to be followed, of course, by discussion. I think I shocked them by saying that for a painter or a writer to talk to a musician—unless they happen to be special friends or to have other interests in common—was like a carpenter talking to a plumber. What a person practicing one art can get from someone practicing another must come from experiencing the other's work. But shouldn't they ask "why" they practice their art? I said that anyone with a real artistic vocation rarely asks "why" he practices his art.

RETURNED to Talcottville, August 6th. The house looks somewhat better with the new screens in the windows, and the roof and the back bedroom painted.

Mabel Hutchins seems in very good shape and now has more free time to look after me. She has just dyed her hair and has a new, red-flowered dress. Kay, her daughter, is now working as assistant to Dr. Vella, the Boonville dentist, and seems to be delighted with her job.

Mary has dyed her hair again, a pale yellow, which is more becoming to her. She has lost weight and seems to have, for her, an almost lilylike fragility. She met me, as usual, at the airport, and we had dinner in Constableville. It was the day of the firemen's fair and parade. Both of Mary's daughters were in the parade, which went by just after we had finished dinner. Susie was playing the clarinet, and Janet, I think, just marching in the contingent from West Leyden. The whole thing was touching and cheering. Each town had sent its delegation, and they competed with one another in music and display, the stick-twirling of high-stepping majorettes and other parade specialties. In one delegation, there was a girl who did flips; in another, all the girls, at a signal, would suddenly sink to the ground, then quickly start up again.

AUGUST 9TH: A cracking thunderstorm—they are a feature of this part of the country. It blew out the bulb at my writing table, and when I moved the table to the middle of the room, it blew out the center light, too. I established myself at the other end, and the thunder and lightning moved



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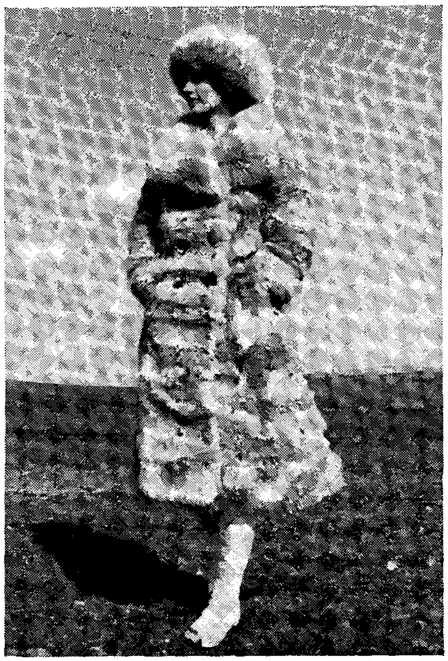

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off. It turned out that both the telephone and the phonograph had been put out of commission, too. A ball of fire had been seen in the road.

AUGUST 10TH: Elena arrived by plane, still ill from the flu—she didn't even feel able to drive a hired car, though later she recovered and we got one. Very gloomy days at first. She said she was afraid of the old house, always had been, had to steel herself.

1967

JULY 20TH: I found Rosalind and the house in better shape than I had expected. Talcottville is rather fading out on me, but it makes it less lonely to have Rosalind here. I have had, as I always do when I first come up, a wonderful sense of quiet and freedom, all my time to dispose of myself. The traffic past the house is not so bad now that the parallel road has been finished, and the delinquents, I am told, are mostly either working or married.

I AM reading a biography of Cole Porter. I first heard of him and saw him perform when I was at Princeton and he came on for a concert with the Yale Glee Club. A Yale friend used to sing songs from his Yale smokers. I can hardly believe, at my age now, and so far away from that period, that I really lived through all that and did all the things that I did: Mary Blair, Frances, Margaret, *Vanity Fair*, the *New Republic*. Some wonderful things to look back on, but also naïve and nasty things that I hate to have to remember.

DINNER with the Howlands. When I found how much they suffer from the long and confining Boonville winters and that John amuses himself with a variety of hobbies—fixing clocks, astronomy, providing food and houses for birds—I gave him Al Baker's books on magic and sent him a set of linking rings, and he is now quite accomplished with cards, and performs a routine that I didn't know. He entertains his customers with card tricks when they sit around the Clark Layng furniture store more or less as if it were a club. Someone has said that he never knew a furniture store where the furniture was so much used. This is due to old Clark Layng's genial and sociable spirit.

1968

I FLEW up on May 9th. Mary met me, somewhat upset by a car accident her boy had just had. Another car ran into him. He wasn't hurt, but his car was badly smashed up.

Annoyances: Hearing, in the old schoolhouse, on the new four-lane highway that they contemplate putting through. I shall have to intervene in order to save my front steps. It is true that something ought to be done about the old bridge, where several accidents have occurred, but there is already a wide new road that runs parallel to this. Why do they need another one here? Otis Munn, after the hearing, came in and we had a long talk. He, too, is discouraged by what he calls the "riffraff" who are making Talcottville look so tumbledown and who inflict on us the plague of delinquent children. Three of them have just been arrested, and Mabel Hutchins thinks that they may now be a little quieter. Otis says that he has thought of moving away, but I doubt if he ever will. One of my Talcottville neighbors complained to me that last winter they ran over everything with their snow machines. They have ridden through my currant bushes and partially killed them. I have had a wire fence put around them. I stopped in at one of the houses where one of the fatherless families lives, to complain about the breaking of the windows of the barn and to tell them not to cut my corner with their motorcycles, by which they make great gashes in the grass. I asked them why they didn't go for real trips on these cycles but only did a constant buzzing back and forth past my house and the store and riding up the little blind alley toward the schoolhouse. I asked them whether it were true that they couldn't go along the main roads because they couldn't afford to get licenses. They said that the problem wasn't money for the licenses but the hundred and forty dollars for compulsory motor insurance. I felt rather sorry for them. The house seemed perfectly bare: a table, a few chairs—no decorations or comforts, no signs of "a woman's touch." Their mother is evidently away all day. They tell me that the boys get a snow machine or a motorcycle by paying a first installment, then, when they haven't made good on the second, allowing the company's agent to come and take it away. Then they get one from another company.

MY Showy Ladyslippers, brought me and expertly planted by the Weilers, are almost all blooming now, and I am extremely proud of them. Five are in flower or bud, though the one that has flowered is as yet rather measly. It is as if the plants themselves had contrived with much taste the combination of deep-pink pouches and white, ribbonlike streamers, of smooth surfaces and speckled interiors, with the piquancy of the single dots of yellow and red. I feel that they are exquisite independent beings who are nevertheless willing to live here.

THIS summer has so far, I think, been the pleasantest I have spent up here. Old age has its compensations. I feel that I can loaf in the mornings, be less anxious about what I am going to write and not suffer afterward so much about the gaffes and errors I have made. My regrets mostly nowadays are about the things that I can't any longer do; but I dwell on old love affairs, and this does not impose upon me any further responsibility for them. Mabel Hutchins has more time to devote to me, and Rosalind keeps me company. All kinds of people write me, and I get a lot of papers, books, and magazines. I probably waste time, however, with the papers and magazines, and a good deal of the mail is a bore: requests to read manuscripts or teach or speak, advertisements, petitions to sign, schoolchildren asking questions which their teachers should have prevented instead of, as they sometimes do, encouraging them, letters from lunatics and crackpots. People have asked me out a lot, and sometimes I have had to refuse in order to get an evening to myself. The weather has been mostly delightful. I am becoming more involved in the community, discussing the local problems with the Munns, Chet Rice, and the Talcottville O'Donnells. John Howland has made me a present of a bluebird house and a bird-feeder. Bob Weiler's gardening has very much improved the whole place. The white rose by the front porch, which my mother always called "Aunt Lin's," has begun blooming again, and the gooseberries are now abundant. Both had seemed to be dying out.

JULY 7TH: Picnic with the Crostens at Independence River. I stayed behind, below, while they climbed up to the falls. Strange to think that only a few years ago I was able to scramble up by the rocks or at least to walk up by the path. I drank the rest of a gallon of white wine, played with a little pale coffee-colored kitten that a friend of Stephen Crosten's had brought, and read in a paperback of Yeats's plays that this friend had also brought. Yeats's poetry still moves me. The friend is in our State Department, from which he says he is going to resign, and in the

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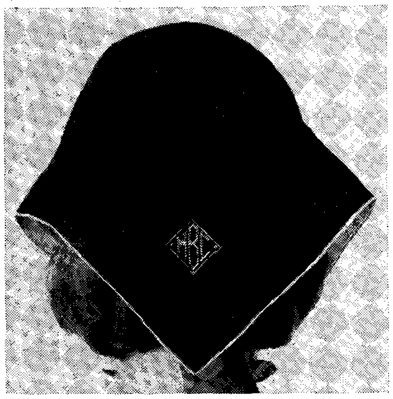

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consul's office in Montreal. He says that in Canada he finds that it is impossible to be, as he wanted to be, a foreigner. They either think you are pro-English or an American who wants to get something out of them.

Back in the house, I played for Crosten the first side of Ginastera's opera "Bomarzo," and he thought it quite good, as I did. It exploits all the possibilities of the twelve-tone system for the macabre and the sinister—and these possibilities are considerable. I have never heard this done before: ballet of Monsters, ballet of Mummies. The composer's idea is that the life of the young Orsini duke has been spoiled by his deformity, which has made him so neurotic that he is sexually impotent, and there is a scene with a Venterian courtesan, with whom he has been hoping to cure himself, that couldn't be more frustrating and grimmer. Crosten had said to me just before that Britten was the English Meyerbeer, and I told *him I supposed he would say that* Ginastera was the twelve-tone Meyerbeer. "No," he said. "The twelve-tone Verdi."

Elena came Friday the twelfth. We had supper with the Mihálys on a horribly hot day. He took us to see Deerlick Rock, a local landmark which I had never known about and of which not even the Loomises had ever heard. It is a very high brownish boulder that covers five acres. An Indian couple of lovers are supposed to have thrown themselves down from it. The lover had stolen the woman from the man with whom she was living, and in order to escape his vengeance they had taken refuge on the rock, which was supposed to be a sanctuary. Eventually, hunger and thirst drove them to kill themselves. At the time of the French and Indian Wars, a company of French soldiers are supposed to have left a cache of money buried at its bottom. Mihály bought it some years ago and turned it into a "park." He has planted sixty-five thousand trees there, and one of his sons and his family are living in a house on the premises. The mosquitoes and the heat were too much for me, and I did not attempt to climb the rock.

July 18th: The motorcycle brigade, as Elena calls them, came back, more or less drunk, from some sort of "field day," and made such a racket in the road in front of the house that they woke up Rosalind and me. They were standing out in the road trying to stop

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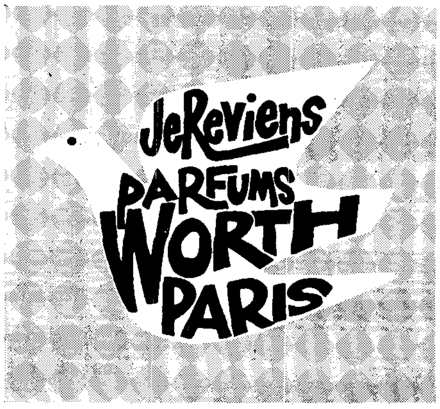

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cars and make them swerve. I called the sheriff in Lowville, and they sent over a part-time deputy, but he failed to catch anybody. They hid in our shrubbery and behind the store.

THE most beautiful fall here I have ever seen. We drive out into the country and take little walks along some uninhabited, unfrequented road. Foliage so wonderful that, at this time of life, having already done so much describing, I hardly try to describe it: rose orange, blood orange, pale lemon, or deeper copper. One road ran uphill through a wood toward a tunnel completely yellow, a little falling stream below. There has been almost no frost, and this produces different effects from the sudden blasting blazes of red. Sometimes a gold-soaked mist.

I told Elena how very much I had been enjoying that week, and that the only flaw in my enjoyment had been her not enjoying it as I did. She answered that there was something chemical about one's enjoyment of places.

It all ended in rain on Saturday, and the trees are now partly denuded.

1969

IT sometimes seems to me strange that I am still alive and writing this diary. When I look into old books of mine, it is almost as if they had been written by someone else, and I cannot take very much pride in them, because they seem to me now dated.

AT moments, especially when reading in bed, I have a brief, comfortable, reassuring feeling of the renewal of some such sensation as I have sometimes enjoyed in the past—a natural echo of organic vitality cropping up in my now infirm self.

SINCE the two or three days of pouring rain, the country has been flooded as I have never seen it: the pastures turned into lakes, the Black River all over its bordering fields, Sugar River a turbulent, muddy torrent, a pond in our back lot.

JUNE 13TH: An almost two-hour session with Dr. Miller, the dentist. I am impressed by his careful expertness, the close attention he gives to everything, commenting constantly to the nurse, who seems to have been well trained to understand the procedures.

But it may have been something of a strain. I had had little sleep the night before. Next morning, the bad chills, high temperature, and convulsive vomiting of my confounded tropical malady. I was knocked out for three days. Dr. Smith attended me, and Mrs. Hutchins nursed me, spending the night in the house. Asleep, unconscious most of the time. When I came to, I read snatches of the Hemingway biography by Carlos Baker.

A fit of coughing after dinner intensified into another attack of that damned Jamaica malady, which turned me inside out and left me feeble for nearly a week. Tried to read "La Marge," by André Pieyre de Mandiargues—incredibly slow and boring. At a certain point, I merely skipped through to the end to see what was being withheld. I think the whole thing is a swindle.

TALCOTTVILLE again, September 24th. I went to bed early; then woke up between two and three and finished Macaulay's history. Though he was dying, he more or less rounded it out by doing the deaths of James and William in fragments detached from the run of the narrative. Quite fortifying to find him thus sustaining the work, with the same high morality and thorough research, through all those parliamentary developments in connection with the Irish forfeitures—same patience and eager interest.

ON Saturday night, September 27th, the Browns were having a birthday celebration, and the boys were racing in their cars up and down Water Street and along the main road. The racket was so annoying that people thought of calling up the state troopers. One of these boys, a Young, and another, a distant cousin of mine, who has shown signs of becoming a black sheep and had got in with the local gang and run away from home once or twice, did not arrive at the Talcottville church, where the others were waiting for them. Someone went to find out what had happened, and when he came back he said to the boys who were waiting, "If you can pray, you'd better start now." The car with the other boys had run off the road and straight into a tree. The Young boy was dead, his neck broken. The other boy was badly injured and taken at once to a hospital. When I asked about him the next Thursday, I was told that he was still unconscious; he hadn't recovered yet from the concussion. It was impossible to tell who had been driving.

I talked to Barbara Erwin about this boy, whom she had had in one of her

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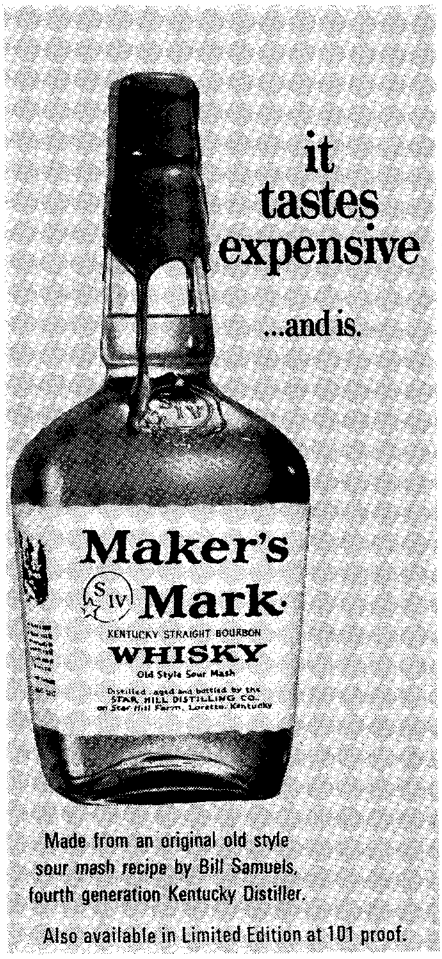

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classes. She said that he was not a bad boy, she had found him sympathetic, but he didn't fit into farm life. He would come to school in the morning, after getting up early and attending to the cows, and drop his head on the desk and go to sleep.

THE panes with the quatrain by Stephen Spender and the poem by Louise Bogan have been broken by these local mischief-makers and were replaced while I was away, and the pieces thrown away.

1970

ARRIVED in Talcottville on May 11th. I had a heart attack in New York in the early spring and had to be careful of making any effort, but Elena drove me to the airport, and a porter with a wheeled chair took me down in an elevator to the lower level and got me on the plane. Mary met me at the other end.

I HAVE had a bed moved downstairs to the back of the big room. I live as I did at Wellfleet, working, sleeping, and eating in the same room, with the bathroom adjoining, and I find it pleasant enough. Mabel Hutchins stayed nights during the first week, but now (May 26th) I'm not afraid of an emergency anymore. I can get around with little difficulty—go upstairs only once a day and space my excursions and guests.

ROSALIND and I have the problem of finding a decent place for dinner. We usually have to fall back on the principal Boonville restaurant, where the menu is the same as elsewhere: same rubbery frozen turkey, of which I eat only the dressing, same South African lobster tails. We heard about a restaurant that was supposed to be very popular. Mabel Hutchins said that she thought it was so much in demand that we should have to engage a table. When we got there, it was not inviting and proved to be the very worst of the restaurants we had tried. It had the look of one of those Adirondack places where the bears come in to eat the garbage, and the fancy occurred to me that these bears had taken over the restaurant and were running it according to their own ideas. Bears do not eat meat on a large scale, but the cuisine consisted mainly of huge hunks of pork and beef—no soup, uninteresting vegetables. I became so depressed by the place that I drank the whole of a bottle of very sour white wine. The customers—big, rural-type men and women—also resembled bears.

MABEL HUTCHINS drove me to Hyde Hall. Alternations of sun with soaking rain. The characteristic skies up here, which have always impressed me since my youth, seem to correspond to the country in covering more space than is appropriate to our little human beings, with their beetle-like cars, and their knocked-together dwellings, barns, and silos. These skies seem more in keeping with the life and conceptions of the Indians. A bank of cloud above a long green hill, forested a darker green on top, and gray rain clouds which seem the emanations in vapor of remote invisible beings that move them slowly and, as it were, waveringly. Shreds of mist dripping here and there on the hills around Cooperstown. Glyn Morris believes that this effect is due to the elevation, which enables us to command greater distances.

The fading-out in New York State within such a brief period of the ideal of feudal grandeur is of course only a special case of the swift transience of everything in the United States. Such mansions mostly date from the early years of the nineteenth century, and the family estates were acquired in the later years of the eighteenth. Their ideal was represented at its most pretentious by the great building called Hyde Hall, which stands at the northeast of Otsego Lake, on the waters of which it looks out. This imposing "pile," as the old writers would have called it, was first built in 1817; the façade was added in 1833. The first of the family in this country was an Englishman, George Clarke, who came over in 1703 and was Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of New York. He married the daughter of Edward Hyde, the royal governor of North Carolina, and became, by the law of coverture, the owner of the Hyde estate in England. His great-grandson, who had inherited the Clarke estate in America, came over here after the Revolution and built for himself Hyde Hall out of the limestone available in this region. He had been at Eton with Wellington, after whom he named a hill on Otsego Lake, now usually known, however, as the Sleeping Lion. The architect seems to have aimed to reproduce the design of Elizabethan houses—the house is built around a court—though it is masked by the neo-classic portico which was eventually added. The Hyde-Clarkes lived with great magnificence; and they kept up the feudal tradition by resisting the demands of their many tenants at the time that the "rent war" was causing trouble. But the son of the Clarke who built the house had a mania for buying land; it was as if he wanted to own the old province. He would buy and then mortgage, and went bankrupt, leaving nothing, as he said, but his clothes. The family sold most of the land in 1888. But in the meantime, in vying with the English great houses, they had succeeded in creating a legend. They were even supposed to have a ghost, and there was a saying that no woman could be happy there; all the ladies suffered from afflictions and disasters.

The state bought the house in 1964 for five hundred thousand dollars; it was then in such bad condition that it was proposed to demolish it and make tennis courts for the state park in which it is now enclosed. But a Friends of Hyde Hall was organized in order to rescue and restore it. It was estimated that this could be done for a minimum of half a million, but it looks as if a million would be nearer the mark. The plan has been to bring back the original furniture, now in storage, and to turn it into a museum.

The old place is still a dominating presence. It is a hundred and ninety by ninety feet. Four high pillars, composed of round segments of stone, which would hardly seem out of place in Karnak, support an ironwork balcony, rather fancy but of the utmost dignity, and an entablature with a classical pediment. There is an oval window under the peak of the triangle, and three square windows below. The walls are built of two kinds of stonework, both smoother and more tightly fitted than ours. There are palatial reception and living rooms, all with big marble mantels, mottled in white and black; a library and a chapel. But inside it is now all a dark desolation. The wallpaper is peeling in sheets, and the plaster is falling from the ceilings, leaving naked the narrow laths. The shuttered light is too dim to make out the ornamental cornices. On certain rooms are placards: "UNSAFE." The floors have become rather flimsy, and one hesitates to climb the stairway, which, like ours, has brown bannisters and a curlicue fringe along the steps. Old mattresses lie in piles. Even the rooms to which the family resorted when the place became otherwise uninhabitable could never be lived in now. Here there are a few old photographs lying on floors and tables; a copy of the Tauchnitz edition of "Lord Ormont

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and His Aminta," which was considered very naughty in its day. The Clarkes seem to have been strangely careless of their property, as the Clarke who bought land was reckless. The "office" of one of the masters of the house, who died in 1835, was locked up after his death and never opened till 1890, by which time the floor had collapsed and the furniture had fallen into the basement. In a barn that is going to pieces, there are the gruesome remains of a grand piano, which was never unpacked from its case but left out on a porch to rot. The story is that it had been ordered from London to be played on some special occasion but, when it came too late, it was simply scrapped. In one of the downstairs rooms, there are toilet seats and other bathroom fixtures of comparatively recent date, which do not even seem to have been installed. In proportion as the family abandoned the house, the wildlife about took possession, and when people slept there they took care to stop up the cracks under the doors in order to keep out the snakes. Hyde Hall, with its grand view, set among its ancient trees, is now a boarded-up slab of masonry, with a ragged screen of brush behind it, above which is vulgarly flourishing the pink wild flower called Bouncing Bet. When I last saw the house, there were boys on the balcony investigating the bats in the attic. They were going to get in an exterminator.

IN the morning of June 12th, I went with Anne Miller to the chasm on Sugar River below the old railroad bridge, which I wanted to see again. Anne, in tennis shoes and white tennis skirt, helped me through the broken stones—I could never have got there without her—which was rather humiliating. When we got to the swimming hole and cataract, she went up to the falls, where she found a rope that the boys had evidently swung out on to drop into the deeper water. Her slim brown figure—she tells me she has Indian blood—looked very pretty against the dark water. I sat on a ledge. It is some years since I have seen this place. When you get beyond the stony descent, where the flowers of the season are blooming in the long grasses—wood anemones, buttercups, blue bugloss, with a sprinkling of forget-me-nots and violets, and with charred marks of picnic fires, the inevitable sprinkling of beer cans and Spearmint-gum wrappers—you find yourself suddenly in a high-walled ravine of stratified limestone rock, which is feathered with green fern and lined in the cracks with green moss. The river runs shallow here, fractured with moderate rapids. Birds flit back and forth between the walls. The cliffs where they overhang are dripping with the streams from springs, and the farther one goes toward the cataract the more densely they are plumed with trees: ash, hemlock, and elm, sumac bushes. A dead tree droops down over the stream. The cascade shows white, rather crooked and ragged, and below it floats a brownish froth. This froth and what she thought was a stagnancy of the water in a kind of inlet made Anne, with all the talk of pollution, afraid that the river might be polluted, and hesitant about bringing her children here. This is a relic of primitive landscape, just off the traffic of the motor road but invisible from it and frequented by few. Above the ravine, against the blue, the coverlet of small, dappling clouds crawls slowly below the sky.

The place is given a kind of sinister quality by two tragedies that occurred here. A boy was found drowned—he is thought to have committed suicide—and two girls, crossing on the trestle, were overtaken by a train: one lay down on the ties and was unhurt when the train passed over her, the other tried to hang on with her hands, but let go and fell and was killed. One summer, several years ago, I liked to come here to watch a brood of hell-divers. They would shoot along like aquaplanes, then disappear under the surface and swim for a long distance, then suddenly reappear.

THE old set of Charles Reade that my grandfather gave my mother when she was married is here—also, a two-volume edition of "The Cloister and the Hearth" that belonged to my Uncle Paul. This was a favorite book of my grandfather's, and I set out to find out what it was, reading it in bed late at night. I finished it on September 4th. It is hard to understand the raptures of Swinburne, even on the part of one so given to raptures. John Hearns, the Jamaican novelist, smiled when I said I was reading the book. He said he had read it at twelve, implying that it was appropriate for twelve-year-olds. I agreed with him and agreed that it was terribly dragged out. A kind of improvised adventure melodrama, which one is always conscious that the author is making up and not taking quite seriously himself: "Gerard caught Margaret, but was carried down by her weight and impetus; and behold, the soil was strewn with dramatis personae." The picaresque first half is more or less amusing, with its elements of historical authenticity, but the second part becomes exasperating. The author, in the fashion of those days, has continually to invent obstacles to prevent the lovers' being reunited. Then the very tedious pathos of the inevitable Victorian deaths. The catchwords that get on one's nerves: the dashing Frenchman's "The devil is dead!," the heroine's "I am but a woman." The reiterated humility of this last almost makes one sympathize with the Women's Liberation movement.

I have started George Borrow's "The Bible in Spain." I need some long nineteenth-century book to supplement my Nembutal tablets. After that, I shall go on to more editions of Byron's "Letters and Journals." I was born in the nineteenth century, can remember the death of Queen Victoria, and it somehow consoles me to revisit it in literature. I have even bought a paperback reprint of Trollope's "The Eustace Diamonds." At college, I read "The Warden" and "Barchester Towers," which an admirer of Trollope had given me, and swore that although these books were mildly amusing I should never waste any more time reading Trollope—a resolution I have kept till now.

THE road-building is being overdone.

Glyn took me for a drive on Tug Hill to investigate a country road that was being enlarged and improved but did not have any intelligible purpose. The only buildings along it were two or three ruined farmhouses; the only object it led to—by way of a road that branched out of it—was a fire tower, to which it would not seem to be useful, because the messages from it were signalled. On another afternoon, Mabel Hutchins took me and her three little grandchildren for a ride, in the course of which we explored an unknown road through a woodland. This was also being widened and surfaced, which seemed to be equally pointless. We drove for what appeared to be miles without seeing any signs of life except the paths to two or three camps. I finally told the children that the road eventually led to a ferocious animal that one had to be careful about, and they were rather disappointed when we never encountered this animal. There was nothing of interest whatever. At moments we thought of turning back, but persisted and came out on a road to a town that could have been

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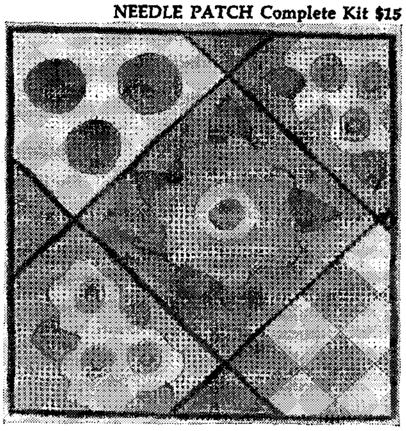

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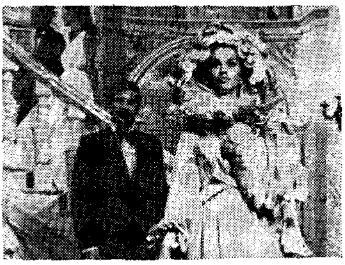

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reached without the road through the woods.

Surveying has been begun on the four-lane highway running past my house that seems to us more or less superfluous, since the parallel highway a few miles away has only just been completed. It is true that drunken drivers have come to grief by not turning promptly at a kink just before the Sugar River bridge, and further on there is the kink where George and Lou Munn had their horrible accident. But does this demand a four-lane highway? They are taking a large section of my lot across the road and a corner from my other lot, across what used to be called Water Street, and they offer to pay me only five hundred dollars for them. The value of land here is for some reason going up—people are even buying lots on Tug Hill—and these lots of mine on a state highway must certainly be more valuable than that. Penberthy, my Utica lawyer, is working on the problem of trying to get me better paid.

I ASKED John Howland to take me to the mess that is being made of Dry Sugar River, our old fossil-studded and bird-haunted picnic spot that I always continue to revisit, where the river goes underground. This land has been bought and turned into a quarry for the crushed stone that is used for the making of these roads. One suspects that the crushed-stone interests and the road-building interests and no doubt the oil interests, too, are working closely together. [It turned out later that the man who has been operating this quarry has the contract for the four-lane highway that is going to be such a nuisance to me.] Crosten had told me that when the quarry is working an unpleasant cloud of brown dust rises among the green hills, but on the morning we visited this industrial desolation there was not much being done, and no one interfered with our movements. You thread your way among the skeletons of stonecrushers and the mountain ranges of black, powdered surfacing material. There is nothing left of Dry Sugar River but a gaping rectangular excavation: gray walls of gutted, striated rock, with feeble streams trickling down the sides. I couldn't see whether the strange, creviced woodland survived through which one passed to the romantic spot, with its old mill and huge prostrate millstone, where the river emerged again, gushing out of the side of a hill. I should think that the blasting out of

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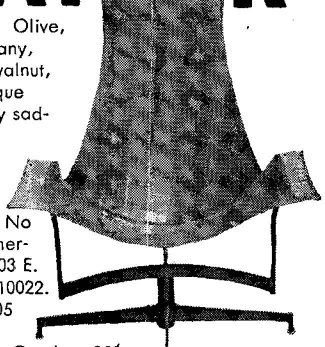

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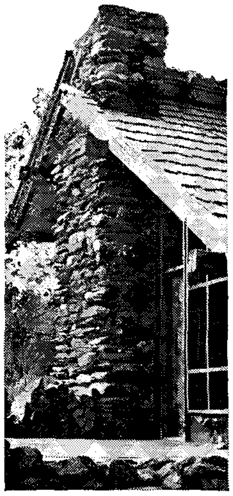

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this quarry must have wrecked its underground course.

GERTRUDE LOOMIS, now that her mind is nearly gone, is evidently a more serious problem than Florence was. She is always hiding things and wandering out for walks alone. The other day, in her nightgown and dressing gown, she walked to Talcottville down the middle of the road and called on the people, whom she did not know, now living in Carrie Trennam's house. She seems to have developed an antagonism to Huldah, but when Gertrude broke her leg last winter and had to be away in the hospital, Huldah says, she was lonely without her. Huldah herself, although now rather deaf and although her eyes are failing, is still quite clear in her head and able to cope with the situation.

I SOMETIMES feel that nowadays—eating, sleeping, and working in the same room—I am living like an animal in a den.

BOB WEILER has a badly mangled hand, which was caught in a machine at the mill, and a rib or two were broken in a car accident. But he is able to push a lawnmower, and has now at last, at the end of the summer, managed beautifully to weed out my place, to which up to now this year I have been rather inattentive. He has bunched the Showy Ladyslippers in front of the house. The ones behind were not doing well.

ELENA has told me over the phone that Helen had a bad car accident in Maine, where she has been going to a Skowhegan art school. A car in front of her stopped suddenly without giving a signal, and she was thrown through the windshield, cutting a great gash in her head that almost went through her skull. Twenty-three stitches were taken. Her car was completely smashed, the one in front merely dented. The stitches were eventually taken out, but the gash can be concealed only by doing her hair so as to cover it.

THE pretty old rounded maple across the road in front of the house is beginning to turn with autumn. A reddish-orange patch has appeared in the middle and will spread to the rest of the tree. It is going to be cut down to make room for the new road, and this may be the last time I shall see it.

—EDMUND WILSON

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE little Forum in Lincoln Center ends its best season ever with a Swiss joke (a Swiss lark is more like it): Friedrich Dürrenmatt's "Play Strindberg," which was described in a press release as "a restless, shocking black comedy of love and of hate." Well, sort of, but it comes out much broader than that at the Forum. What Dürrenmatt has done is to take Strindberg's raging, seething "Dance of Death" and, using the same characters in the same situation, make it (via James Kirkup's brisk translation) into a hokey, heartless comedy—a reversed "Private Lives" in which the acid dialogue masks repulsion and distaste instead of attraction. It is done in a prize ring in twelve rounds. What we have, therefore, is a single-joke show, but one that holds up for an entire evening better than you might expect. At the beginning, while the house lights are still on, a trumpeter and a tuba player, on a small platform at the rear of the stage, strike up a fanfare, and the three principals—Robert Symonds, as the crazy, dying captain; Priscilla Pointer, as the shrewish, no-talent actress he married twenty-five years ago; and Conrad Bain, as her rich cousin just returned from America—enter and greet the audience in the traditional pugilistic fashion, their hands clasped high above their heads. The house lights go down, and the stage manager rings a bell for Round 1. The rounds vary in length and, during the course of the action, whenever a member of the trio is temporarily out of the scuffle he sits at ringside, so to speak, with a towel around his neck. Many of the lines are entertaining, but the sight gags are funnier still, are funnier than they sound—Miss Pointer stabbing away at her embroidery in its hoop, snatching up card tricks in the two-handed rummy game she plays with her husband, and finally, as he lies paralyzed with his head on her lap, spooning gruel into his mouth while holding his nose; Mr. Symonds in various stages of catalepsy and spleen (and high blood pressure), thumping around and brandishing his sword to "The Entrance of the Boyars" and firmly closing the piano on his wife's hands as she renders "Solveig's Song" to annoy him; Mr. Bain ducking the sword when needs be and supporting the sagging captain all over the stage. This is, or certainly becomes, more an actors' show than a playwright's, and the troika on hand, under Dan Sullivan's nimble direction, appear to be having a high old time. The two most entertaining scenes are one in which Mr. Bain, glazed with courtesy and boredom, sits beside Miss Pointer and examines an old photograph album, and another in which Mr. Symonds ravenously wolfs down a mammoth dinner to comic and, as it turns out, practically lethal effect. (I don't see how he can do it night after night.)

In Strindberg's play, as you remember, a man is destroyed by his dreadful wife; Mr. Dürrenmatt, as far as I can make out, takes no sides. Both husband and wife are terrible and both are crazy, and that cousin from America is lucky to get away with scalp intact. At the end, all three slip into bright satin bathrobes to receive their applause. Jean-Daniel Noland doubles as stage manager and ringside sports announcer. The Victorian setting and costumes, by Douglas W. Schmidt and James Berton Harris, respectively, are decorative and practical. Miss Pointer's reddish-blond wig is especially becoming.

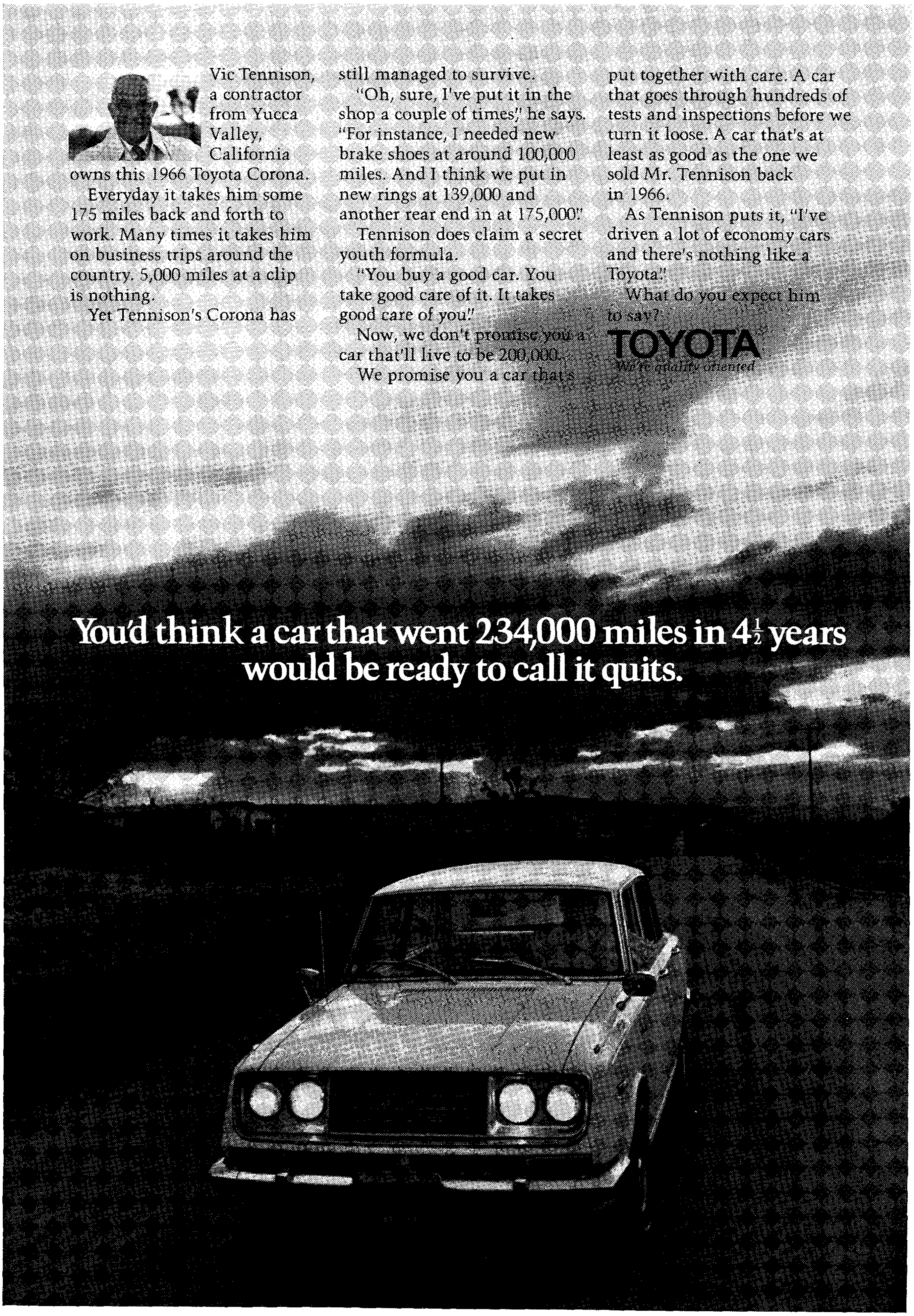
IN "The Justice Box," which paused briefly at the de Lys, an enormous actress named Tally Brown gave a subtle and truly frightening performance as an aging French whore, the mistress of the public executioner of Paris. The rest of the acting, in a passel of styles, varied in quality—to be as kind about it as possible—but there was no question of its quantity. The play, which was about capital punishment, among other matters, deserved no better than it got. The title refers to the box in which the blade of the guillotine is kept.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

KALONA—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Petersheim, formerly from Indiana and now enroute to El Salvador, were overnight guests recently of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Miller.
ly, there would be the running up of flags, a mutter of musketry and the booming of cannon, a few public speeches and the sounding of huzzahs from a . . .—*Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

Miller doesn't do things by halves.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THE RACE TRACK

Caramba!

BREATHLESS anticipation, a stunning result, and the defeat of great hopes marked the hundred-and-third running of the Belmont Stakes last Saturday afternoon. The October House Farm's Pass Catcher brought off a 30-to-1 chance, and Canonero II, the odds-on favorite for the race that would have won him the Triple Crown and glory for Venezuela, finished fourth. The anticipation brought an excited and vocally enthusiastic crowd of 81,036 and an atmosphere unknown to Belmont Park. How many Latins from Manhattan and elsewhere were there I wouldn't try to guess, but it sounded almost like a crowd you'd hear at Palermo in Buenos Aires. (I'd like to go to La Rinconada in Caracas someday.) The race wasn't the thriller that Canonero II's Kentucky Derby and Preakness were, but it was a good show, and at the end of the mile and a half Pass Catcher won it by three-quarters of a length from Jim French. Three and a half lengths behind them, Bold Reason beat Canonero II by a neck for third place.

I can't recall when there was a bigger crowd in the paddock. Indeed, many people sacrificed a view of the previous race to be there when the thirteen three-year-olds came in, and there wasn't a picture horse in the lot. Canonero II looked good, and I'm sure his aficionados, admiring his shining coat and powerful frame, said to themselves, "Here's a horse that won't let us down." Pass Catcher, by contrast, is a lean, less powerful type. Jim French appeared hard and fit, and no lighter in flesh than he was before the Preakness. Purse Finder was another who caught my eye. From a quick start, Canonero II was prominent in the scramble to the clubhouse turn and went round it first, with Avila high, almost standing up, in the saddle, the way Piggott, England's top jockey, rides. Pass Catcher and Bold Reason were never far behind, and neither was Twist the Axe, who passed them and went into second place after they had run a mile. Up to that point, Canonero II was reeling off quarter miles in around twenty-four seconds; then he began to slow down. This caused some crowding on the turn for home, in which Twist the Axe suffered most. After the race, Canonero's trainer, Juan Arias, said that because of an infection in the colt's right hind foot he had missed a couple of workouts and had gone to the post about three-quarters fit—hardly comforting news for the boys who backed him heavily at 7–10.

Pass Catcher, a bay by All Hands out of La Grue (by Flaneur II), was bred and is owned by Peter Kissel, who races the October House Farm horses. The colt's winding-up gallop for the Belmont was the Jersey Derby, in which he finished second to Bold Reasoning. Six years ago, his trainer, Eddie Yowell, won the Jersey Derby with Hail to All and sent him in the Belmont five days later and won it, too. Pass Catcher's piece of the purse was $97,710. For those who backed him, he paid a $71 mutuel. The O.-T.B. payoff was $51. And, while we're on the subject, I thought from the reports of how horseplayers were storming the offices of O.-T.B. that its handle on the race would be fantastic. Actually, it was only $1,176,898. Belmont's was $1,555,368. The handle for the day at Belmont was $6,972,209. Wow!

Coming up to the Belmont, there was good racing at Belmont Park. For one, E. P. Taylor's Deceit won the Mother Goose Stakes, the second event in the Triple Crown for three-year-old fillies, and did so more easily than she won the Acorn Stakes, the first of the series. Grafitti was second, and Forward Gal, the favorite in both races, who had been third in the Acorn, was third again. Another good race was the Metropolitan Handicap, the main attraction on the holiday card, which brought out seventeen runners. Hobeau Farm, owned by Jack Dreyfus, Jr., sent out two, and they ran one, three, with Tunex, the less fancied of the pair, winning by a nose from the Cragwood Stable's Protanto. A length behind them, Knight in Armor, who is Tunex's stablemate, and Native Royalty and Never Bow finished heads apart. Tenth among the also-rans was Personality, who was voted the best three-year-old in 1970. He failed to win in six tries this season. It seems that he has serious sinus trouble, and he has now been retired.

LAST week, Delaware Park offered the first Sunday racing at a major track in this part of the country, so your itinerant correspondent bucketed down to have a look, and ran into the worst weather possible for such an occasion—cold, rainy, and windy. Nevertheless, there was a crowd of 15,825 in the stand. (Attendance the day before—opening day—was 11,791.) On the face of it, this wasn't a fair test. I agree with Baird Brittingham, the head of the racecourse management, that we won't know how successful Sunday racing in Delaware is until the track has had at least three sunny Sundays. Anyhow, as I've said before, Delaware Park is a pleasant place to go racing, with all sorts of aids and comforts for horseplayers. I can also report that the room from which the stewards watch the races is furnished positively sumptuously, with a big sofa, comfortable chairs, two television sets, and whatnot. It's warm and dry, too.

TWENTY-ONE ran for the Derby Stakes, England's blue ribbon for three-year-olds, at Epsom Downs last week, and, for the second time in four years, it was won by an American-bred and American-owned colt—Paul Mellon's Mill Reef. Raymond Guest's Sir Ivor did it in 1968. From all accounts, Mill Reef, a bay colt by Never Bend out of Milan Mill (by Princequillo), stormed out of the pack in the last furlong and passed the post two lengths ahead of Linden Tree. Irish Ball, a French colt, was third. Mill Reef, who was the favorite in the betting, was nosed out once in six starts—all stakes races—last year. He was also beaten earlier this season—by Brigadier Gerard, who did not run in the Derby. I wish he had. In my book, the Brigadier is a better-looking horse than Hoist the Flag. He'll be out for the Royal Ascot. I'll see him there.

—AUDAX MINOR

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Home-Grown

THERE are very few American composers whose music can be said to be totally American. Louis Moreau Gottschalk, John Philip Sousa, George Gershwin, Charles Ives, Duke Ellington, and Virgil Thomson come closest to justifying that designation (I am leaving aside the composers of musical comedies except for Gershwin, who, after all, did write an opera). At the time of Edward MacDowell, American composers were preponderantly German-American, and the tradition still survives in the music of Samuel Barber. Since the First World War, the most acclaimed American composers have been Franco-American, with a dash of the influence of Stravinsky. Aaron Copland is such a composer. So is Ned Rorem, whose Symphony No. 3 was played by the Utah Symphony, under Maurice Abravanel, in Carnegie Hall last Wednesday night. I do not mean to compare one tradition with the other to the disadvantage of either, though my own preference for the Central European one is deep-seated. Mr. Rorem's symphony is, by present-day standards, a fine composition. It may not be a symphony in the traditional sense. But it is a coherent work in five movements, containing a minimum of noise and a fair amount of melodic invention. Its slow movement is reminiscent of Debussy here and there—which is no derogation. (Every important composition in the history of music is reminiscent of some composer.) Only in the last movement does Mr. Rorem adopt the sort of pentatonic melody that American composers of recent times have employed when they tried to be genuinely "American." This doesn't fool anybody, but it doesn't do any harm, either. Mr. Rorem is certainly among our most respectable composers, and his symphony is pleasing. Following the performance, he rose from his seat in a box and acknowledged what seemed to be sincere applause.

The Utah Symphony is a good orchestra, with excellent woodwind and brass instruments, and its strings have nice tone quality and play in tune. Under Mr. Abravanel, who is an old-fashioned, rather bandmasterish conductor, it performs with discipline and responsiveness. It hasn't quite enough strings to balance its wind section. Seven double basses, eight cellos, and comparable numbers of violins and violas are not enough to compete in such things as Brahms' First Symphony in C Minor, with which the evening ended. For the Rorem work, however, they were adequate, as they were for Ravel's Piano Concerto in D Major for the Left Hand, the remaining composition on the program. The soloist in this was Grant Johannesen, a familiar artist and certainly one of the finest American pianists of our time. The brilliance of which he is capable was not sufficiently displayed in this peculiar concerto, written for the pianist Paul Wittgenstein, who lost his right arm in the First World War. The concerto is made up pretty much of sound and fury, and, of course, demands plenty of pyrotechnics from the left hand. But Mr. Johannesen's right hand is so remarkable that I regretted not hearing it on this occasion.

ONE of the things we must be thankful to Mr. Bing for, and perhaps to the American Federation of Musicians, is the extension of the Metropolitan Opera season, which now runs to forty-two weeks—thirty-one for the regular season, six on tour, two for a special June season, three devoted to concert performances in the New York City parks. Four more are set aside for preseason rehearsals. This schedule brings the Metropolitan's activities almost up to the ten-month season of the Vienna Opera (which also puts in a month at the Salzburg Festival), and that is about all the opera you can get out of one company.

The June season opened on Monday night of last week with "Aida." There is no reduction in box-office prices for this short season, nor is there any diminution in the quality of the singers who participate. This was, in fact, an "all-star" production of "Aida," with Martina Arroyo in the title role, Grace Bumbry as Amneris, Franco Corelli as Radames, Mario Sereni as Amonasro, Cesare Siepi as Ramfis, and Paul Plishka as the King. The faithful veteran Fausto Cleva conducted, and though I have heard more inspired readings of the score, the treatment of it was at least adroit and considerate of the singers. Miss Arroyo makes a rather plump Aida, and her dramatic gestures are of a rather elementary sort. But her singing was everywhere beautiful in tone and knowing in musical style. Miss Bumbry, on the other hand, is an actress of considerable presence, and her characterization of Amneris is well thought out and highly effective. There were a few unsteady moments in her singing, but these were minimal, and on the whole she made a fine impression. You have to take Mr. Corelli or leave him. He has, as everybody has been saying for a decade, a lovely, loud tenor voice. But he has no musical style at all, and the tricks that he occasionally resorts to in order to make you think he has something of the sort are childish indeed. For several years now, he has sung the last note of "Celeste Aida" by belting it out fortissimo and then squeezing it into something resembling a pianissimo. The result is not tasteful. It is idiotic. It is wonderful to hear a tenor who can sing this note pianissimo throughout, but the tenors usually assigned to sing Radames are heavyweights who cannot negotiate a note that is both high and soft. If Mr. Corelli cannot manage a pianissimo at this point, he would be much better advised to sing the whole note fortissimo, and forget about this silly trick of trying to make it softer and softer. The other night, in fact, he failed to manage the trick, gulped, and then made a face at the audience as if to say "I agree, that was lousy, but you should hear me when I do it well"—all of which destroyed the drama of the moment, and with it the feeling that one was in a theatre. Mr. Plishka was adequate as the King, though his headdress needs adjustment. It was obviously built for somebody with a smaller face, and his cheeks bulge out of it like those of a squirrel storing nuts. Mr. Sereni did a good deal of barking as Amonasro, and while his face was made up with authentic Ethiopian blackness, his hands, sticking out of dark sleeves, were lily-white. Mr. Siepi made up for any shortcomings of the other male singers with a Ramfis that was distinguished vocally, visually, dramatically, and musically. Carlotta Ordassy's dangerous moment as the high priestess in Act I, Scene 2, came off fairly well, with only slight flatting here and there by her and the chorus.

LAST Thursday night, I returned to the Metropolitan to hear "Il Trovatore." I have never been fond of Attilio Colonnello's affectations as a set designer, and for the first scene of "Il Trovatore" he has managed something that might be entitled "The Sinking of the Cathedral of Monreale," an edifice near Palermo whose superficial features he has given a ruined and generally dilapidated look. We once had a beautiful set for this opera, but Mr. Bing's penchant for replacing a fine set with a poor one has left us with what looks like a conglomeration of half-recycled rubbish. (How many operas has this happened to? I can think immediately of "Carmen," "La Traviata," "Elektra," and "Der Rosenkavalier," and there must be many more.) Miss Arroyo was to have sung Leonora, but was taken ill, and the role was sung by Lucine Amara, which meant merely that a somewhat lighter voice was used. There was nothing wrong with Miss Amara's singing. Her technique is accurate and her musicianship admirable. The novelty of the evening was the début of a Rumanian tenor, Ludovic Spiess, as Manrico. Mr. Spiess is a good-looking fellow in a dark, conspiratorial way, not too bulky as tenors go, and with a well-produced, dramatic voice. He needs a stronger conductor than Kurt Adler, who was in charge of this performance. Somebody has got to stop Mr. Spiess from trying to hold the last note of "Di quella pira" as if he were involved in a contest to see who can hang on the longest. But he is a useful singer, if not a great one. Irene Dalis, who must have sung Azucena a hundred times at the Met, was eminently satisfactory in the role. Mr. Plishka was an excellent Ferrando. But Mr. Sereni made a perfectly terrible Count di Luna. I have never heard, even in second-class opera houses, the aria "Il Balen" so slaughtered. Most of the time, he was flat. But that was not all. The quality of his voice was poor, he hadn't the slightest idea of how to phrase his lines, and he was short of breath. I have referred to Mr. Adler's failure to control Mr. Spiess. But otherwise he showed himself to be an experienced maestro, and a better "Il Trovatore" conductor than many others who have presided over this opera. Perhaps the one oversight can be attributed in part to insufficient rehearsal, or to fatigue because of a long tour by the company. It can certainly be attributed in part to Mr. Bing's habitual unwillingness to give his conductors adequate authority.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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CORRECTION

The caption to a photograph published on May 26, described the centrepiece in an exhibition of Henry Moore's work as a sculpture. It is in fact an elephant's skull.—*The London Times.*

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U. S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN AND ATCHISON, KAN.

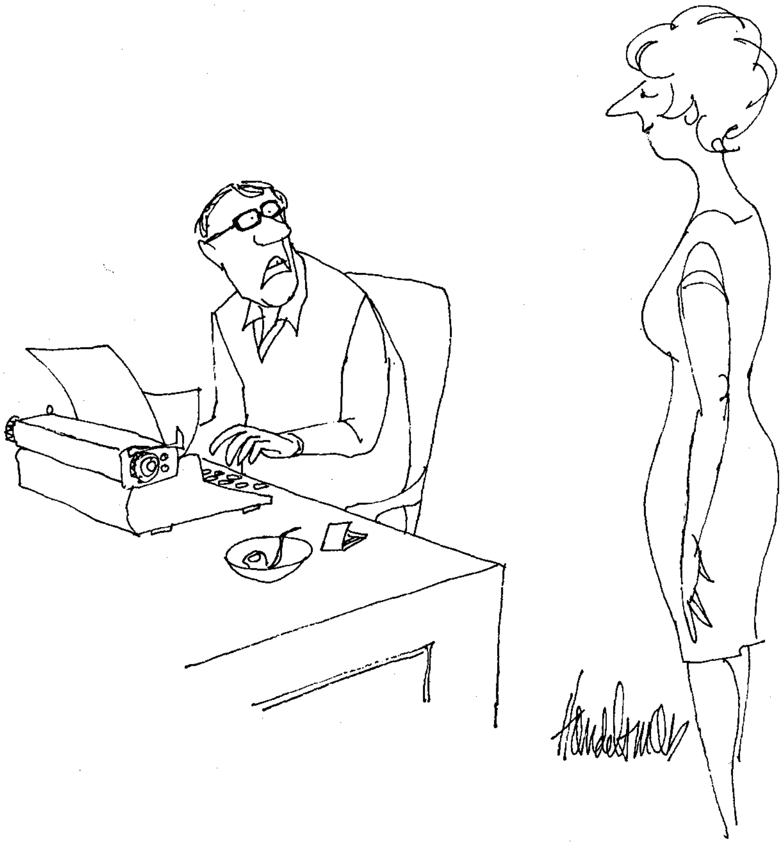
THE MAES FAMILY

SUE MAES lives in a commune in Manhattan, Kansas, and spends a lot of her time helping to run a free university called the University for Man. Her father, Jack Maes, lives in Atchison, Kansas, in an old white clapboard house with a swing on the front porch, and spends a lot of his time helping to run the local American Legion post. They get along pretty well. Whatever pictures a commune conjures up in the minds of some Legionnaires, Jack Maes knows that his daughter is not a degenerate hippie. No matter what the residents of most communes think when the American Legion is mentioned, Sue Maes knows that her father is not the kind of man who would pound his fist down on the Legion bar and demand that the gooks be bombed back to the Stone Age. Sue Maes and her father disagree about a lot of things, of course, but neither of them seems to feel the need to prove it. Although Sue talks to her father often, she isn't certain precisely what his views are on a lot of issues that are important to her. Sue and her parents seem to like each other, and they seem to appreciate each other's affection. Sue's parents are grateful that she's the kind of girl who always remembers to telephone when she arrives someplace, so they'll know she has arrived safely, and she is grateful that they're the kind of parents who care about her. "My parents want the best for me—they're concerned about me," she says. "They're really good people about that."

Sue is a tall, calm, serious girl with straight blond hair. In Manhattan, she lives on Laramie Street, near Kansas State University, in a big white house that would not be at all out of place on her parents' block in Atchison. Kansas State has traditionally specialized in teaching agriculture and engineering to people from the small towns and rural areas of Kansas. Some of the people in Sue's commune are from out of state, and none of them are actually studying agronomy or animal husbandry, but the group has a lack of self-consciousness that may come partly from the fact that a lot about modern communal life is more natural for people from small Midwestern towns than for people from large Eastern cities. At Laramie Street, young men remove homemade bread from the oven like people who have watched their mothers remove homemade bread from the oven. When the tomatoes Sue and her friends were attempting to grow in the back yard were attacked by bugs, they got advice not only from their parents but from a commune resident who is doing graduate work in entomology. At Kansas State, it is not always easy to tell if a pair of faded bluejeans is a symbol of the counter-culture or a leftover from the farm.

Manhattan and K-State have no trouble accommodating a small-town Kansas version of the counter-culture. A university official could hardly consider all communes depraved and threatening after visiting a commune on Kearney Street in Manhattan that is made up almost entirely of small-town Kansans in their teens who met through a discussion group at the United Ministries and who invited all their parents over for Thanksgiving dinner. Like Kansans in general, Kansans who live in communes in Manhattan tend to be relatively moderate and unabrasive. Deans who were suspicious of Laramie Street at the beginning were invited for dinner. Laramie Street and the K-State administration now get along; like Sue Maes and her father, they don't look for things to argue about. Visitors from the East who stop to share a meal at Laramie Street are likely to find the soybeans and brown rice familiar but the dinner-table conversation less brittle and less analytical than what they're accustomed to. Also, there is less of it.

The University for Man, which sometimes has an enrollment of more than a thousand K-State students and townspeople, has been supported by both the administration and the students of K-State from the start. "The administration uses U.F.M.," Sue says, without sounding angry about it. "If the president has to make a speech about what the students have accomplished, he mentions it. But I guess he has to defend it sometimes, too." Sue is paid as a member of K-State's Continuing-Education Department. The student government contributes several thousand dollars a year, and U.F.M. has even received money from something called the Favorite Man on Campus Contest. The K-State administration did become a bit disturbed a couple of years ago after receiving complaints that the U.F.M. catalogue included a course called S.D.S. Workshop and one called the Psychedelic Experience. But the courses were taught, and Sue now can't even remember if the dispute ever became public. (The same session included courses in



"Go ahead, scoff. Bennett Cerf and Faith Baldwin say I have writing aptitude, and they know more about it than you do."

Classical Guitar, in Farming International, and in Making, Playing, and Decorating Bamboo Pipes. The principle of U.F.M. is that courses are offered in just about anything that someone wants to teach and a number of people want to learn. The only course idea that was flatly rejected was for a cooking course by a pots-and-pans salesman.) For a while, the free university had trouble distributing its brochures among the soldiers at Fort Riley, which is only a few miles from Manhattan, but the matter was worked out in a friendly way with the commanding general, and now there is talk of holding some U.F.M. classes in the servicemen's clubs on base. The U.F.M. office has been used as headquarters for an underground paper called the *Mushroom*, which, without being obscene, prints views of the war and the government and the American business community that are common to underground newspapers. The joint office has been operating from the top floor of the Baptist Campus Center. Now that a sympathetic minister has left, however, the Baptists have served notice to vacate, although Sue wrote them a letter arguing that U.F.M. could be considered a sort of ministry. Times may have changed, but times have not changed enough to permit the Baptists of Manhattan, Kansas, to harbor a free university and an underground paper.

THE American Legion post in Atchison—Fleming-Jackson-Seever Post No. 6—has thirteen hundred and eighty members, or approximately one out of every three people in the county who are eligible to join. (Only those who have served in the armed forces during a time of war can join the American Legion. Among the side effects of the Vietnam war is the first fresh lode of potential members for the American Legion since the Korean war ended.) A lot of people in Atchison belong to the American Legion because the dues are only five dollars a year and its restaurant is the best place in town to have lunch and it has a bar that is permitted to serve hard liquor. "It's mainly a social club," Sue Maes says. "I guess there's some value in having a social club for people, and they do put some money back into the community. But then they'll have a whole conference on respect for the flag. I just think there are more important things for them to do."

Jack Maes says that people at the Legion have a variety of views on issues like the war but try to avoid talking

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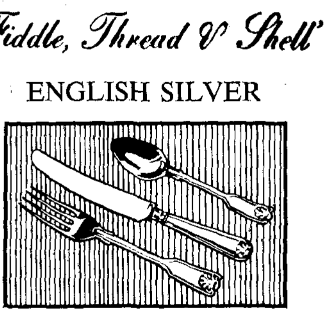

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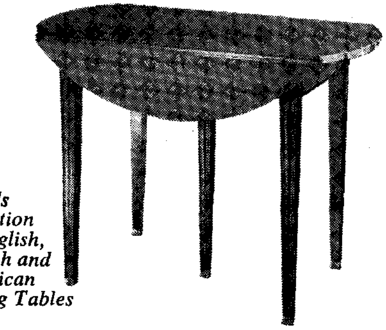
about politics and religion. The political issue that dominated conversation at the Legion this winter was the political issue that dominated the Kansas legislature—bingo. In January, a new state attorney general, who had been elected on a law-and-order platform, announced that enforcing the law would include enforcing the Kansas constitution's traditionally ignored provisions against lotteries such as bingo. The Atchison American Legion hall is, in the words of Jack Maes, "one of the best bingo outlets in the state." Atchison is just across the river from Missouri, where the laws against bingo are enforced, and a Saturday-night game at the American Legion can draw as many as a thousand people. (The same people can play bingo at the Knights of Columbus on Tuesday, the American Legion again on Wednesday, the Elks on Thursday, and the V.F.W. on Friday—and a lot of them do.) As a former commander of the Legion's District 1, which includes Topeka, the state capital, Maes was active in the lobbying that finally produced a bill allowing bingo to continue. The American Legion hall in Atchison, a modern building with a façade of pale-blue tile, cost three hundred and forty thousand dollars to build, and, because of bingo earnings, it was only five years after the ground-breaking that the post was able to burn the mortgage ceremonially—an event that included music by the Glenn Miller band.

Jack Maes, a friendly, mild-mannered man, got active in the Legion when he lived in Ottawa, Kansas, just after the Second World War. "We were new in town," he says. "And when you're new in town you join everything. It's just something to do." Eventually, he was so active that the Legion's annual national convention served as the Maes family's summer vacation. Maes had come to Ottawa to manage the Fox-Midwest theatre there. As a poor farm boy attending Emporia State Teachers College in the early thirties, he had supported himself partly by working at the local movie house, and, having considered the forty dollars a month being offered to teachers when he graduated, he decided to stick with the theatre business. He married Bertha Huth, who was working at the Emporia theatre as the cashier, and before the war he managed theatres in Beatrice, Nebraska, and Marysville, Kansas. In 1964, after the Maes family had been in Atchison for fifteen years, Jack Maes was supposed to be transferred to Topeka, but he decided not to accept the transfer. The family

BON APPETIT



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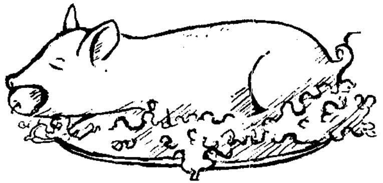

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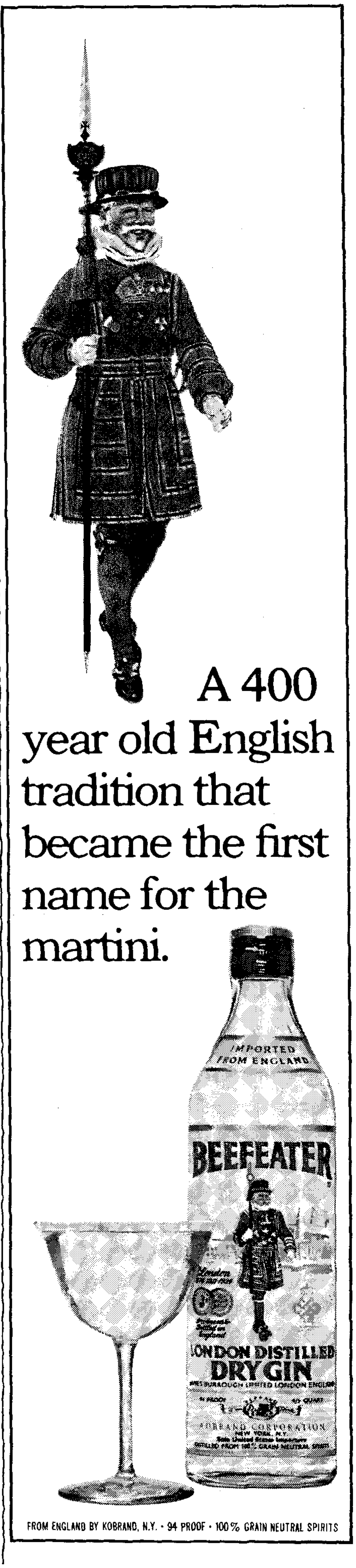
liked Atchison—particularly Sue, who was in her last years of high school and didn't want to leave. Maes found a job as administrator of the county nursing home, and eventually added a job as the paid manager of the American Legion post. He doesn't regret leaving the theatre business. "The movies they make now are lousy," he says. "All of them are full of sex."

JACK MAES is a Democrat and a Roman Catholic—twin inheritances from his father, a German Catholic who migrated to a wheat farm in western Kansas from Illinois. He feels comfortable as a Democrat—he has always identified the Republicans with the rich, and he has never been rich—but he sometimes votes for Republicans in local, or even state, elections. He voted for Dwight Eisenhower, partly because he had served under Eisenhower during the war. Atchison, a quiet old river town with a huge foundry and an alcohol plant and a flour mill, has more Roman Catholics than would be found in most Kansas towns. The Benedictines established two colleges there a century ago. Sue went to high school at an academy attached to one of the colleges, and she believes that the nuns and the priests gave her a feeling of the value of helping others. She thought briefly about becoming a nun. The experiences related by some returned missionaries made her want to go to Africa. She thought she would someday join the Peace Corps.

After a year at a small Catholic girls' college near Leavenworth, Sue transferred to Kansas State and joined a sorority. She hadn't thought much about what was going on in Vietnam—most of the conversation among the girls she lived with revolved around dating—but then she read a disturbing column by Walter Lippmann in *Newsweek* about the effects of the war. A couple of weeks later, she happened to attend a meeting of the campus Young Democrats—not because she was an active member but because it was the night for the yearbook picture and the president of the club, a friend of hers, was trying to see to it that the yearbook showed more Democrats than Republicans. A graduate student who wanted to start an organization for Eugene McCarthy was at the meeting. Sue seemed to be the only other person there who had heard of McCarthy, and a few months later she was organizing for McCarthy herself.

Sue thinks of the McCarthy campaign as the first time she began to investigate her own politics and to express her beliefs. Her feelings against the war led to a steady exchange of propaganda with her father: she would send him anti-war literature from the McCarthy movement, and he would send her clippings from the American Legion magazine about the spread of Communism. When Sue went back to Atchison later in the spring, she was surprised to find her father and a lot of his neighbors sympathetic to McCarthy. Jack Maes still uses language reminiscent of the anti-Communist films people cart around to Legion posts—"If you read history," he says, "you see their claws come down and try to take in all of Southeast Asia"—but he is against the war. "Of course, when you're a veteran you think we should defend our country and we shouldn't let the Commies expand," he says. "But when you stop to think about it you wonder if it's our problem." When the Legion in Atchison considered holding a counter-march during the Moratorium demonstrations in 1969, Jack Maes spoke against it. He said that the demonstrators—mostly students from the local Benedictine colleges—had a right to make their views known, and that everyone in town knew where the Legion stood. "When I was First District Commander in 1967, I probably thought all anti-war demonstrations were wrong," he says now. "Of course, you change over the years. Partly age, I think; partly the daughter."

Sue spent the summer of 1968 in Washington, working on an educational project in a black neighborhood with a Catholic student organization. When she returned to Kansas State for her senior year that fall, she quit the sorority. She hadn't been interested in its activities for some time, and the rushing that fall seemed to her to have undertones of racism. Her father wasn't disappointed. He had been to the sorority for Fathers' Weekend and felt uncomfortable worrying about exactly when to start eating and exactly what was correct once he did start. But he and his wife were not enthusiastic when Sue decided to move into a commune on Laramie Street. Sue remembers that her mother said it would be nicer if the boys and girls had separate bathrooms, and that her parents were concerned that having lived in a commune might be held against her in later life. ("Some



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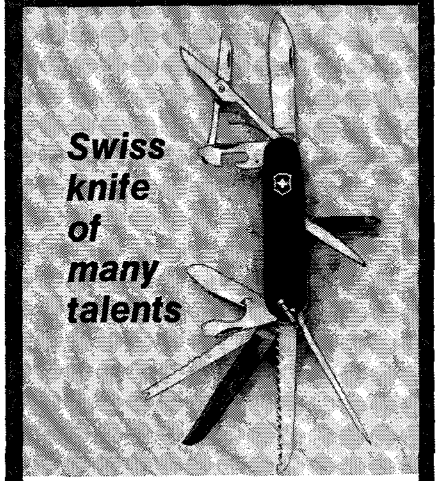

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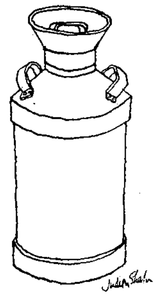
people frown on it. They think of it as a house of prostitution or something," Jack Maes says. "But whatever kids want to do goes on in cars in the country.") Sue has had her parents to dinner at Laramie Street a few times and has had friends from Laramie Street as house guests in Atchison. Whatever misgivings the Maeses had about the notion of a commune have not survived the routine of Sue's living there. Jack Maes finds himself a lot more comfortable at the commune than he was at the sorority house. "Everybody's just common people there: nobody showing off," he says. "They lay out plates, and if people come, all right, and if too many people come, some take plates and go into the living room and sit on the floor. Everybody pitches in to clean up—and people don't have that in a lot of houses around *here*."

Sue still demonstrates against the war, but not with the vigor she had a couple of years ago. She worked for an anti-war congressional candidate last fall, and she is still interested enough in public persuasion to have disapproved of the actions of a few people who offended a lot of Manhattan citizens at a recent anti-war demonstration by waving Vietcong flags and shouting obscenities. But she is often discouraged about the possibility of people like herself having an effect on national policies such as the prosecution of the war. She would rather concentrate on the free university, where she believes she is at least encouraging a few people to share their knowledge and is helping to break down one community's rigid views of education and is provoking some people to question what they're doing. There is a lot she likes about living in the commune—particularly the way it involves her in the variety of activities the residents are engaged in—but, after two years, she doesn't have any romantic feelings about it. Sometimes she longs for an apartment that would remain straightened up for a while, and for a quiet place where she could invite two or three friends in for a nice dinner with wine.



Sue takes graduate courses in education, but she finds herself more interested in educational innovation than in some of the courses that Kansas State requires for a master's degree. Her parents would be happier if she worked more systematically for her degree. Mrs. Maes, after working as a bookkeeper and as deputy register of deeds, lost an election to replace the retiring register of deeds, and, by falling back on some shorthand she hadn't used in thirty-seven years, managed to come up with a job as secretary at the Kansas Children's Receiving Home. The lesson, she thinks, is that a person can never tell when training or a degree will prove useful. She and her husband do believe that what Sue is doing at the University for Man is worthwhile—although Sue suspects that they find it easier to tell neighbors merely that she is teaching, leaving out the free-university part. Mr. Maes even thinks U.F.M. might be partly responsible for keeping Kansas State relatively free of student turmoil. "It kind of takes up the slack in the evenings," he says.

Sue thinks her first political disagreement with her father took place when she was still in high school: he expressed some concern that a house for sale in their neighborhood might be bought by Negroes, and she expressed some concern at his concern. She thinks her father now wouldn't mind if Negroes moved into the neighborhood, but she assumes that he holds some views that would offend her if they talked about them. In fact, Jack Maes sometimes wonders if paid agitators are going around the campuses stirring up trouble. His views on the futility of the war sometimes slide into a belief that the generals would have taken care of everything by now if only the politicians had been willing to quit pussyfooting. Sometimes Sue seems to feel a bit guilty about avoiding confrontations with her parents on such matters—reassuring herself with the fact that her parents are not, after all, grasping exploiters or munitions-makers, or anything like that. "I feel they're not out hurting people," she says. "If they were, maybe I'd talk to them more about things."

Sue does do some proselytizing. Her gifts to her parents last Christmas included a jar of yeast-plus formula and some Granola. She brings them books on the environment. Jack Maes doesn't always read the books ("She brings home some of those deep ones," he says, shaking his head. "Oh, my goodness gracious!"), but he doesn't seem the sort of man who would think of ridiculing whatever his daughter brought him. Sue has sometimes thought of trying to get her parents interested in projects she considers more worthwhile than playing bridge or doing club work (Mrs. Maes, also a joiner, has just been elected local president of a women's service club called Zonta International), but so far she hasn't. "How much can you force on someone?" she says.

"Sue has changed our views on a lot of things," Jack Maes says. Sue believes her parents disapproved of a boy she brought to Atchison from the commune some time ago, partly because he had long hair and a beard. Mr. Maes still thinks the boy could train his hair better, but he now speaks with some irritation about people who judge others by the length of their hair. He was particularly irritated that an Atchison shopkeeper wouldn't trust the boy in question to bring in a penny or two he was lacking for a purchase. The purchase was some construction paper to mat a drawing the boy had made of the Maes house as a Christmas present for the family. Jack Maes now waits a bit longer between trips to the barber himself. The result is nothing extreme, but enough to draw an occasional comment at the Legion hall. The Maeses are not the kind of people who are likely to go much further than that toward the style of Laramie Street, but they don't feel estranged from their daughter. "We've always been a close-knit family," Jack Maes says. "There was always a deep love in the family. She's an only child and she came late and we never believed in leaving her a lot. And we've never had any problems like some of them have with their children."

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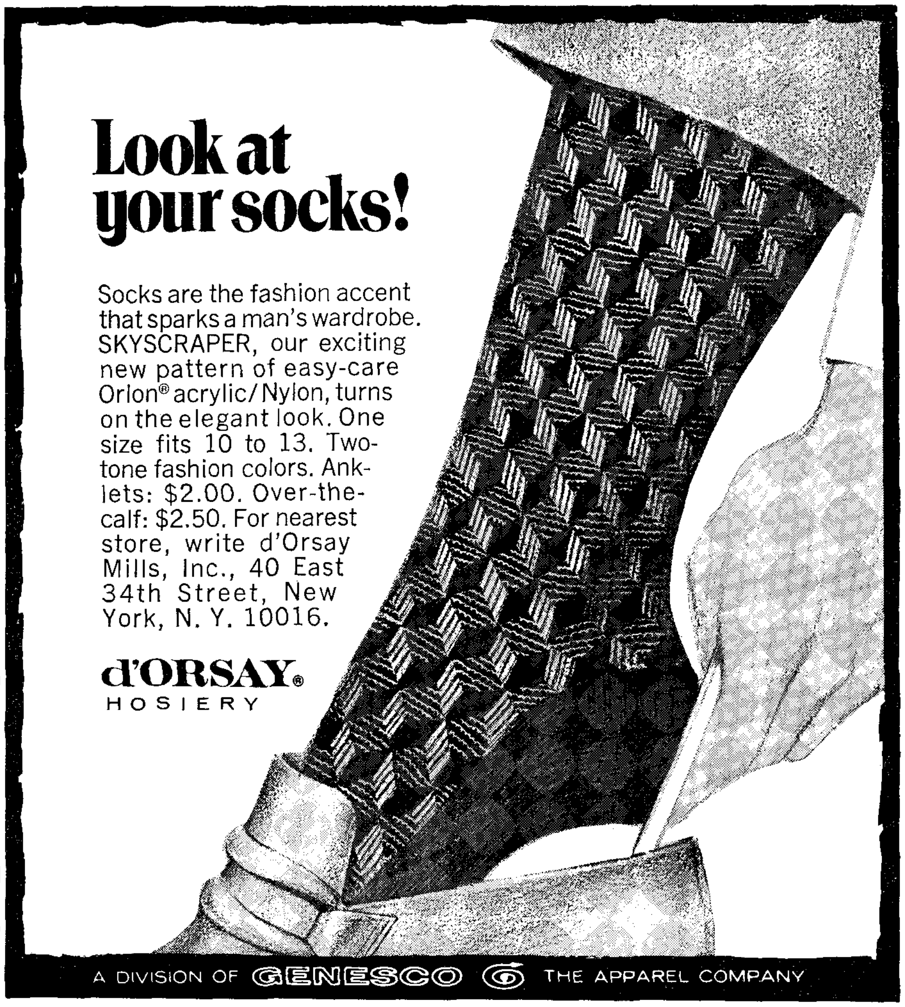

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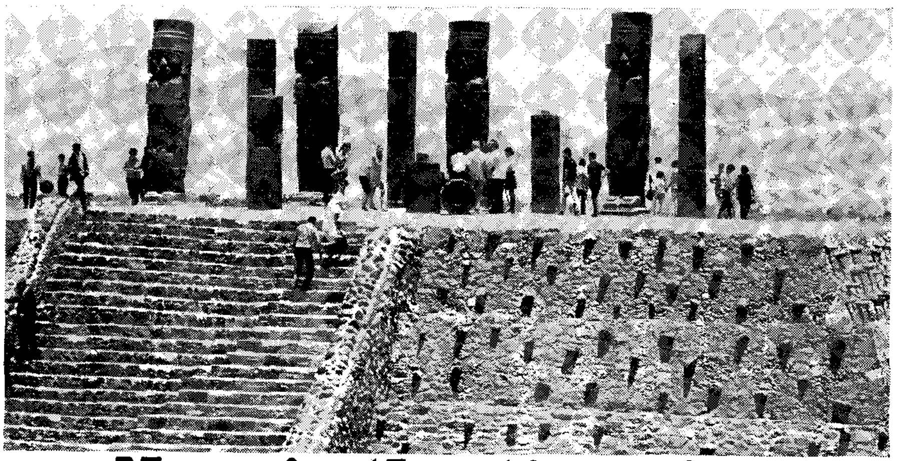

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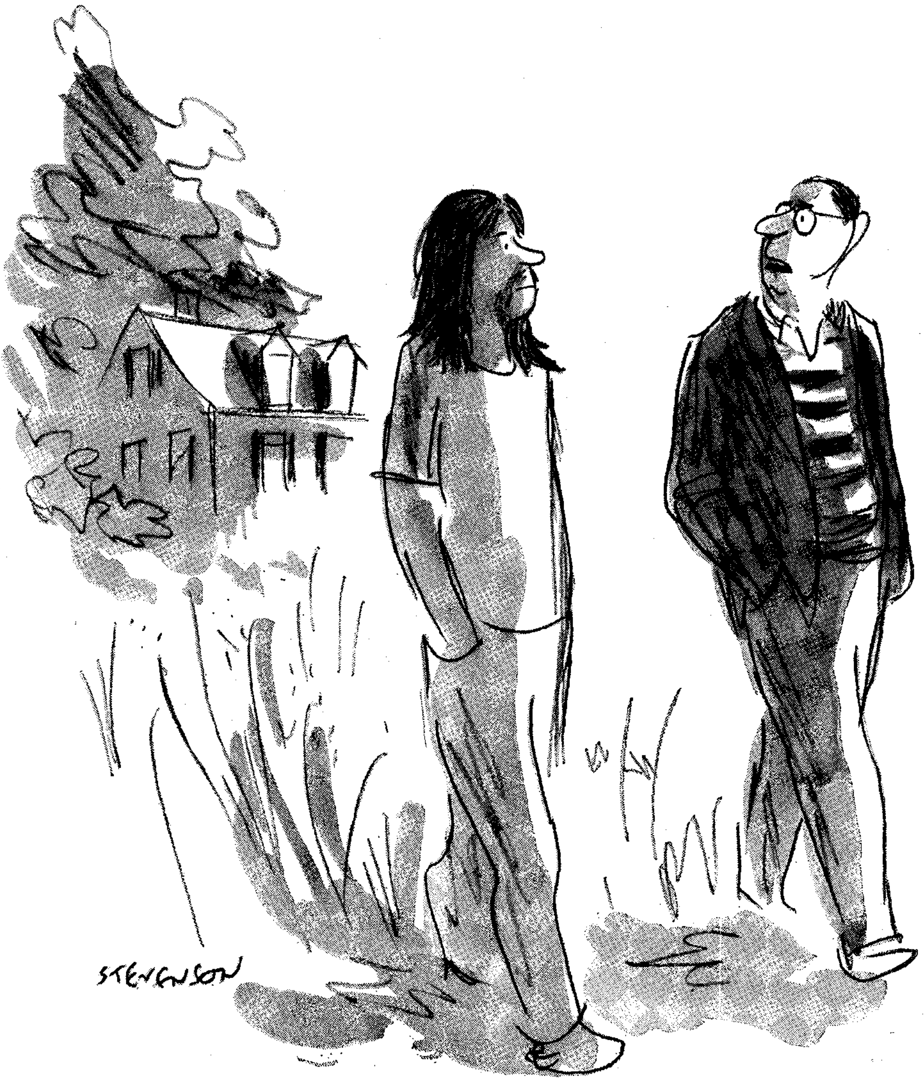
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Fellini Himself

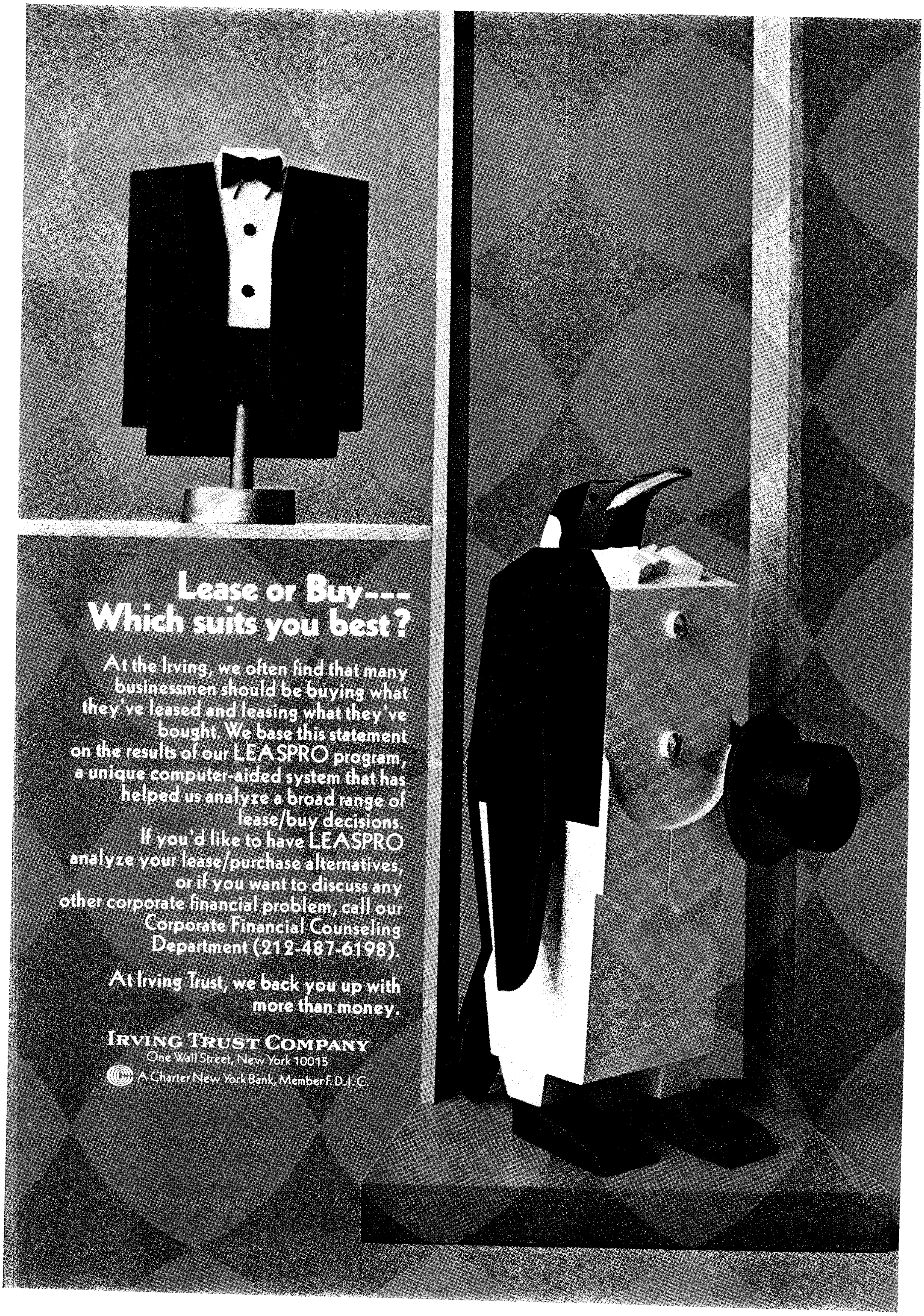
"SIGNOR FELLINI," says an interviewer in the middle of Fellini's "The Clowns," "what message are you trying to give us here?" A bucket instantly falls over Fellini's head, and then another over the interviewer's. Splat, wham. Trip over a basin of paste, explode another clown's explodable trousers, turn the fire hose on the elephant. We are in the circus world that Fellini has often taken to be the world itself all the time, as in Gelsomina's march behind the musicians in "La Strada," and the gay, idiotic strolls along the beach in "I Vitelloni," and the moonstruck mask of Giulietta Masina exchanging stares with us in "The Nights of Cabiria," as if she were a clown who had clambered into the audience. It is the buffoon's world, the arena of mock gladiators, where combat is mortal one minute and gone the next, the Inquisition that doesn't count, because the fatal questions proceed like a schoolboy riddle in some dream of rudeness from long ago. "What message are you trying to give us here?" says the film. A bucket over the intellect, please. "How do you lose ten pounds of fat?" goes the schoolboy catch. "Cut off your head."

The film starts with the sight of a small child in a nightgown—obviously the small Fellini—leaning out of a window in the dark. There is a joyful vamp-till-ready by Nino Rota. Ropes screech. The circus big top is going up. Prisoners listen from the local jail. The circus draws children and convicts because it sabotages authority. The ringmaster is a figure of pomp without power. The white clowns—the symbolic grownups in the scheme of clowning, with blanched indoor faces and black lips and majestic sneers—are overdressed, overprivileged, and no match for the clowns called the *augusti*, their impossible charges, who wear the same dirty costumes the whole time and refuse to recite a nice poem when the vicar comes to tea. Of all the water sloshed around in circuses, the augusts slosh the most. They are the kindergarten criminals, and crime pays in gallons. Their energy includes an empty, splendid braggadocio that Fellini must always have doted on and found touching. It is there in the swagger of his wife, Masina. "The Clowns"—commissioned by Italian television—is slightly a documentary-within-the-entertainment, with Fellini himself appearing as the head of a camera unit recording retired clowns, but mostly a spectacle, with young Italian clowns playing the tricks and wearing the makeup of famous forebears. The spectacle is full of showing off undaunted by fatuity. Jungle men come on and ripple their muscles before doing no harm whatever. The ringmaster keeps helpfully interjecting things like "Anyone with a weak heart had better leave." The strong man challenges a large opponent called Miss Mathilde, who looks much like Brünnhilde, though with tights slightly baggy above her sandals, and breastplates like two pressure-cooker lids. "And now," announces the ringmaster, "in a *terrible experiment*, the fakir will be buried in the glass coffin." It all seems very Italian. I once saw a magnificently costumed policeman in Florence directing traffic as if he were Napoleon, although the traffic was already successfully following identical commands of tame mechanical traffic lights. He was a figure of military brilliance, with a massive chest, though not much leg.

Fellini is not saying that the circus represents anything else, not indulging the sawdust-among-the-sequins heartache, not making any point except that he adores clowns. The subject is extravagant; the match of style to subject is exact and tonic. We are pitched into the entertainment like tumblers. There are clowns all over the place. This is Fellini pure. In the ring or out of it, say his films, nothing is absolute. He believes profoundly in the redeemable, and clowning is the system where there is always another chance and where damage never matures. It is his native land, and we are in it. Clowns with tear ducts like water pistols, clowns with exploding cars, clowns with hammers, clown dramas with single lines of dialogue like "The cow's loose!" to introduce some ideal muddle, clowns promising to make the smelliest cake there ever was, clowns pumping themselves up in red-and-yellow striped sweaters, clowns who cry softly to



"Sure, we all want a purpose in life, but I promise you after a while you'll be too busy to worry about it."



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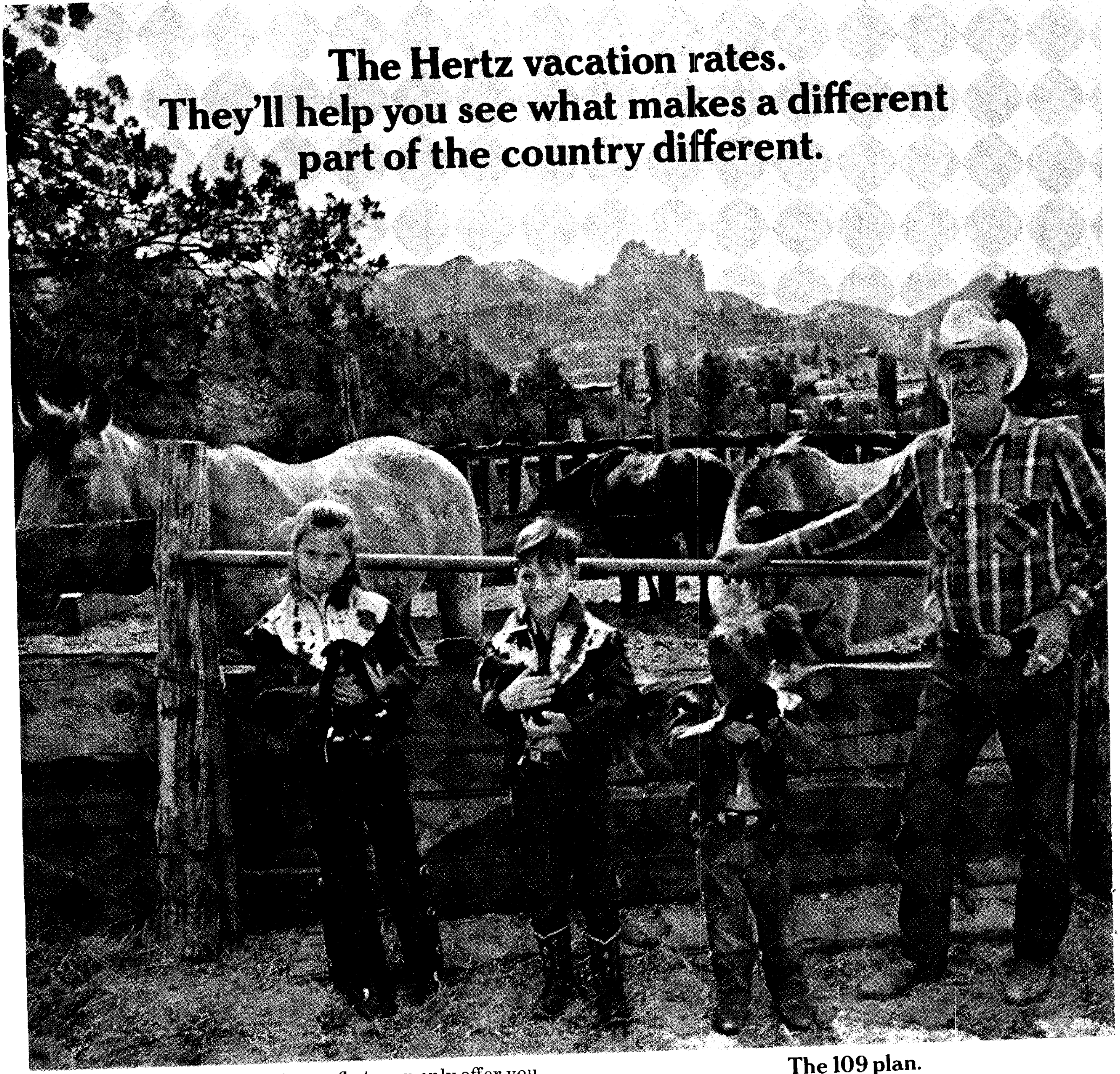

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themselves and bay in the ring like dogs at the moon.

After a while, that turn is over. A Fellini bent on homage and learning goes with a camera unit to talk to great clowns in old-age homes. They remember little. They seem more absorbed by their canaries. He looks at a film of one of the historic performances, but it breaks and burns in the projector. Another rare fragment of film is run for him by a tidy-minded woman archivist who winds up the insufficient record of a career as if it were a remnant of ribbon in a draper's shop at closing time. We are told that the best clowns are Spaniards and Italians, and then there is a sombre cut to a young tiger being trained. With the switch from the real life of recollections to the real life of a circus in rehearsal, the ancient ritual of entertainment has a moment of seeming satanic. Fellini's color photography—by di Palma—sometimes has the same effect. Now and then, the sumptuous tone is disquieting. "The clowns didn't make me laugh. They frightened me," says a child in the film, speaking for Fellini. The picture will suddenly darken for a moment, as if a bird's wing had covered the sun.

Fellini makes connections between clowns and village dunces which look as if they were first made when he was small. There is an image of a fool tramp being threatened by a countrywoman with a scythe. Another of a midget nun, always in a hurry on some task, who says that the saints don't trust anyone else. Another of a drunk's wife: "You should drop dead, and I for marrying you." The dirty threats of clowns, their dedicated scuttling on peculiar errands, their savagery about midgets, and the eternal abuse by the elegant white clown of the unemployable bungler he is coupled with sometimes remind Fellini all too much of things outside the circus. Clowns express a peasant dislike of those who don't work, and a peasant cruelty to the abnormal. There is a wonderful shot of a villager creeping along a wall and being jeered at by the local kids. He can be panicked into behaving like this only by seeing war films; then he goes slightly mad, and puts on a soldier's uniform and acts as if he were in occupied territory. In fact, of course, when the clown characters in any of Fellini's other films chance to look around them they always find themselves in the most heavily occupied territory imaginable. But the moments swiftly pass, and they are back in their own beguiled systems. Like much else that is lyric in Fellini, "The Clowns" celebrates quick recovery in its characters, and the film itself has that gift. The mood spins upward fast. Antonioni cherishes the enervating and hangs on to it with the grip of some high-strung insomniac insisting on eight hours' restlessness in bed every night; Fellini shakes off melancholy in a second and behaves as if he wanted the day never to end.

Like Claudia Cardinale in "8½," Fellini's clowns express the idea of something unspoilable. Nothing alters in their world. Nothing hurts. Mistakes are blissful. A clown bashes another one with a hammer. "You missed!" cries the hammered one in triumph, but holding up a finger with a swelling as big as a grapefruit, and then, after a second hit has wrecked a second finger, he yells, still more victoriously, "You missed again!" But these immune people we are watching, who seem to have no age—we also hear about terrible accidents to them, and some of them are very, very old. Fellini gives his film double vision. For half an hour at a time, he makes clowns seem the theatre's version of dunces and lunatics, but when we suddenly see real dunces and real lunatics, they are not like the clowns at all. There is a scene in an asylum. Up above, clowns fly on high wires, anxious to divert, playing Lear's Fool; below sit real fools with catatonia, closed in on themselves, clenched like sea anemones. The sequence has a piercing gentleness and no grotesquerie anywhere. There is a wonderful observation of nerve being mustered in a vacuum when a woman patient draws the edges of her coat together and raises her chin. Fellini once meant to make a film about a *vitellone* young doctor working in an asylum, to be called "The Free Women of Magliano." He wrote an account of it in *Cahiers du Cinéma* in 1957. If he had made it, I daresay he might then have glamorized madness, and he could have been accused of joining the giddy current quest for enlightenment in the psychotic and the stoned, which is a direct parallel to the taste of the Romantics nearly two hundred years ago; all the same, the essay suggests a thicker sense of character than that, like a novelist's.

Fellini's clowns are discards of modernity. So are all the characters he has cared for most in his films, sometimes risking banality. The richness and speed of his gift rescue "The Clowns" and make it a glory. Clowns are his holy

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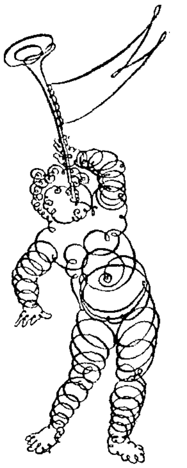

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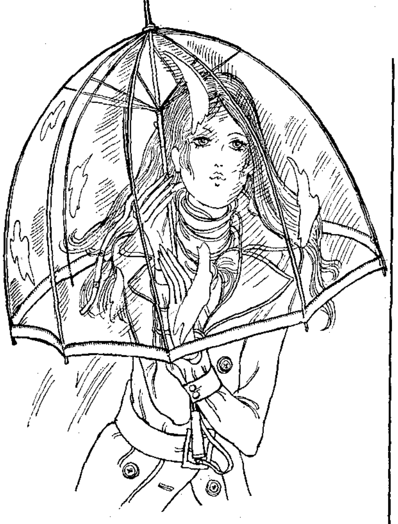

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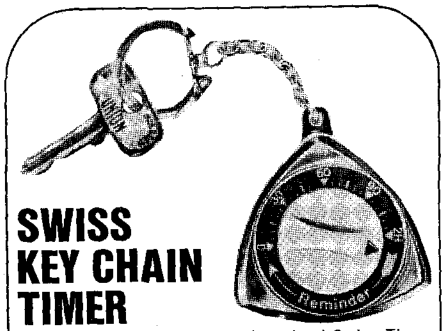

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fools, like the character played by Richard Basehart in “La Strada”: sacred anarchists, convivial, without guilt. Fellini is the most pre-Freudian of directors. If his characters are unhappy, any cure has nothing to do with “adjusting.” The augusts in their rundown clothes are cheeky losers without complexes, and they are also not political in the slightest. They embody revolt, not revolution. The white clowns, sumptuously dressed and stern, like popes, are the authoritarians who are their other half. The complicity of opposites is a cause of endless trouble, but so is marriage, so is family. The augusts suffer squalls of weeping. Their eyelids are sometimes as red as their noses. Nobody pays any heed. One of them cries into a bucket; another says cheerfully, paddling, “Oh, good, your sorrow will refresh my feet.” Fellini's film is full of blithe cross-purposes and bathos. The script girl in the film-within-the-film is a rotten typist who tears a sheet of script as she pulls it out of the typewriter; a projectionist can't work a projector. Nobody minds. “The Clowns” happens in a world of not-minding. The aptitude for fun is virgin and carnival, as it was for a moment in the hand-linking scene near the end of “8½.” There is a chaotic circus funeral for one of the clowns, a loafer severely eulogized as having been unfaithful to his friends and a torment to the gas-and-electricity company. The funeral march mysteriously turns into a triumph. Everything is correctible. Colored paper shoots down from the roof—for once, enough paper streamers. The sound track rustles as the procession pushes through the ribbons. At his best, Fellini catches the look of loss on a million faces, and, beyond that, a kind of felicity.

Now I put a bucket over my head.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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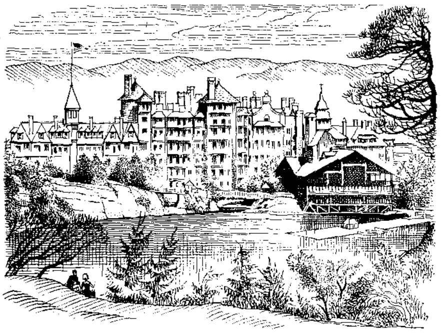

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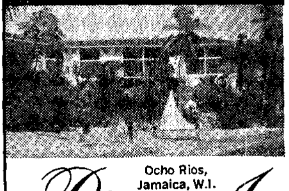

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THE ART WORLD

Art's Other Self

THE innovation of Andy Warhol consists not in his paintings but in his version of the comedy of the artist as a public figure. "Andy" (the first name was one of his means of establishing himself as a household word) has carried the ongoing de-definition of art to the point at which nothing is left of art but the fiction of the artist. "Why is 'The Chelsea Girls' art?" he inquired, referring to one of his movies. "Well, first of all, it was made by an artist, and, second, that would come out as art." To this, one is given the choice of replying either "Amen!" or "Oh, yeah?" Though Warhol's current retrospective, at the Whitney, is loaded with some two hundred and forty items, many of them huge, he has succeeded in approximating the performance of the painter who does not paint. Twenty years ago, the late Barnett Newman said to Rauschenberg that if the artist's aim is to produce empty canvases he ought to do it with pigment. Warhol lives up to this injunction, but with modifications. The Campbell's Soup cans, Brillo boxes, portraits of public figures, tabloid horror photographs, and flowers that constitute the Whitney exhibition are for the most part images silk-screened on canvas in numerous replicas. A capsule biography in the current issue of *Art in America* records, under 1961-62, when he was emerging as an artist out of commercial design, that "Warhol rejects hand-painting canvases." His performance goes beyond that of Marcel Duchamp, who for almost half a century was a dominant presence in the art world without publicly producing a work. Warhol does produce, and in profusion; even now, after his "retirement," he is represented at the current Los Angeles County Museum exhibition of "Art and Technology" by an "environment" of "hundreds of three-dimensional daisy images, made by Cowles Communications' Xography process, seen through fluctuating sheets of sparkling artificial rain." Warhol is not an anti-artist, since to be one implies acknowledgment of the presence of art. He blandly takes his fertility for granted, but depletes his creations of any quality that might separate them from products of the machine. Within a year after his début, he set up his studio as the Factory, from which his imprinted Brillo boxes, Marilyn Monroes, and electric chairs streamed in required quantities. Instead of the no-works of Duchamp, Warhol supplied near-non-works—Andythings. At the Gotham Book Mart gallery, he is showing the drawings of flowers and butterflies, the gold-paper shoes, the greeting cards, and the souvenirs he did in the thirteen years before he declared himself an artist. These exhibits are art *ex post facto*—objects elevated retroactively into the realm of aesthetic significance. Or, if one prefers, Warhol's pre-art products of whim and drudgery blend with his art-world output in that all are extensions, or relics, of the Warhol-figure; he could, if he chose, include his old sneakers or his mother's recipes.

By underwriting as art objects available in hardware stores, Duchamp demonstrated that art lay in the artist, not in the art object. The Action painters repudiated picture-making in favor of acts of discovery and self-transformation. Warhol interpreted literally the overshadowing of the art work by the artist; that is, he saw it strictly in terms of the art market. His mass production of paintings and his dramatization of himself are a radical reflection of the values that came to the fore in the art world toward the end of the nineteen-fifties. The new, expanded art public—and its representatives among dealers, collectors, and curators—had little taste for the enigmas and the exhausting bouts with the experience of creation of Gorky, Pollock, de Kooning, Guston. It preferred images taken in at a glance and "glamorous" colors translatable into dress patterns. Above all, it admired reputations. Warhol not only understood this public but had the wit to draw practical conclusions from his encounter with it. "We fixed it like this," he said to Grace Glueck, of the *Times*, about his current exhibition, "so people could catch the show in a minute and leave." Warhol was aware that whether or not visitors actually left in a minute (that might depend on the presence of a bar) they would devote only a minute to paintings. For the great majority of the avant-garde audience, art was not something to look at; it had become, in the newly popular phrase, an "environment." It was not necessary to scrutinize it; one needed only to know that it was there, one apprehended it with one's back. Warhol put his painting where the spectator wanted it—behind him. I recall asking Leo Castelli, Warhol's dealer, about an exhibition of silk-screened flowers that was to open at his gallery. "No need to see it," said Castelli. "The pictures are the same as the announcement I sent you." Warhol had something for everyone: for gallery-goers easy art, for collectors a signature.

WARHOL's practice constitutes an extremist appraisal of the status of art in present-day America; by comparison, any political pronouncement he might have made would have been superficial. A painting is a picture, *any* picture (since any can be reproduced), with a respected signature. Art is a cliché given renown by a name; this applies to the "Mona Lisa" as well as to a Rauschenberg, and to Warhol's silk screenings of the "Mona Lisa" and of a photograph of Rauschenberg. Art history, which determines what shall be identified as art, devotes itself to authenticating attributions and to supplying signatures when they are missing. Greatness in an artist consists in his high worth as a label; early on, Warhol declared to a friend that he wanted "to be Matisse," but there is no evidence that he was ever interested in Matisse's paintings. Duchamp's bottle rack and bicycle wheel are in museums, but they got there through fortuitous and unpredictable developments. With Duchamp for a precedent, and with the example of Duchamp's emulators of the nineteen-fifties, such as Rauschenberg and Johns, Warhol could avoid the difficulties both of painting, on the one hand, and of overcoming the anonymity of found objects, on the other. By mechanical duplication, he could adjust supply to demand without being subjected to the hardships and uncertainties of creation; his duplications would even arouse critical admiration as a contribution to "serial imagery." At one swoop—his first New York exhibition, at the Stable Gallery, in 1962, of painted and silk-screened soup cans, "celebrities," and do-it-yourself pictures—Warhol demonstrated that art-world evaluation of the objects presented to it could be programmed by mustering attention around the artist. The power to make one's signature count is acquired through a fiction launched upon the public; no less than the President of the United States, the artist gains his authority through marketing an alter ego. The bottle rack of Duchamp, the bronzed flashlight of Johns possess formal resem-

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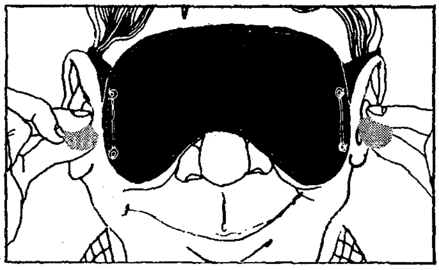

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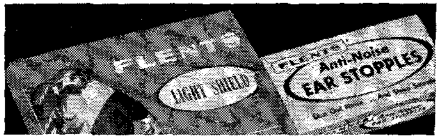

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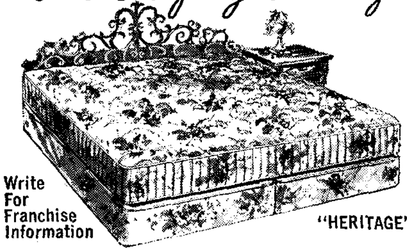

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blances to treasures of the museum; Warhol swept aside these academic subtleties. His undistinguished art needed only the support of a distinctive Warhol.

It was in conceiving the creator of his works that Warhol proved genuinely creative, and penetrating to the point of subversion. The archetype of the modern artist has been the Dandy, Baudelaire's detached and intellectually tormented "hero of modern life." This figure survived in a variety of versions to the threshold of the sixties. Duchamp, in his refusal of art, was a resurrection of the lone Dandy in his discipline of pride and estrangement. The "accursed" artist was emulated by Gorky with du Maurier exaggeration, refurbished by Pollock as a cowboy riproarer, reënacted by de Kooning in dungarees and workman's jacket, and, recently, by Rauschenberg as a Leatherstocking. Despite cosmetic modifications, the elegant stranger engaged in a mysterious and probably hopeless mission, equally resigned to failure and success, persisted as the model of the artist in our time.

Warhol buried the Dandy under an avalanche of soup cans. His sensibility distinguishes him not only from artists of the fifties but from other Pop artists as well. With Oldenburg, Segal, Wesselmann, Lichtenstein, America's visual banalities are suspended at the edge of the imagination; in different degrees, the 7-Up bottles and the gasoline pumps seem about to change into something else. In contrast, Warhol purged art-making of every residue of subjectivity. He externalized himself and his creations into an identity as devoid of individual references as a rubber stamp. "If you want to know all about Andy Warhol," he declared, "just look at the surface of my paintings and films and me, and there I am. There's nothing behind it." Of course, this façade—or billboard—personality is a fiction. The all-surface poker face is derived from *the gunfighter of the Westerns*; before Warhol moved upstage, the long, flat countenance of Jasper Johns recalled that of William S. Hart. The deadpan of the prairies and the mining-town card table is secretly in love with his horse—or with money. Something similar is true of Warhol. And although he hasn't shot anyone, he has been shot. Warhol's mask is a bit awry to be a face. The interesting question is why the art world has been so eager to be taken in by it. The answer is that for the new collectors, critics, and curators *art* has "nothing behind it." Warhol has been the personification of

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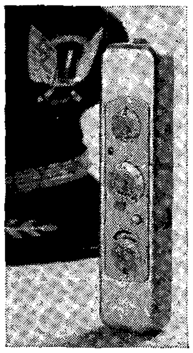

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their experience of art, with a fidelity that has earned him the title of St. Andy—though his self-negation is less that of saintliness than of capital accumulation.

As the fabricator of silk-screened clichés in enamel makeup, Warhol presented himself as the made-up artist. His philosophy might be summed up as "I am recognized, therefore I am." For him, the artist is eliminated from the art object except as the supplier of a trademark. In the year of his initial success, he adopted a costume of black leather jacket and silver-sprayed hair and a mask of bewildered non-commitment; the ensemble gave him a faint resemblance to the silver-topped de Kooning, then the Champ of American art. This effigy and the Factory are the initiators of Warhol items, and Warhol united the two by lining his studio with silver foil in reiteration of the emblem of his hair. The creative efforts unexpended on his painting were invested in making the public aware of their source. By 1966, he was in a position to trumpet his triumph and the limitlessness of his art-making capacity by advertising in a newspaper that he would sign anything brought to him, including (without being guilty of megalomania) currency, the value of which he now had the power to increase.

Warhol replaced the Dandy with the non-person, the demiurge of the Factory. As the originator of his all-surface non-works, he has meticulously constructed the figure of the artist as nobody, though a nobody with a resounding signature. His performance has featured an elusiveness of identity centered on the nucleus of his name. "I'd prefer to remain a mystery," he explained in an interview. "I never give my background, and anyway, I make it all up different every time I'm asked." In keeping with this principle of self-substitution is his origination of the artist's stand-in—friends sent to impersonate him at openings and at lectures. Testing whether he will be recognized is an aspect of his passion for fame and perhaps of a genuine doubt about who he is. Part organization man (he is now president of Andy Warhol Films, Inc.), part cult-gang leader, he moves surrounded by a company that participates in the execution of his works. He boasts that his taste is that of the man in the street: "The artificial fascinates me, the bright and shiny." This is as good an explanation as any of his fondness for lavenders, oranges, greens, and pinks in his paintings. He might have added that horrors

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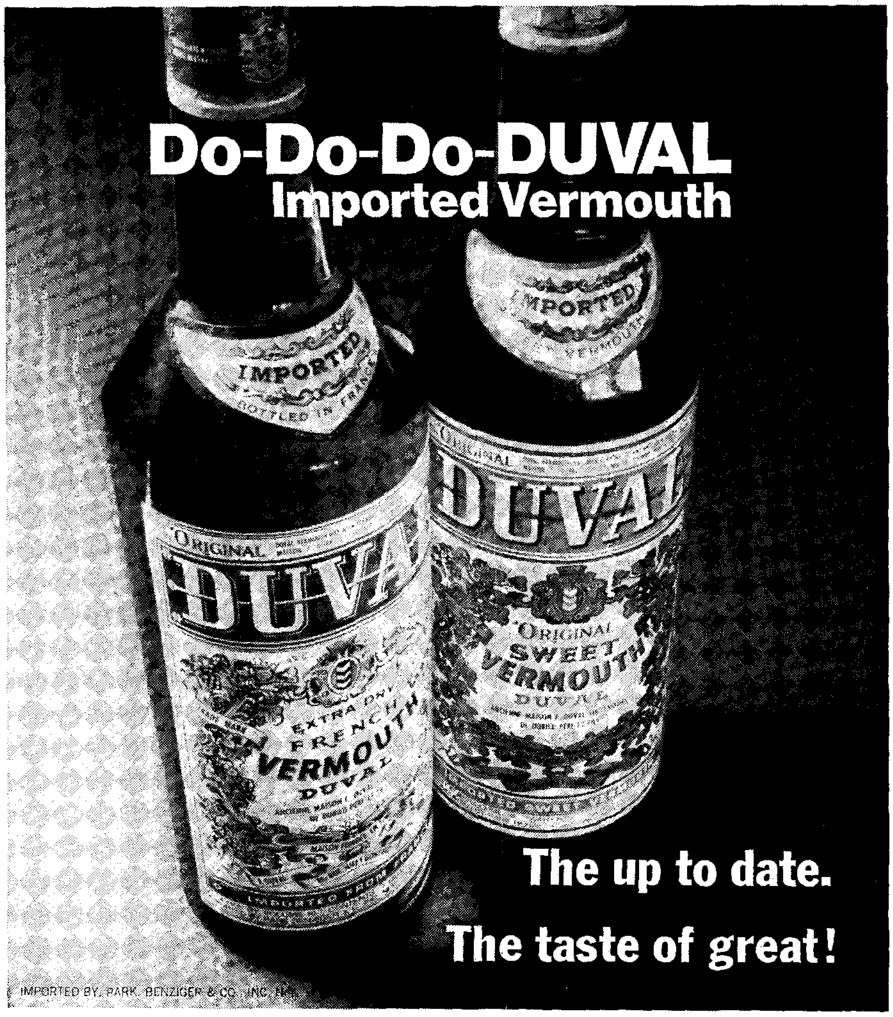

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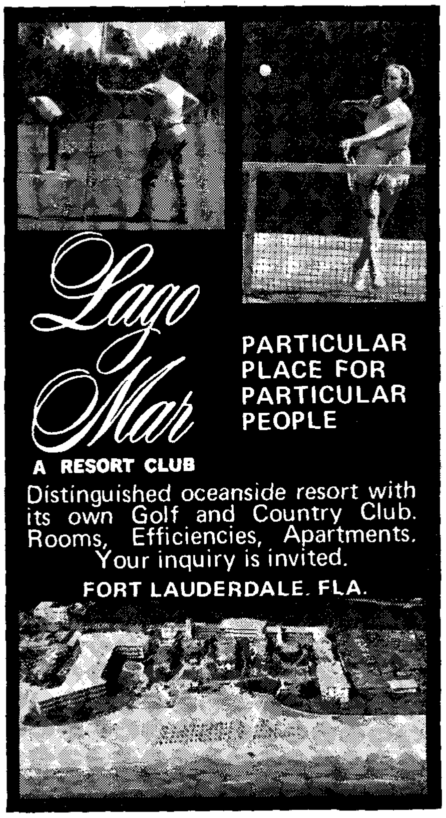

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fascinate him—criminals, "celebrities," and erotica. Like other tabloid readers, he has snapped up images ranging from bleeding demonstrators to weekend supermarket specials in a single gulp, and he has marketed them with the color devices of product packaging without altering their psychic blankness.

In demonstrating that art today is a commodity of the art market, comparable to commodities of other specialized markets, Warhol has liquidated the century-old tension between the serious artist and the majority culture. His art is, essentially, an art for the masses—a fact not altered by its "élitist" price tag. By way of the popular media, he has reawakened the nineteen-thirties idea of the artist as mass man, though "mass boy" would be more accurate in regard to his style, which is related to motorcycle bands and acid-rock crowds. His patrons have been mass men with money who, in a momentous development, have overcome the traditional American deference before the culture of Europe and its masterpieces. Warhol marks the point in Western culture after which art is destined to contend for its survival against the flux of the popular media.

Another significant Warhol innovation is the artist who has a limited engagement with art. He has not abandoned painting, but from the start he has manifested a readiness to depart. Though Duchamp publicly repudiated creation, he remained permanently attached to the art world as the normal habitat of the man of imagination. In contrast, Warhol sees no privilege in art as an activity, and, as we have learned, for him the artist is devoid of individual attributes. After five years, he terminated his career in the art galleries and transferred himself and his "apparatus" to the milieu of the discothèque and the movies. The Whitney Museum retrospective takes its form from Warhol's refusal to present a continuity related to the inner continuity of an individual. At his insistence, the exhibition is limited to five themes, repeated as on sheets of postage stamps: soup cans, Brillo boxes, portraits, tabloid catastrophes, and flowers.

A retrospective is a résumé of an artist's development. Instead of development, which both he and his work lack, Warhol presents a career of five separate "acts," any one of which could have been the last. This amounts to an assertion that for the contemporary artist art lacks necessity and is dispensable; art today is what one can make of it. It possesses no intrinsic qualities that invite devotion. For de

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Kooning, art has been "a way of living;" for Warhol, it is part of one's self-projection or something to do for gain. By the force of his indifference, Warhol strips painting and sculpture of any shreds of transcendence left over from their religious and metaphysical past. He is the prophet of the Minimalist art of the sixties that sought to allude to nothing beyond itself. But he gives dramatic clarification to Minimalism by minimalizing the artist, too, and the world he inhabits. The thoroughness of his anti-illusionism, his systematic "I-am-what-I-seem," make Warhol the hero of art of the period that followed Abstract Expressionism.

Since the war, the American artist has been emerging from behind imported disguises. The artist as Dandy, the self-proclaimed aristocrat of feeling and sensibility, had grown seedy and somewhat ridiculous, like the Devil in "The Brothers Karamazov." Art today needs a new protagonist, and Warhol's detached art-supplier with Hollywood-style ambitions has the virtue of grounding himself in the realities of the current art situation. His weakness is that he expresses no desire to change that situation and suggests nothing capable of doing so. In the Warhol perspective, the dissolution of painting into the mass media has already taken place. But the drama of art today lies in the possibility that it still has the vigor to produce its own type of creator.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

The other night she was seen on television as plain—if that is possible—Jane Eyre opposite George C. Scott's Heathcliff.—*Kevin Thomas in the Los Angeles Times.*

It's possible, but it's sort of complicated.

•

Meyer Davis, who didn't let his orchestra take sides, played such contemporary numbers as "I Never Promised You a Rock Garden" and "It's Impossible."
—*The Times.*

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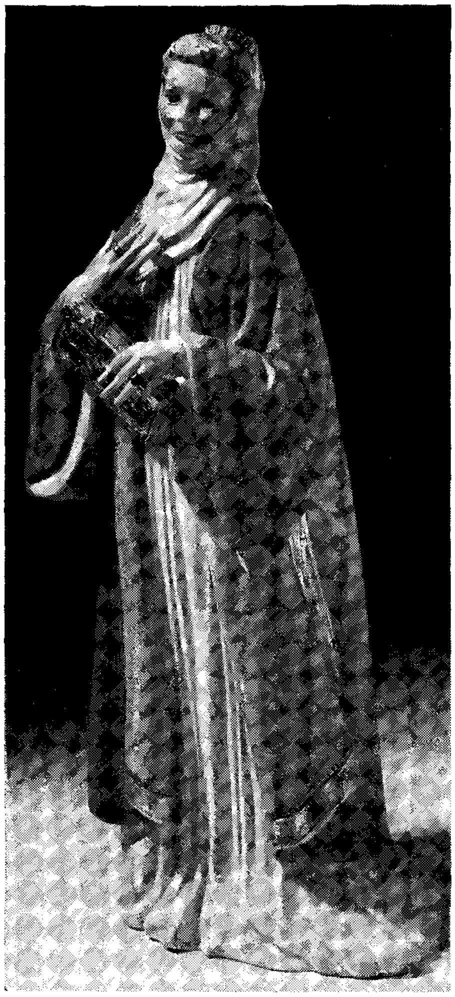

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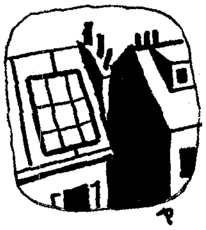
LETTER FROM PARIS

JUNE 2



THIS has been an abnormally quiet and unalarming spring. Traditionally, spring is the Paris season when strikes burst into full bloom, when civic peace goes rapidly to seed amid the sound of shouts from men and youths on the boulevards, ritually fighting left against right. There has been, in reality, an enormous strike in the Renault automobile works at suburban Boulogne-Billancourt, which lasted close to a month, but it did not seep into the city. In France, the factory strikes that ordinarily are the most spectacular and politically the most dangerous are those in nationalized enterprises, of which the Régie Renault is the dominant example. The Renault strike, however, has been settled without blows or bloodshed, and did nothing to relieve the atmosphere of national "*morosité*" that Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas recently spoke of as if it were a new kind of contagious French social disease that so far has no cure, except more and more wages, keeping France the most expensive country on the Continent.

The amount of work that workers do and the hours or years that they work during the week or throughout their lives are the new major labor problems in France. The most important labor parade in years was held a week ago on the Avenue de l'Opéra, when more than thirty thousand people marched in complete orderliness from the Place de l'Opéra down to the Palais Royal, carrying aloft huge signs bearing the names of the companies or stores or organizations they worked for, from all of which they were demanding retirement at the age of sixty instead of sixty-five, as is the present rule. All except a few socially medieval countries in Europe now operate on such a division between work and rest, with France (to say nothing of the United States) a few steps behind the times. The Avenue de l'Opéra parade was a step forward in the French process of catching up, and its total lack of violence was one of the most heartening spectacles Paris has recently offered. The struggle over the retirement program will be difficult, because it upsets the tradition of centuries, and, above all, because it raises the question of where the money is coming from for the earlier pensions. The answer, of course, is from taxation. Considering that even a rather poor small country like Austria has been able to retire some of its workers at the age of fifty with sufficient pension to live on (when added to their savings), France, with its easier prosperity, should be able to manage this reform.

The probability—and, indeed, the French hope—that England will join the Common Market has been worn threadbare as a subject of editorials in the Paris papers, and cartoonists now seem to be the only ones who can still carry a fresh message. This past week, *Le Figaro* ran a drawing by the great and gentle cartoonist Faizant of President Pompidou standing by his governmental desk and welcoming Prime Minister Heath with the words *"La plume de ma tante est sur le bureau!"*—a wry reference to the French government's insistence that French be the official language of the conferences, since English, the French feel, would cost them face.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE's new book has been announced as the major literary event of the year—a claim so far not proved by praise or popularity. It consists of two thick octavo volumes containing more than two thousand pages, and was so costly a printing undertaking that Sartre, to reduce the retail price, reportedly offered to take a slice off his royalties. The official price of the book is a hundred and ten francs, or close to twenty dollars, a price at which Paris intellectuals will not buy and read. Public interest has been centered on the two famous authors involved—Sartre, who wrote it, and Gustave Flaubert, whom he wrote it about. The title of the book is also piquant: "L'Idiot de la Famille," that having been the Flauberts' tender nickname for their budding genius. As Sartre relates, Gustave was early plagued by a kind of neurotic crisis that delayed his ability to read until he was between seven and eight years old, in unforgettable humiliating inferiority to his older brother Achille, who had read at six—a more suitable performance, in the opinion of their tyrannical father, a surgeon interested in dissection who also taught at the hospital of the prosperous provincial city of Rouen.

Much public curiosity has been expressed over how long it took M. Sartre to write his enormous book and what his aim was. Very exceptionally, the staid evening *Monde* arranged with some Sartrean specialists to interview the author and published two and a half pages of questions and an-

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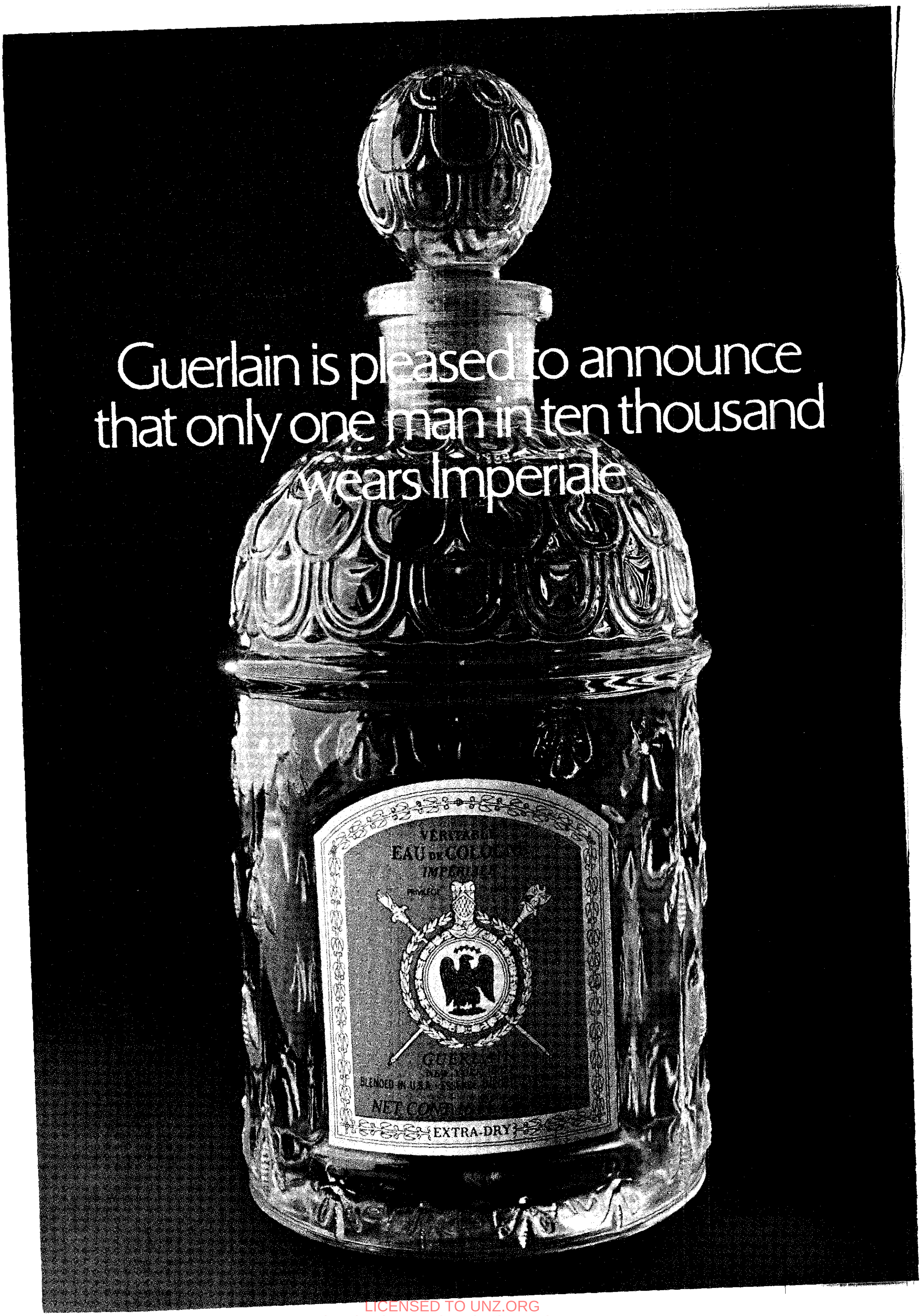
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swers. The article told the public that Sartre gave ten years, more or less, to producing the book, and that its aim was to show a man and a method—Flaubert being the man, and Sartre's Existentialist psychoanalysis being the method. The interview established as well the patient, obstinate scholarship of Sartre. He said that he had, naturally, read Flaubert as a child, had reread him when a student in Paris at the École Normale, had reread "L'Éducation Sentimentale" in the nineteen-thirties, and, during the German occupation, had read the four volumes of Flaubert's "Correspondance," all his juvenilia, and his early adolescent manuscripts. It was the correspondence that made him feel he had come to grips with Flaubert as a person "whose personality displeased me." It is remarkable that Sartre was able to write this vast Flaubertian study, since he disliked everyone in it. "It is true that I did not like Flaubert's mother," he says—because of her frigidity toward her second son—and he speaks of " 'Madame Bovary,' which Flaubert detested, though it brought him unexpected glory as well as the charge of infamy." Sartre based his psychoanalysis of Flaubert on the shock suffered by him as a child who could not read, coupled with an "inner deficiency" caused by his father's tyranny. These led Sartre to the conclusion that "Gustave never emerged from childhood." This infantile quality led Sartre to conclude further that Flaubert, in his "active passivity," had chosen to observe life from the viewpoint of death or nothingness, refusing for himself all action, preferring to drift along without direction, like a becalmed sailboat. In the *Monde* interview, Sartre said, "Today I say to myself that I would not like to dine with Flaubert, because he would certainly be a bore. But I see him as a human being. To understand a man, the necessary attitude is empathy."

The Paris literary critics have deplored the book's prolixity, its repetitions, its interminability. Few agree with most of Sartre's assumptions or conclusions, but all remain fascinated by his description of the means by which he arrived at them. Sartre, however, is satisfied with his book. In his *Monde* interview, he said, "I wish that my study would be read like a novel. . . . At the same time, I would like it to be read as if it were the truth, as if it were a *true* novel. It is Flaubert as I imagine him, but, having applied methods which seem to me to be rigorous, I think it is Flaubert as he truly is, as he truly was."

—GENÊT

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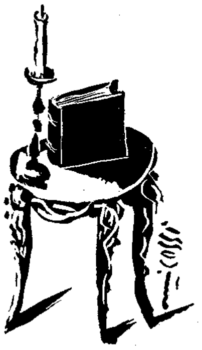
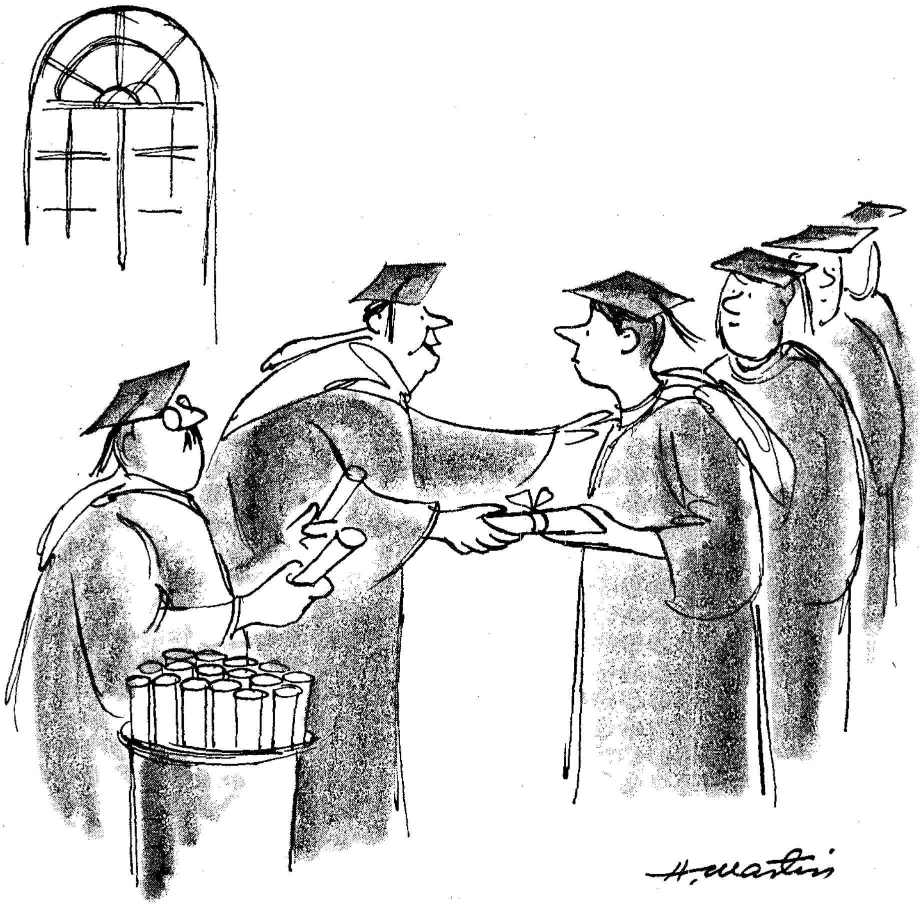


WHEN Arthur Waley, then twenty-three, applied for a job as Assistant Keeper at the British Museum, he put on the application form that besides knowing Greek and Latin (which he had studied at Cambridge) he could read Italian, Dutch, Portuguese, French, German, and Spanish. He also indicated that he had some knowledge of Hebrew and Sanskrit. There is not the slightest reason to query these claims. It is the events that follow Waley's appointment, in June of 1913, to the newly established Oriental subdepartment of the Museum, that remain obscure, and breathtaking. As soon as he took up his post, Waley set about simultaneously learning Chinese and Japanese. As the distance between these two languages is as great as it is between them and, say, English, the intellectual feat involved in a rapid, penetrating acquisition of both is uncanny. Waley surrounded this key episode with characteristic diffidence and whimsey. In his introduction of "Japanese Poetry," he asserts that since classical Japanese "has an easy grammar and limited vocabulary, a few months should suffice for the mastering of it." In the preface to the 1962 edition of "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems," one of his glories, Waley reports that he joined the Oriental department of the museum and interested himself in Oriental languages merely to escape counting and sorting a large batch of modern German bookplates printed on thin paper and always stuck together. All we know is that the translations from "pre-T'ang poetry" published in the first number of the *Bulletin of the School of Oriental Studies*, in 1917, go back to at least 1915. "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems" followed a year later; the "Nō Plays of Japan" came in 1921.

Waley's powers of concentrated intake must have been prodigious. He appears to have made no concession of awareness to reputed or inherent difficulty. During the nineteen-forties, he taught himself Ainu in order to translate some of the fables of that archaic Northern culture, and "The Ainu Epic." He had mastered enough Mongol for his last published book, "The Secret History of the Mongols, and Other Pieces" (1964). One doubts whether he would have stooped to any interlinear translation or translation into an intermediate language when he wrote his version of the "Hymn of the Soul" from the apocryphal Syriac "Acts of St. Thomas." There are magical transfers from the Portuguese of Alberto de Lacerda. But it is less Waley's range, fantastic as it was, than his genius for acceptance, for an authority that is at the same time profoundly modest and receptive, that matters. Chinese and Japanese scholars both insisted that it was *their* literature that Waley knew and loved best. There is perhaps no record of any other sensibility that took on so many guises yet whose tonality, whose pivot of personal manner, remained so unmistakably one. The mainspring was unslaked delight. He had had to learn Chinese, Japanese, and Semitic tongues, he allowed, because his love of poetry remained unsatisfied "after he had read most of what was available in the West." It was enough for him to hear of a distant classic, to seize on some second-hand echo, for an intense purpose of personal possession to be roused. Sir Stanley Unwin, Waley's friend and unwavering publisher, recalls the start of their largest enterprise. Waley expressed a wish to translate a novel written by a Japanese woman in the days of King Canute. Not only was it immensely long—six volumes—but a modern Japanese could no more read its ancient speech than could the normal Englishman read Anglo-Saxon. Confronted by these high points of unsalability, Sir Stanley asked whether the work was really outstanding. Waley quietly replied, "Oh, yes; one of the two or three greatest novels ever written." The first volume was published in 1925, the last in 1933, and because of its intrinsic quality and by virtue of its strange, reciprocally illuminating contemporaneity with Proust, "The Tale of Genji" has in fact altered the landscape of Western feeling and our sense of fiction.

This anecdote of imaginative sureness is one of many recorded in "Madly Singing in the Mountains" (Walker; twelve dollars and fifty cents), an ap-



"Congratulations, and please have all bills paid before leaving the Universitas."

preciation, by a dozen contributors, and an anthology of Arthur Waley, the whole edited by Ivan Morris. Himself a distinguished translator and critic of Japanese literature, Professor Morris knew Waley first as his examiner for his doctorate at the School of Oriental and African Studies in London, then as a senior colleague and friend. It was Waley's books that spurred Morris to his own career as Orientalist. He holds the master in awe and diffident affection. The result is a volume of extraordinary charm, a silk-screen print of memoir, scholarly tribute, self-portrayal, and selected poetry and prose, as oblique and rich as was Waley. The most moving contribution comes from Miss Carmen Blacker, who now teaches Japanese at Waley's own university. Her first encounter with the legendary mandarin, in the wartime Ministry of Information, was not promising. Her remark that she often found Japanese dreadfully ambiguous was met with the rejoinder, in a high, level voice: "Oh *really*, I *have never* come across a single case of ambiguity in my whole life." But the relation deepened. Once Miss Blacker became attuned to the alternance of momentous professional dicta and long silences that marked Waley's visits, her "veneration for him as a scholar of almost magical insight and as a master of language" never flagged. Her remembrance of his passing, in June of 1966, after intense pain serenely, fastidiously borne, is unforgettable. It was a hot, brilliant afternoon in Keats' and Coleridge's Highgate. No one had been buried in the Old Cemetery for years. But Dr. Waley had prevailed, and he lay now under a sumac tree from China. There is hardly one of the reminiscences in "Madly Singing in the Mountains" that does not dwell on Waley's silences. The Sitwells report a neighbor who found them so intimidating that she had recurrent nightmares of meeting him. "The fact was," notes Naomi Lewis, in her appreciation, "that he did not, and could not, use idle words. Every utterance appeared fine, essential, selected to the least syllable." Dr. Blacker recalls the fearful blanks during a seminar on Chinese poetry. Waley would make a few comments on the prepared text, observing, for example, that the character *wei* in the last line "meant not a lieutenant but a eunuch" (an annotation that would enchant Borges). After this, total silence. Forty desperate minutes to go, and no one in the room who did not think his question too foolish to put to such a scholar. Yet "to hear his

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voice speaking again, always graceful and with infinite shadings and accents," says Donald Keene, "I need only open his books."

Though Morris deprecates the term, Arthur Waley was in many regards an eccentric, and of a distinct vintage. While perhaps the most acute, wide-ranging Orientalist of his time, he was, after he left the British Museum, in 1929, a private scholar, a supreme amateur. Informally offered the Chair in Chinese at Cambridge, he responded instantly with a murmured "I would rather be dead." He was a passionate skier and mountain-walker. What few glimpses one has of his private life are tantalizing in their suggestion of both emotional wealth and oddity. (For all its reverent discretion, might this tribute not have told us a bare something of Waley's foreign and Jewish origins—a background that may not be irrelevant to his genius as linguist and re-experiencer of lost places?) A good measure of Waley's abruptness, of the casually assumed austerity of his standards of erudition, of his barbed shyness and indrawn carriage—one need only look at some of the fascinating photographs in this book—is period-piece. They tell of Edwardian Cambridge and Bloomsbury, of gardens, of understatement at the close of the long summer of European and English civilization. Indeed, one suspects that Waley's marvellous empathy with the court life of ancient Japan and the troubled autumn of the Chinese empire has its roots in the English condition after 1914. He projected into the past a political awareness that, outwardly, he denied to the present. Over a gap of eleven hundred years, the T'ang poet Po Chü-i, with whom Waley seems to have felt a special kinship, spoke to the disorders and cruel eclipses of life in Europe *entre deux guerres*.

Waley's contribution was always twofold: he brought a major part of Chinese and Japanese literature and thought into Western reach, and he widened the tonality of English verse. His influence on the beat of modern poetry has been subtle and profound. From 1919 on, much of English and American poetry shows traces of Waley's experiments in the uses of stress and the absence of rhyme. Rhymes are so scarce in English, as compared with Chinese, that a rhymed translation, to cite Waley, "can only be a paraphrase and is apt to fall back on feeble padding." Hence Waley's break, independent of but closely contemporaneous with Eliot's, away from the rhymed regularities that in 1917 were regarded as the hallmark of good verse. The "Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems" are rendered in lines of varying length and a general pattern of five stresses. As Waley says, this was a form of sprung rhythm as Hopkins had developed it, but Waley arrived at his own solution before he knew of Hopkins. The art lies in the delicate exactitude of pace, in the movement of stress across and sometimes against concurrent motions of sense and vowel sound. The music is at once suggestive of archaic spaces and wholly modern:

> And often, when I have finished a
> new poem,
> Alone I climb the road to the Eastern
> Rock.
> I lean my body on the banks of white
> stone:
> I pull down with my hands a green
> cassia branch.
> My mad singing startles the valleys
> and hills:
> The apes and birds all come to peep.
> Fearing to become a laughing-stock
> to the world,
> I choose a place that is unfrequented
> by men.

The contrasting presence is, of course, Ezra Pound's, in "Cathay," in the translations from the Nō drama. Waley had actually seen Pound's imitations from the Chinese well before they appeared in book form, in 1915. He would not have wished them to be in any way different. Sometimes Pound transfigured what he adapted, making it greater than the original. But, says Waley, he "didn't understand what kind of civilisation it was at all. He'd got it into his head that it was like the Anglo-Saxon one. And then he'd use a word like 'heaven' for a word which in the original is the name of an office in an elaborate bureaucracy." Pound, on the other hand, looked at Waley's long, tranquil lines, so closely molded on the Chinese, and "kept on screaming, 'Break it up—break it up.'" Actual comparison is fascinating. "Rouged faces," begins one of the virtuoso passages in Waley's version of Li Po's "Exile's Letters,"

> flushed with drink, looked
> well in the sunset.
> Clear water, a hundred feet deep,
> mirrored the faces of the singers—
> Singing-girls delicate and graceful in
> the light of the young moon.
> And the girls sang again and again to
> make the gauze dresses dance,
> The clear wind blew the songs away
> into the sky,
> Music winged the air, twisting round
> the clouds as they passed.
> Never again shall the joy of those
> days come back to us.

Pound's girls are "vermilioned" and

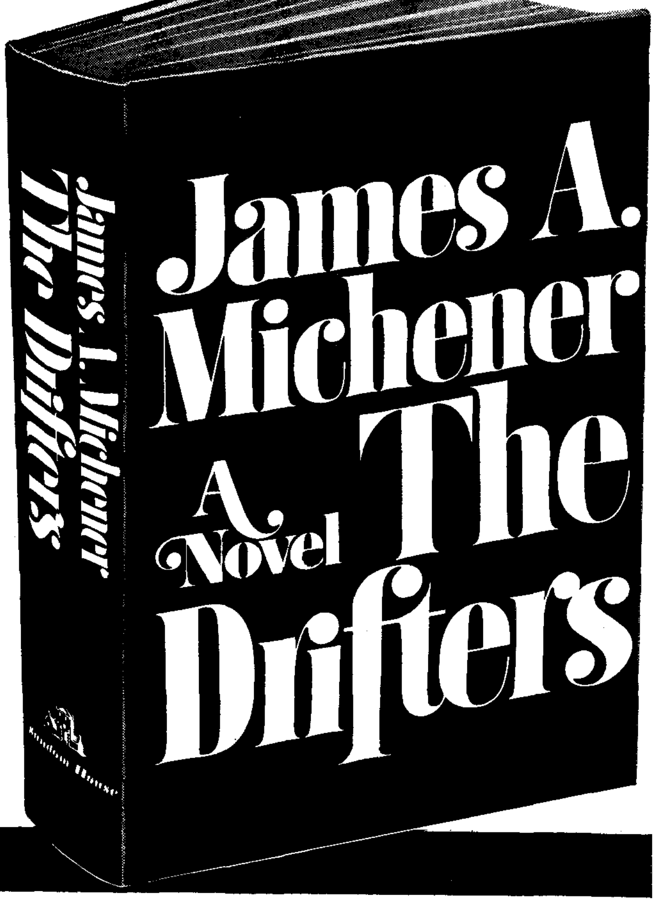
the waters reflect "green eyebrows." They sing back at each other:

Dancing in transparent brocade,
And the wind lifting the song, and
interrupting it,
Tossing it up under the clouds,
And all this comes to an end.
And is not again to be met
with.

The lines enact the dancers' motion, and the end-stopped couplet has the numb finality of time past. Pound is a greater poet than Waley; working at second and third hand, via prose trots, he made piercing, uncanny guesses. The "Song of the Bowmen of Shu," "The River Merchant's Wife," from "Cathay," are very likely greater art than the Chinese occasion from which they derive. But "gauze" is truer, more pliant to moonlight than "brocade," and one misses in Pound the key presence of that "clear wind." It blows always near the best of Waley's poetry and prose—unobtrusive, dry, but with a vivid light and that strange, memorable scent one gets at the edge of a desert. It is all there in what Waley wrote when he was ten or eleven: "Long lines of banners, horses, men, move across the plain."

Waley never went to China or Japan. The great contriver of the Orient in the modern Western imagination was never east of Constantinople. Solicitations abounded. Chinese and Japanese scholars, whose disciplines he had made part of Western literacy, sought to honor him on their home ground. He always refused. He said he had no fluency in modern Chinese or Japanese. He was invincibly set against "displacements." There was concentration in this tactic, an economy of physical, emotional means that made possible a prodigious output of translations and commentary (more than twenty books and numerous articles). But there was also an ascetic pride in the sufficiency of informed consciousness—Proust glancing briefly through the closed window of a car at landscapes and hawthorn that his inner eye had long before mastered. Waley was so thoroughly at home in T'ang China and Heian Japan, his inward sight of the Mongolian steppe was so confident, that he would not expose these true forms to the denial of mere fact and modern ugliness. To see the impure remains of what he had envisioned would have been vulgar risk.

Waley's lifelong, learned dream of the Orient makes him part of a fascinating intellectual clan, particularly in regard to China. Whether consciously or not, a number of post-Victorians have shared his passion—among them the



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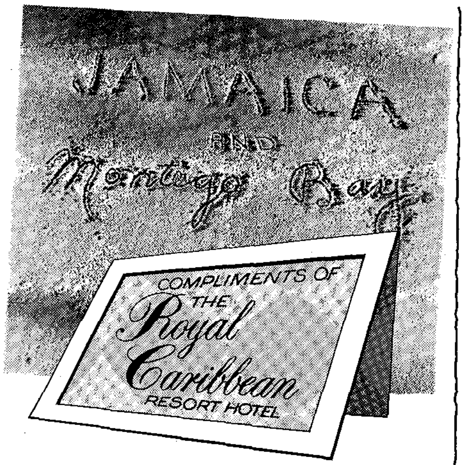

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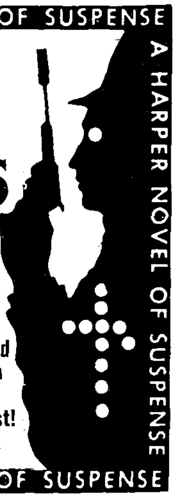

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—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WEEKEND MAN, by Richard B. Wright (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). A very neat and expert, if somewhat sour, first novel from Canada. At thirty, Wes Wakeham's all-round mediocrity is still camouflaged by an air of devil-may-care youthfulness—he goes with agility from job to job, is living a comic-pathetic bachelor existence during a trial separation from his rich young wife, and fancies himself a disinterested observer of office politics in his current occupation as a salesman for a textbook publishing house. In the course of this story, the Christmas season comes and goes, bringing cocktail parties, office parties, family reunions, and sharp memories of times past. Wes sleeps with a girl he meets at a cocktail party, wrestles with a female colleague at the office party, and suffers through a tense restaurant supper with his wife. In his reveries, he relives his past life (he was a boy from a poor family) and wonders, not too seriously, about his future. The scene is Toronto, but on the suburban side.

GENERAL

ACROSS THE BARRICADES, by Richard Rosenkranz (Lippincott). A remarkable—wholly absorbing, credible, minute, precise, first-hand—ac-

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Philippa Pullar
CONSUMING PASSIONS
"A chronicle of taste, desire, concupiscence and consumption...graceful and witty."—N.Y. Times
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LITTLE, BROWN

count of a student rebellion. It is the story of the occupation (and of the occupiers) of Avery Hall, Columbia University's school of architecture, in the spring of 1968—one of the five buildings that were taken over by students. The author, who was doing graduate work in journalism at the time, went to Avery Hall as a reporter and remained as a demonstrator-reporter. In a general way, the book may be described as an apologia for student rebels, but the work is more honest than polemical; it insists on the differences among the people protesting—on their distinct temperaments, their varying motivations, their diverse problems, and their divergent ambitions. No reader could conceivably like—or even sympathize with—all the students equally, nor did they themselves equally like or approve of each other. And Mr. Rosenkranz is as frank about the doubts and fears of the group as he is about everything else. The members of the group do, though, seem to resemble one another in some ways, such as not being easy with abstract ideas; on the other hand, most of them have either a childlike or an artistic grasp of the immediate and the concrete. Most are kind, and—what is perhaps most attractive—they desire more, not less, responsibility, both in their lives as students and in their professional futures as they conceive them.

INSIDE, LOOKING OUT: A PERSONAL MEMOIR, by Harding Lemay (Harper's Magazine Press). Mr. Lemay is vain but honest—vain because (like all autobiographers) he wishes to tell us about himself, and honest because (like only the best of his kind) he has a vanity that drives him to tell us *all* about himself. He has much to remember that hurts. He introduces himself as an unwanted member of a large, squalid French-Canadian family in upstate New York, a dreamy bookworm surrounded by bumpkin hell-raisers. We see him as the pet of a spinster teacher—the first of a long line of elderly women to befriend and coddle him—and, at seventeen, a runaway from home. In the Second World War, as a soldier in Europe, he was once more out of step; while others drank and gambled and chased the native girls, he curled up with "Moby Dick" and had tea with a German countess. Back in the United States, in New York, working at the Public Library, he failed

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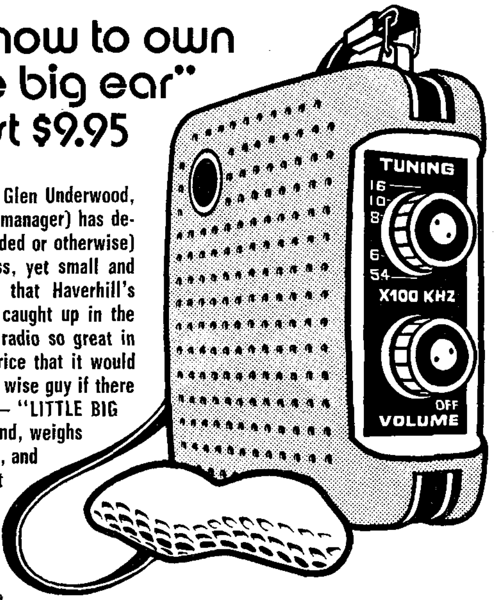

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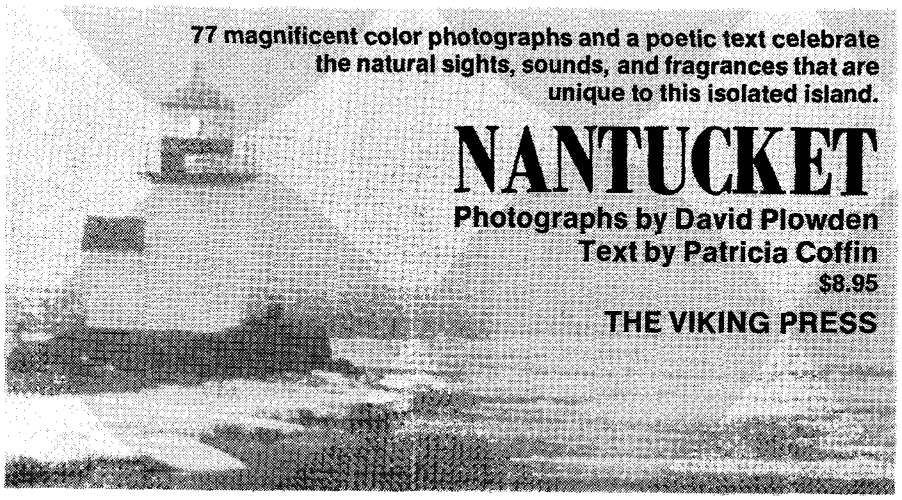
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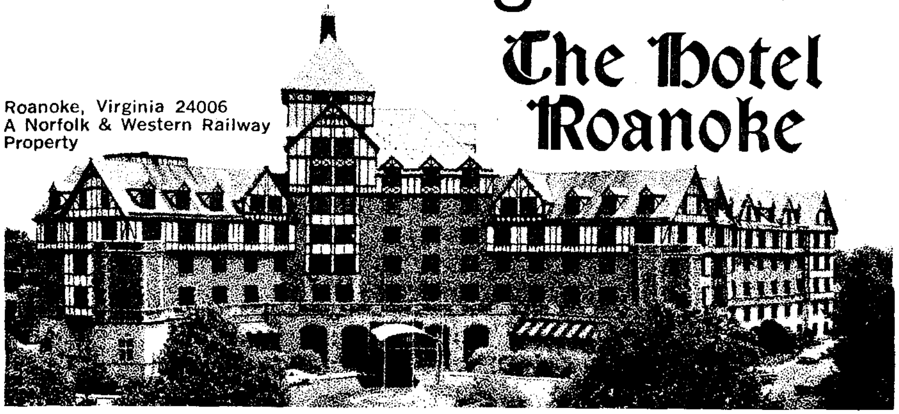

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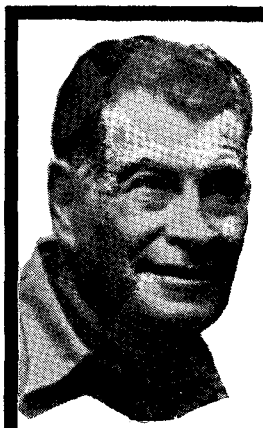

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as an actor, failed as a novelist, failed as a playwright. Then he succeeded in book publishing (with the Knopfs), but, in a wrench of integrity, resigned (despite the responsibilities of a wife and two children) to live happily from hand to mouth and to write this hard and pitiless self-examination. A portion of the book first appeared in this magazine.

A RAP ON RACE, by Margaret Mead and James Baldwin (Lippincott). Somebody—the introduction does not say who—had the idea of bringing together the white anthropologist and the black writer and, after they got acquainted, asking them to discuss race while a tape recorder was running. The introduction to the book, which is simply a transcript of their talk, does say that there were three conversations in two days, and perhaps that separation in time accounts for the change in tone from one section to the next. Dr. Mead becomes ever more stubbornly rational, and Mr. Baldwin steadily more magniloquent. Between them, they know a lot about the world, and offer new information and ideas; in these respects, any reader can profit from both sides of what turns out to be an argument. Whether he responds more fully to Mr. Baldwin's passionate assertions or to Dr. Mead's kindly science probably depends on the reader's own temperament.

CASANOVA IN LONDON, by Peter Quennell (Stein & Day). Twenty-four of Mr. Quennell's short, largely biographical literary essays, retrieved (and worth retrieving) from the files of various British and American periodicals. They are light but certain, scholarly but easy—something on the order of Virginia Woolf's "Common Reader" pieces, though more fragile. The more interesting subjects include (in addition to Casanova) La Rochefoucauld, Sydney Smith, Apollinaire, Housman, Sir John Soane, and—most particularly—Evelyn Waugh.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

SLEEP AND HIS BROTHER, by Peter Dickinson (Harper & Row). The ingenuity for which Mr. Dickinson is now so noted here takes the grimly ingenious form of a new and fatal children's disease. His invention is a hormonal deficiency marked by lethargy, obesity, low body temperature, mental retardation, extrasensory perception, and (even more ingeniously) the cuddly charm of a dormouse, and he calls his disease (most realistically) cathypny. He shows us a group of these curious victims under treatment and investigation at a private London hospital; he shows us the curious staff—a mothering manager, a stop-at-nothing medical researcher, a dubious assistant—that cares for them; and he then introduces a rich Greek philanthropist and the likable detective he calls Pibble. There is murder in the offing—the cathypnics whimperingly sense it, and so, irresistibly, do we.

WHEN IN ROME, by Ngaio Marsh (Little, Brown). Dame Ngaio's writing is as clever and as pointed as ever, and her plot is both intricate and plausible, but somehow when twenty-five-hundred-year-old stone faces (on an Etruscan sarcophagus couch) become important in a very up-to-date murder story, the mind tends to retreat in sleepiness, as though the march of the centuries, too clearly heard, provided a lullaby that makes this kind of escape reading not merely trivial but unnecessary. The scene is Rome, and Roderick Alleyn, the big C.I.D. man, is there.

ASHES TO ASHES, by Emma Lathen (Simon & Schuster). Business—a threat to a four-million-dollar loan to a high-rise-apartment builder—draws John Putnam Thatcher, senior vice-president of the Sloan Guaranty Trust, to the *terra incognita* of Queens. The threatener is the St. Bernadette's Parents League, which vigorously opposes the prospective sale of the parish school to the Sloan's high-rise client, and Miss (or, apparently, the *Misses*) Lathen is as naïvely fascinated as Thatcher by the outlandish ways of the native Leaguers—so fascinated, in fact, that although the requisite murder is committed (and solved), the story in which it is all encased has very little movement and very little bite.

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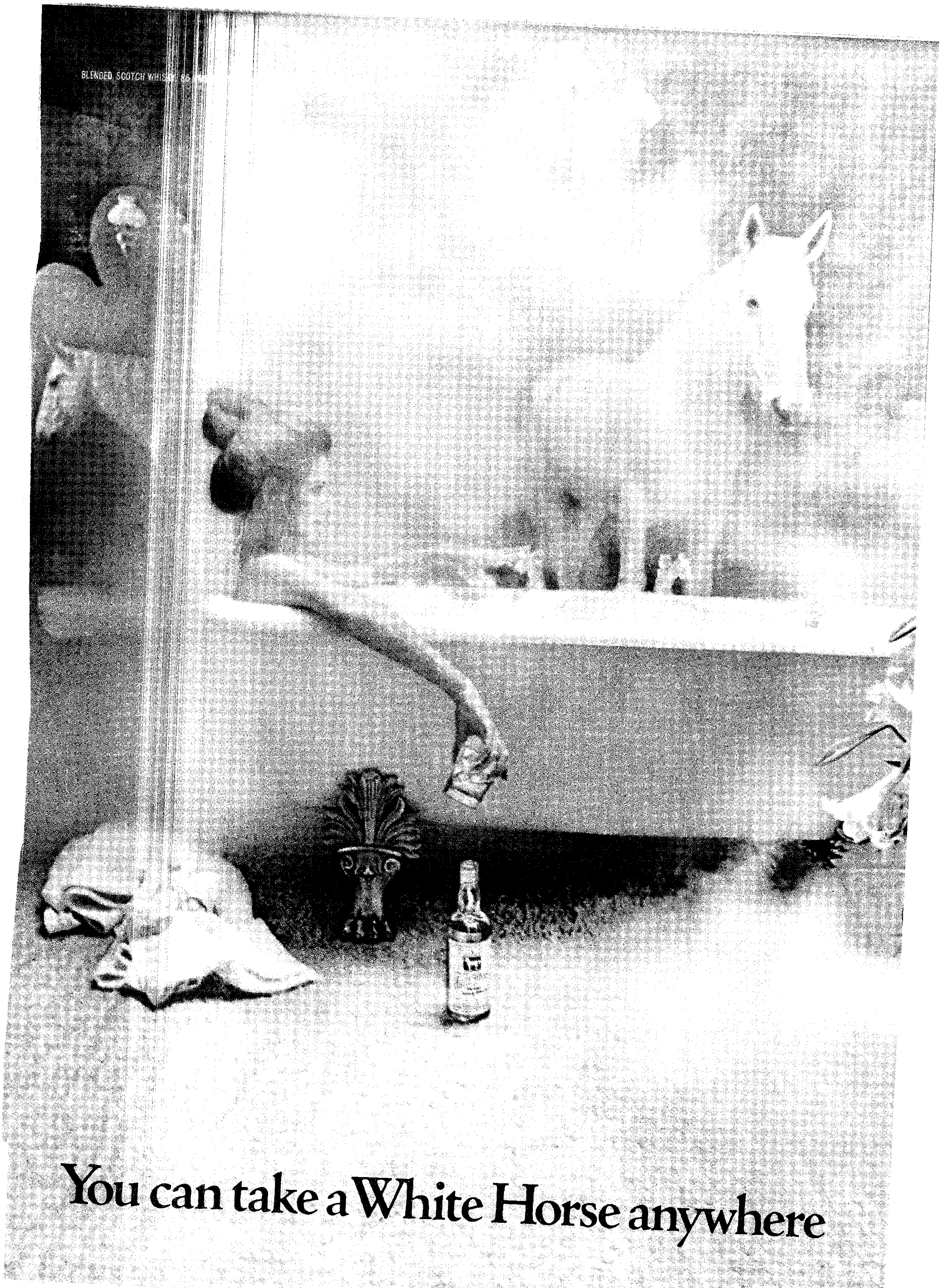
CLEAR DAYS ON THE WOMEN'S LIB FRONT

[*From the Washington Post*]

Then Judy Black spoke to a sympathetic audience, explaining her position on women's lib. She is against "any movement turned off to men," and for several things like men opening doors for her, wine and candlelight abortion, equal pay and child care.

"She said it all," cried Babs Shankman approvingly.



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